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BRIDAL FASHIONS in this issue



# In the city of To-morrow Morning...

*You can't hear the  
neighbor's radio  
or see into the  
next-door flat*

By NOEL CARRUTHERS

Jump on your magic carpet and sail with me into the future to the City of To-morrow Morning.

It is a city where housework is reduced to a minimum. Women shop in comfort in big stores built in green gardens. Children go to school in safety, as there is no traffic menace. Everyone has ample leisure. Every building—factory or church, house or block of flats—is attractively built in attractive surroundings.

VISITORS to the New York World Fair, which opens on April 30, will see a scale model of a city that could be built, not in the dim future, but as soon as to-morrow morning, as all the materials and technical knowledge are available now.

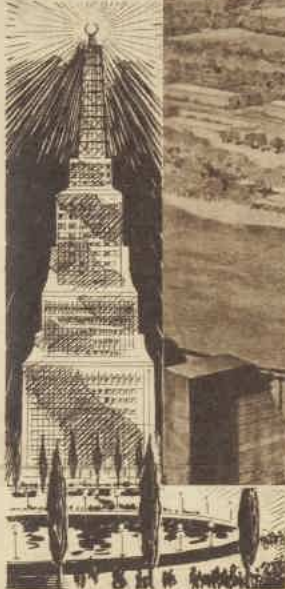
So the designer, Henry Dreyfuss, has called it the "City of To-Morrow Morning."

On a population basis, his dream city is comparable with, say, Melbourne or Sydney.

It is a city designed so that every window in every house, flat, factory and office building looks out on parkland, gardens and trees. Residential and working areas are located so that husbands can come home for lunch. To many busy housewives this may not seem such an advantage.

Young children can safely go to school alone because there are no traffic intersections between homes and schools.

Housewives can shop close at hand without having to cross busy intersections. Fresh food can be sold reasonably because it is grown close



"THE CITY of To-morrow Morning." Drawing by Theodore Kautzky of the model city which will be exhibited at New York World Fair. The drawing shows the 100-story Civic Centre in the heart of the city.

to the central city, and there need be no heavy transport costs.

Everyone can play some sport at sports grounds and swimming pools near both residential and industrial areas.

THE heart of the City of To-Morrow is built on a river bank, like Melbourne and Adelaide. Rising from the centre is the Civic Centre of a hundred stories—the only tall

building in this city for a million people. Other public buildings, libraries, and stores are grouped round it.

Hotels on the edge of the central city provide accommodation for visitors and the few bachelors who will be the only residents in the city proper.

Airport, shipping port, and railway terminal are within sight of the impressive civic centre.

There is an opera house with a revolving stage which faces an open-air amphitheatre in summer and the interior of the theatre in the winter. The whole building is raised so that pedestrian and road traffic can pass underneath it.

A circle of green country about four miles wide edges the central city, providing parklands and farms to supply fresh food. Outside the green belt are residential and industrial centres.

The residential centres contain separate houses, houses grouped to reduce cost of heating and lighting and apartment houses, centrally heated and cooled.

They are so designed that no tenant overlooks the windows of another flat, and nobody can hear the neighbor's wireless.

The residential areas are about 10 miles from the central city, but because the radiating highways are free of dangerous intersections husbands can drive to the office in their own cars or by bus in less than 20 minutes.

There are picture theatres in all residential areas, and in the central city.

Parking space is available in every building. Parking space is taken as much for granted as the space for a business man's desk.

When her husband has left for the office the housewife sends the children off to school free of any worry about traffic dangers, as there are no traffic intersections for the children to cross. Her working hours are reduced by labor-saving appliances.

She will have time to walk the small distance to the local shopping centre and change her book at the library before her husband comes home to lunch.

In the industrial centres, factories are attractive buildings surrounded by gardens and recreation

grounds. Houses are grouped near enough to the factories for workers to go home for lunch.

For those who prefer to live further away in a residential area, spacious lunch rooms and other facilities are provided.

THE City of To-Morrow does not deprive women of the joy of a "day in town."

Besides the local shops she can go to big stores in the central city for specialised shopping. The big stores are separated by wide lawns and walks free of road traffic.

The woman of to-morrow will take afternoon tea in a cafe that is out-of-doors in the summer and shielded by glass in the winter.

She will be home again after a brief journey in time to prepare the family dinner.

The designer, Mr. Henry Dreyfuss, believes that there should be no slums or poverty in the city, so there would be very little crime.

The highways would be so constructed that no traffic direction would be needed. With only fireproof materials in the buildings only chemical fire-fighting apparatus for small local fires would be necessary.

Firemen and policemen would, therefore, be out of work, but their experience and expert knowledge would be utilised.

They would become "major-domos" who would ensure that chemical fire-fighting apparatus was in good order, that people who were a bad influence were eliminated from the population, and that traffic regulations were explained before, not after, they were broken.

The City of To-Morrow has been built inside a huge steel sphere, 200 feet in diameter. High in the sphere is a moving platform from which 8000 visitors an hour will have a six-minute view of the City.

Special lighting and artificial clouds will give the illusion that they are looking down from an aeroplane 7000 feet up on a city about 15 miles wide.

From this aerial view the mingling of city and country in the City of To-morrow will be clearly defined.

The country penetrates into the city bringing air and sunlight. The city penetrates into the country so that no one need be isolated.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Taking New Diploma

MR. R. I. DOWNING, research scholar of the University of Melbourne, obtained first-class honors in the economics section of the newly-established diploma of economics at Cambridge University.

This diploma is designed to meet the needs of dominion students who wish to combine theoretical studies at Cambridge with research work.

Mr. Downing is the first student from Australia to undertake the new diploma course.



### Notable Discovery

DR. KATHERINE B. BLODGETT, noted woman scientist in U.S.A., recently announced her discovery of a coating which makes glass invisible. It is claimed that the film with which the glass is coated does two things never before possible. First, it abolishes all reflection on glass from any angle. Second, it enables the glass to transmit more than 99 per cent of the light which strikes it. Previous glass made previously transmitted only 92 per cent of light.

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## Beauty-Talk at Tennis Party



There's thrilling complexion glamour for you too, in the unique firmness of Erasmic Face Powder.

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FACE POWDER

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES



# Wealthy Australian woman's romantic link with the KENTS

ROYAL COUPLE AND MRS. STEWART  
DAWSON SHARE THE SAME "IN-LAWS"



PRINCESS EUGENIE, of Greece, a cousin of the Duchess of Kent, married last year Prince Dominique Radziwill.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT coaching on Count Potocki's vast estate during their last visit to Poland. The Duchess rode in the front seat beside her host, and the Duke in the back seat. On their forthcoming visit to Poland the Kents will meet the aristocratic Radziwill family, to whom Australia's Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson is related.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Among the hosts of Australia's Governor-General Designate (the Duke of Kent) and the Duchess on their forthcoming visit to Poland will be the Radziwills, wealthiest of Poland's great aristocratic families.

An interesting link between Australia and this famous family was the marriage last year of one of its senior members, Prince Michael Radziwill, to the former Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson, of Sydney.

THE widow of David Stewart Dawson, whose jewellery and other extensive business interests made him one of the most widely-known men in Australia, Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson met the prince at Monte Carlo at a luncheon given by the Duchess of Winchester.

Their romance so late in life—she was 57 and the prince 68—aroused world interest.

By her marriage with the prince, the former Sydney hostess and charitable worker became linked not only with the Radziwills, but also through them with the Hohenzollerns and the deposed Hapsburgs of Austria.

In June last another family link was established, this time with our own Royal Family, through the marriage of Prince Dominique Radziwill, a nephew of Prince Michael, to Princess Eugenie of Greece, a cousin of the Duchess of Kent. The wedding took place in Paris.

Princess Eugenie, who is 28 years old, was a bridesmaid at the Duchess' wedding.

As well as being a princess of Greece, she is a princess of Denmark. Her uncle, Prince Valdemar, is the youngest son of the King of Denmark.

Prince Dominique is the son of Prince Jerome Radziwill and the late Archduchess Marie-Renata, of Austria.

His uncle, Prince Michael, now husband of the former Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson, is perhaps best known to the world as the one-time owner of the famous Monte Carlo Casino, which he purchased from the "mystery" man of Europe, Sir Basil Zaharoff.

## Return to Sydney?

A COUSIN of the ex-Kaiser, he was formerly a German Guards officer, and served as a colonel in the ex-Empress's own cavalry regiment.

Later, in the diplomatic service, he spent a great deal of his time travelling through the capitals of Europe.

He has met nearly all the outstanding people of Europe. He was a close friend of the last of the Czaars, Nicholas II, and when at the Russian Court often talked with the sinister monk, Rasputin. Since the war he has met many international figures.

He has talked with Hitler many times, and was actually born in the house where the Fuehrer now lives in Berlin—the Reich-Chancellor's palace.

Since their marriage the Prince and Princess have been living quietly in London. In between visits to the south of France and to Poland, where they stayed at the Prince's castle, the Chateau D'Antonin, near Praygnodice.

Bright, entertaining, and young-looking, the Princess is still keenly interested in Australia, and it is believed that she and the Prince may pay a brief visit to Sydney within the next two years.

The Princess' last visit was about three years ago. Two of her sons,

Mr. David Stewart Dawson and Mr. Percy Stewart Dawson, live at Bellevue Hill, Sydney, and a third, Major Norman Stewart Dawson, and a daughter, Mrs. Bertha Verrett, a widow, in London. While serving in the Air Force in the war Major Norman Stewart Dawson was awarded the Victoria Cross.

For many years the jewellery firm established by the late David Stewart Dawson was a household word in Melbourne and Sydney, and the family is still remembered for its association with the luxurious Ambassadors cabaret and tea-room in Sydney.

Very different from their future life in Australia will be the surroundings in which the Duke and Duchess will spend their holidays.

On their huge estates the nobility of Poland live in almost medieval splendour. They sit in elevated pews in the churches, apart from

the rest of the congregation, and travel in elegant coaches. One of the great castles at which the Kents will stay has furniture from Versailles salvaged after the French Revolution.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL formerly Mrs. Stewart Dawson.



WIDE INTEREST was shown in the marriage last year of Prince Michael Radziwill (above) and the former Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson (at top).

## £1000 for RECIPES . . .

Flood of entries every day:  
Praise from notable women

Hundreds of recipes for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition are pouring in every day. Full prize list, conditions and entry coupons appear on page 24.

A NUMBER of recipes submitted have been sent in by men.

Housewives, women's organisations, public women, and well-known hostesses commend the contest as a stimulus to good cooking.

"Your recipe competition will create keen interest, among housewives," said the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Norman Rock.

"It should not only revive the housewife's interest in her recipes, but will give her an opportunity for exchanging them with other good cooks."

"I congratulate you on your recipe competition," said Lady Gordon. "It should prove a towering success, and it will make all homemakers cooking-conscious, a state of affairs much to be desired. I wish the competition every success."

"It is a splendid idea. It should produce some wonderful recipes," said Mrs. E. Glenross, president of the Housewives' Association.

Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, president

of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W., also applauded the contest. "The majority of country women are good cooks, and practical ones, who are always keenly interested in new and practical recipes," she said.

Miss Ruby Board, president of the National Council of Women, thinks most Australian women are good cooks.

"Your competition should prove a big success because women will welcome the opportunity of collecting new recipes in exchange for their own favorites."

Every member of the family can enter his or her best recipe for the competition. All you have to do is write out your best recipe and fulfil the simple conditions set out on page 24.

THE RECIPE JUDGED THE BEST OF ALL RECIPES SUBMITTED IN ALL SECTIONS WILL BE AWARDED £500.

Just imagine it! £500 for just one recipe. Have you ever heard of anything so marvellous?

Two other prizes of £100 each, one of £50, and 250 consolation prizes of

## FOR EASTER BRIDES

EASTER WEEK is a popular choice for weddings, so this week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be especially welcome to all who are making plans for an Easter bridal.

A beautiful array of bridal fashions, and many delightful needlework and homemaker suggestions are among its many helpful gestures.

Look out next week for beautiful color pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children.

The issue will also contain a special concession pattern of the garments worn by Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward.

£1 each make up the grand total of £1000 in prize-money to be divided among Australian housewives.

There are three sections in the competition:

(1) Cakes, (2) Desserts (which include puddings, sweets, pastries), (3) Jams.

Thus there is no confusing multitude of sections to puzzle you. There is no string to the prizes, either, for they will be paid in cash.

Now turn to Page 24.

**MRS. REID**  
sews for her family

MRS. REID has a limited budget that necessitates her making most of her children's clothes, yet her neighbours constantly remark on how attractively dressed they are. Her solution of the ever-present clothing problem is no secret . . . IT'S CESARINE. CESARINE has a three-fold advantage for kiddies' wear. It is absolutely fast to run and washing, gives marvellous year-round service, and always retains its smooth, attractive finish. Add to these the fact that CESARINE costs only 1/11½ yard and you know how Mrs. Reid manages so well. Try CESARINE for your kiddies' togs. You too, will marvel at its service.

**CESARINE**  
64 lovely colours. 36" wide.  
At good stores everywhere.





EXQUISITE Worth model of satin flowing into a long train of dull-backed satin.

## What custom demands at a wedding

### Etiquette presents many problems

By PRUNELLA WOOD

Noted fashion authority and writer. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

Weddings at all times are ritual occasions, feasts which have the pomp and beauty of tradition to guide their procedure.

Any innovations which might distinguish 1939's bride from 1894's concern such matters as the cut or color of the gowns worn by bride and attendants, the type of flowers carried, the menu of the wedding breakfast—little expressions of contemporary fashion laid on to enhance the solemn ceremony.



ALL this detail and fashion (and the price for it, too) are the sole responsibility of the bride and her family, and it has been down the ages.

When the lucky man has procured the marriage licence and ring, he pockets the one, turns the other over to his best man, who will give it back to him at the moment it is needed during the ceremony, and his pre-marital chores are over.

The bride and her family decide on the kind of wedding—a church pageant, a "simple" garden ceremony, or an even simpler visit to the rector's study where vows are exchanged before two witnesses.

In any type, even the bridegroom's choice of clothes is automatically dictated by the kind of wedding his fiancée's family decide upon.

Few brides care to flout wedding customs; even fewer grooms expect them to.

There has been one outstanding change in wedding traditions, however. It concerns the monogramming of trousseau trinkets, household silver, and such.

The vogue now tends towards using the initials of the bride's full name, plus the surname initial of the man she is about to marry.

In other words, it is not now considered to be either bad luck or bad taste for a girl to use her married name, or its initials, at any rate, before the actual ceremony.

#### No Theatrical Effects

THERE is beauty in any well-run wedding, but too great extravagance of imagination must be kept under control; no "theatre" should creep into the effects.

Six or eight is the average number of attendants, and two of them may be matron and maid of honor.

There are trends of fashion in wedding rings, the double ring service, in which both bride and groom decide to each wear a ring; coming and going as fitfully as the most inconsequent fashion fad.

Just now the diamond circlet is the one seen the most on a bride's finger.

But lots of girls, for sentiment's sake, use a slim gold band for the actual ceremony, then switch to a diamond circlet for everyday wear.

At the wedding, guests must arrive well before the hour of the ceremony, the ushers seating the bride's friends on the left side of the church, the groom's on the right.

A lady takes the arm of the usher, her own escort following behind; single men guests walk with the usher. The last lady to be seated at a church wedding is the bride's mother. After she enters, the doors are closed and when next they swing open: "Here Comes the Bride!"

The groom and his best man follow the clergyman into the chancel, then go immediately to the head of the aisle down which the bride will walk, standing a little to the right on the groom's family's side of the church.

#### Order of Procession

IN the procession down the aisle, the ushers lead off, two by two, followed by the bridesmaids. The maid of honor is next, and behind her the bride, on her father's arm.

Those who walk before her separate into two parties of equal size at the head of the aisle, the maid of honor standing near the bride to take her bouquet, arrange her veil, and so on.

The bride drops her father's arm,

SNOW-WHITE. Perfect setting for a young bride is this exquisitely simple wedding dress cut on Empire lines.

#### WHO PAYS?

WEDDINGS cost money, even the simplest of them, and this is how the expenses are divided for bride and bridegroom:

##### The Bride's Family Provides:

All the expenses for the church and reception, with the single exception of the clergyman's fee, which the bridegroom assumes; transportation of the wedding party to the church and back to the reception; the bride's gown and her trousseau; the bridesmaids' bouquets.

##### The Groom Provides:

The wedding ring, or rings; the bride's bouquet; boutonnières, ties and gloves for his attendants and ushers.

and with the groom steps to the chancel, before the clergyman. The bride's father, on relinquishing his daughter to her bridegroom, then steps back into his seat beside the bride's mother.

When the ring is to be slipped on, the bride who is modern-minded has saved herself a lot of trouble if she is wearing no gloves at all, her sleeves being cut into a Moyen Age point over her hands instead.

If her gown demands long gloves to complement a lack of sleeves, the ring finger has been ripped so that the ring may be slipped on easily.

When the ceremony is completed, the bride and her husband turn to face their friends and lead their own parade to the church door, the attendants falling in behind them after the maid of honor has straightened out the bride's train and veil, and given her bouquet back to her.

The happy couple's car is the first to leave the kerb and there is a humane and growing custom just emerging in which the maid of honor and the best man accompany the bride's parents to the reception in the next car, to ease them over the emotional crisis known as "not losing a daughter but gaining a son."

**Oh my goodness!**  
*I thought Jané's frock was white...  
until I saw Peg's Persil-Washed one!*



You'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else when you see **PERSIL WHITENESS**

If it's real whiteness you're after, you'll find there's only one safe and certain way to get it—with Persil. For it's by washing things so much *cleaner* that Persil gets them whiter. Persil's oxygen-charged suds get rid of dirt and stains far more thoroughly than any ordinary soap possibly can. So you can understand why every woman who uses Persil says Persil whiteness is the only true standard of whiteness in washing. It's bound to be!



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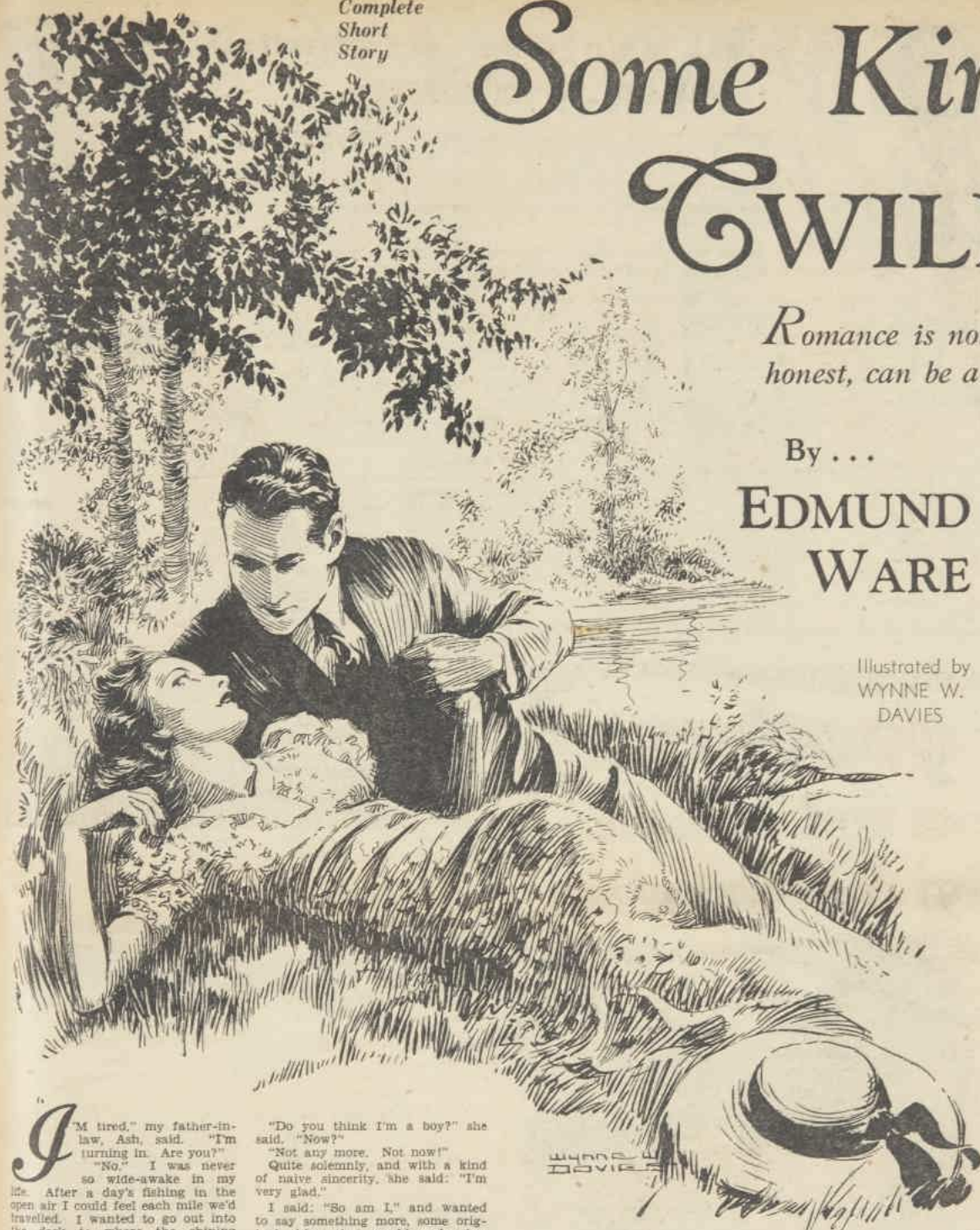
# Some Kind of TWILIGHT

Romance is not life, but life, if honest, can be a lasting romance

By ...

## EDMUND WARE

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES



"I'm tired," my father-in-law, Ash, said. "I'm turning in. Are you?"

"No." I was never so wide-awake in my life. After a day's fishing in the open air I could feel each mile we'd travelled. I wanted to go out into the dark to where the shining river joined the sea, and that is the reason I happened to be driving down the dusty road that night.

I drove slowly, hearing the crickets and the wind in the grass, and marvelling at this great loneliness on earth.

I had a curious thought; if it was raining I would not be here. I'd be with Ash in the hotel.

Then the headlights of the car picked up a boy in white duck shorts. He had his back to me, hands in his pockets, standing still by the side of the road. I stopped the car and opened the door for him.

"Want a lift?"

He never said a word. He stood there with his back to me for a moment, then turned quickly and got in beside me. I reached across him to close the door, and got a whiff of some kind of perfume. Then I turned on the dash light, and looked straight into the loveliest face I ever saw.

"I thought you were a boy!" I said.

She looked at me with a long level gaze, shaking her head very slowly. "No."

That was all either of us said then. I drove on, thinking of the expression in her eyes and the sound of her "No." I could feel her looking at me, and my heart went up into my temples. I knew she was trying to discover what kind of a man I was. I glanced at her once for the same reason.

"Do you think I'm a boy?" she said. "Now?"

"Not any more. Not now!"

Quite solemnly, and with a kind of naive sincerity, she said: "I'm very glad."

I said: "So am I," and wanted to say something more, some original thing that would make her think I was fine, and make her glad to be with me, but I couldn't think of anything. She looked out of the car window and moved to open the door.

"I want to get out now, please."

"Why? Are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid of anything. That's what frightens me."

I opened the door for her and saw a dim lane leading up towards a house.

"Live here?"

"For the summer. For my health. I'm going home soon."

She started to get out, hesitated, glancing at the car.

"You must be very successful."

"The car isn't mine," I said. "I'm not very successful."

"Neither am I." She got out, closed the door, and looked in at me with her arms resting on the window-ledge, and her chin cupped in one small, white hand.

Behind her was the darkness, and she was two grey eyes staring out of a frame. Her cheek-bones were high and bold, her mouth strong and beautiful.

"So I'm glad you're not," she said. "Good-bye."

I started to say good-bye, but as she turned up the lane the words stuck in my throat. I heard a cricket singing, and it seemed inside my head. All at once I was out of the car, and starting after her. I knew it was crazy, and didn't care. I walked faster, calling to her in the starlight.

She stopped and let me come up

to her. We stood there, still both restrained and embarrassed, neither wanting to say anything. But I said:

"We should really know each other better than this before we can be as quiet as we are now."

"Yes," she said, and after a long pause. "I didn't know there was a you!"

"To-night I'm not sure that there is," I said.

SHE gave a little gasp. Her arms went up, and her head back, and she stood on tip-toe looking up at the high stars.

"I'm afraid to talk any more—please!"

"It's all right. You can be quiet."

"What if one of us said a wrong thing?"

"It would spoil something," I said. "I don't know what."

The air was full of our unspoken thoughts.

After another pause, she said: "What's your name, please?"

"Joe Gunn."

"What a funny name. Mine's Charlotte Martin."

"Yours is nice. How old are you, Charlotte?"

"Twenty-four. How old are you, Joe?"

"Thirty-one—almost."

There was no information in that. It was just names and numbers, and so I do not know why it sounded like poetry to us, or why any of this happened the way it did.

Charlotte looked away at a light on the hill. She put out her hand:

"Good-bye, Joe."

I didn't touch her hand.

"Does a thing like this have to stop so quickly?"

"Quickly—or not at all."

"Do you want it to stop?"

"Yes. Quickly—or not at all."

"Charlotte, why?"

"Because of the consequences of this kind of happiness."

"I don't give a hoot for consequences."

"Oh, yes—yes, you do!" she said, and waved, and ran up the lane.

I put the car in the hotel garage and went upstairs. As I came into the room, Ash moved a little, and said: "Hallo, my son." After the death of his own son, Jimmy, he sometimes called me that.

"Hallo, Ash," I said.

"See anything?" His voice was deep with contentment.

I wanted to tell him. I wanted to tell him exactly what Charlotte's face was like in the starlight, how her voice sounded, and how I felt.

He was the only person in the world

I could tell, and the only person in the world, except Tiny, my wife, whom I couldn't tell.

"Just the night," I said.

"That's quite a lot—sometimes. Just think: the day after to-morrow we'll be with Tiny and the kids."

"That's what I was thinking." I undressed in the dark and crawled into the bed.

Lying there I couldn't see anything but Charlotte's eyes. Every word we had said was sharp in my mind, and I tried to puzzle out why my feeling for her was different from anything else in the world.

When daylight came I couldn't forget her. I remembered. I remembered as hard as I could, and it was no stealthy little sin to remember, or to want to remember. For the first time in my life I didn't want to go home to Tiny and the children. The minute Tiny saw me she would guess, and I would hate myself for something which was not hateful.

THAT day we drove to Belfast and got the car on to the night boat. Before we sailed, Ash went on deck and I below to write a note to Charlotte. I didn't say much, but I told her I was married and had two children, a girl of three called Julie, and a boy of six called Tommy. I told her who my father-in-law was, and that if it had rained I would never have met her. The only thing I put in that note that I shouldn't have was my office address—but I would do it again, and forever, too.

Next morning we drove down from Liverpool, and Tiny and the kids were waiting for us at the door. I have never seen such eagerness in anyone's eyes as I saw in Tiny's.

She was looking up at me, and her expression turned me inside out, because her eyes were full of a kind of frightened curiosity. I said:

"It is rather wonderful, isn't it?"

She closed her eyes and put her face against me.

"Joe, what is it? Tell me what it is, dearest. You're far away."

"It's just walls and pavement after long days on a river. That's all," I said.

Later in the week I got a letter postmarked Glasgow. It was from Charlotte. Her handwriting made my heart pound, and it was just ordinary handwriting. She, too, was married, her letter said. She had gone home to her husband, and her husband is a surgeon whose record is as high and quiet as Ash Harcourt's in science.

Her letter—I don't know—it confirmed the improbability and the inescapability of the whole thing.

Everything seemed exactly upside down, because the kind of letters we wrote are supposed to be exchanged only between two people who have known each other a long time. But it seemed as though we had. I remember one thing Charlotte wrote about us. It was so true:

"We are both necessary to important people—I to my husband, and you to Tiny, your children, and to John Ashley Harcourt. But for ourselves, I think we were destined to find the world so interesting that we'll accomplish little in it."

I knew we should have to stop writing to each other at once or not at all. But I knew we wouldn't, and I knew we would meet again, and I was living just for that. I didn't have the faintest idea how it would come about, or when, and I didn't dare think about it.

Please turn to Page 36



# And One Was Beautiful

Loyalty, justice, chivalry, and love take part in this instalment.

Continuing Our Great  
Serial by...

ALICE  
DUER  
MILLER

Illustrated  
by  
Wynne W.  
DAVIES

**H**ELEN LATTIMER, the beauty, naturally outshines Kate, whose character, for all that, is more steadfast. Meeting Ridley Crane, a popular but difficult man to know, Kate becomes loyally influenced on his behalf, after he supposedly runs over and kills a cyclist while coming from a nightclub. Helen was with him. She had left him on foot when he was drinking too much, but he overtook her in his car and became unconscious after she took the wheel. It was Helen who actually ran over the cyclist.

Kate, reluctantly, believes her sister guilty. An inquiry is instituted. A similar incident in Ridley's past promises badly for him, and Kate is deeply worried by her sense of justice. She tells her story to Mr. Harridge, who scarcely believes it, but is convinced.

Approaching Helen with her guilt, she cleverly denies it. Kate is desperate and tries to see the prisoner, but after being frustrated sees Mr. Prince outside the courthouse. She tells enough to interest him, but says no more, until he takes her into the gaol with him to examine the story.

Characters you will meet in this story:

KATE LATTIMER, younger sister of

HELEN LATTIMER, a beauty, favored daughter of

MRS. LATTIMER, a conventional widow.

RIDLEY CRANE, rich man-about-town.

MR. PRINCE, a lawyer.

MR. MANN, another lawyer.

FREDDIE ALCOTT, in love with Helen.

STEPHEN HARRIDGE, family friend and neighbor.

Now read on.

**R**IDLEY got up at once and went with the guard to the visitors' room.

"Why, Kate?"

She was surprised to see him saunter in with a cigarette in his hand, so exactly the same as before. She hadn't pictured handcuffs and stripes, but she had hoped to be taken to his cell and allowed to talk to him alone. Now she knew that, though the guard at the door was out of earshot, Mr. Prince was going to be the presiding figure at the interview.

"Miss Lattimer tells me she has some important testimony for us, Ridley."

Fortunately, while she was driving over she had thought of the simple words she was going to use, and she spoke them at once: "Helen was in your car at the time of the accident."

He shook his head. "No, you forget. She left me at Murnan's."

"That's what she said at first, but now she tells a different story. She says she stopped you on the road and got in again."

"Are you sure of this, Kate? Because that afternoon I came to your house—"

"I know, but I found out. I made her confess. I guessed from the beginning, and when the slippers disappeared—I mean I knew she had hidden them, and I found them—one of them was without a heel."

She saw the men exchange a quick glance over her head. They did not pretend, like Mr. Harridge, that what she had to say wasn't important.

"Let me understand," said Mr. Prince. "Your sister has confessed to you that she killed Torrington?"

"Oh, no, my sister never confesses anything until—"

She stopped herself. That was just the way she didn't want to talk—as if she hated Helen. She wanted to be just and cool. "No, she only admits being in the car at the time."

"Good Heavens!" said Ridley.

"Helen! I never thought of that!"

"But why has she concealed the fact so long?"

"She says it was because she did not want to convict Ridley, knowing that she was the only eye-witness,

but that isn't true, Mr. Prince. It was she who was driving."

"How can we know that?"

"I know it," Crane answered. "I know it now."

"I could wish we had known it a little earlier," said Mr. Prince.

Kate's heart contracted with pain and self-reproach. "But it's not too late, is it, Mr. Prince? I know I ought to have come before. I suppose I didn't want to be sure. I put off knowing. But to-day, when everything went so horribly at the trial, I couldn't bear it any longer and I went and dug up the slippers where she had buried them."

"She had buried her slippers?"

"Yes, she pretended she had been wearing another pair." She turned

head a little shake, conquered her tears in an effort to be as heroic as the moment demanded.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Prince, in his icy voice. "We are very much indebted to Miss Lattimer; a very trying situation for her. If everyone would display the same love of justice—"

She didn't hear him. Ridley was still holding her hand.

"You don't know what you've done for me, Kate—lifted such a weight off me. I know now that I didn't kill that man, thanks to you." She looked at him steadily, with a vague consciousness that she might have to live for all the rest of her life on the memory of these words.

"Good Heavens!" said Ridley. "Helen! I never thought of that!"

She did manage a smile, and the interview was over.

Kate was afraid—afraid as she drove herself home, and even more afraid as she reached the house, and saw her mother, dressed for dinner, calm and unsuspecting that a great disaster was about to fall upon her. Fear is usually represented as ignoble, but Kate's fear was rooted in fine things—her deep love of her mother and the long chain of mutual interest that made up what she had always called her love of Helen.

**S**HE could not imagine in what form the crisis would arrive—a telephone call from Mr. Prince; the flash of headlights on the drive and the arrival of Mr. Mann; or Officer Higgins on his motor cycle, coming to jot down new evidence in his little notebook; or, most horrible of all pictures, a police car with a warrant for Helen's arrest—a brief interval of confusion and terror, and then all eyes turning accusingly on her—dreadful eyes that she wouldn't be able to meet.

On her return, no questions were asked. It was assumed that she had spent her time with Mr. Harridge, that he had been trying, like a loyal family friend, to bring her back to her senses. She could imagine what Helen had said: "Don't scold her for being late for dinner, Mums. It's worth waiting for her if Mr. Harridge could put a little sense into her head." The atmosphere was chilly because she hadn't allowed herself time to dream. Mrs. Lattimer always dressed for dinner, and when her daughters

didn't she managed to make them feel that they were being slightly disloyal to the class to which they had been born.

Freddie Alcott had arrived by a late-afternoon train. Brantville was within easy commuting distance, and Freddie spent a good deal of the summer with his cousins. Usually, when this moment arrived, Helen exclaimed: "Oh, yes, Freddie's coming to-day, isn't he? What a bore!" But to-night Kate noticed that she was noticeably kind to Freddie—the way she was when she was afraid that someone else was taking him away, or when she had done something so outrageous that even she felt the necessity of making up for it. Kate wondered, and then saw, clearly, the reason. Helen was still frightened, and if anything went wrong she wanted good legal advice at hand before she made any mistakes. Kate, though so little subtle herself, had learned to know all Helen's subtleties, so well that she could foresee every manoeuvre without ever being able to circumvent one.

As soon as dinner was over, Helen took Freddie away to the garden. "Don't you want to sit outside, Mums? The house seems so stuffy."

No, Mrs. Lattimer never wanted to sit outside in the evening; it was her time for doing her reading under the lamp in the sitting-room. Kate went to her own room; no one opposed her. Her gloomy presence was no addition to family life.

Nothing happened and eventually she fell asleep. Nothing had happened the next morning when it was time for her to leave for the court.

Please turn to Page 38

## Real Beauty Goes Deep

to Ridley. "Try to forgive me, Ridley."

"Of course, Kate. Your own sister."

"It isn't that. It's my mother. She worships Helen so. I don't suppose she'll ever forgive me; perhaps I'll never forgive myself." She stopped short. This was just what she hadn't meant to do—to sound pathetic and begin to cry again. "But I know all that doesn't matter. As soon as I knew the truth, of course I had to come and tell you."

Crane had dropped into the chair beside her, and he now put his hand on hers where it lay on her lap, gripping a damp handkerchief. "Poor little kid," he said, "you must have been through hell."

She set her teeth and gave her

He went on: "Do you remember what I said of you that first time I saw you? I judged you very well, didn't I? You're as straight as a die. Now you'd better go home, and don't tell anyone what you've done—not Helen or your mother—until Mr. Prince and I decide what use we are going to make of this information."

"You mean I'm not to tell Helen that I've betrayed her?"

"Certainly not. You can deceive to that extent, can't you? You can keep quiet about your having come here?"

"Yes, if it's better for you."

He smiled at her. "You couldn't deceive anyone if you don't stop crying and look more cheerful."



Wynne W.  
Davies



# EXILE'S RETURN

*Courage often wears a mask, as Dall found out during a lonely homecoming.*

By...

JEAN  
EARLE

A Complete  
Short Story

Illustrated by  
FISCHER



*The door of Bessie's room opened: in walked a woman, carrying a suitcase.*

**D**URING this devastating visit to England, his hat had been crushed low upon his head, the hat of an exasperated man. Now, as he arrived in London, the hat seemed to revive—a gradual freshening of crown and brim, revealing a small, dark face. The mild spring evening in Piccadilly chilled him to the bone as he went about his business. He hired a dinner-jacket, behaved high-handedly in a flower shop. He thought he had never felt so cold! But still the hat kept looking more like itself, and by the time he reached his cheap hotel there was something about him debonair and handsome as he had once been—a proper little devil!

In the hotel bedroom, under the shadeless light that showed everything worse than it was, he got into the hired garment. A grimace at the glass revealed what he thought of it: he who had once cut so superb a dash. Well, Bessie would never notice, it was the man she looked at! And he, who had not seen her for fifteen years, already felt considerably larger.

He shivered, and took some quinine. "Yes!" grumbled his exhausted body. "Staving off a touch of fever, and no wonder! Cold weather, and funerals, and wills—a fine trip home it turned out!"

Never mind, put everything behind him, just for this last evening. He had come all the way from Devonshire that day, simply to dine with Bessie, at Philroy House.

There, in the cheap attic house, lay the troubled history of his trip. The bank-book, with nothing left to his credit. The passage ticket, ruinously expensive. Copies of tortuous legal documents, relating to the squandered estate in England. A lot of repulsive papers to do with his brother's death and burial. A cheque for eighty-nine pounds odd—all that he had been able to salvage from his expected inheritance. Well—it would cover his passage, and that was something. Looking over these things, he felt chillier yet, a weight of depression filled him. Once more he battled with the lawyers, investigated scandals, interviewed debtors—stood, with a crushing horror, above his brother's grave.

Then, among the rest, he found his note from Bessie. He rescued it from such unpleasant company, joined it carefully away. He had written on an extraordinary impulse—making no claims, no reference to old ties, merely telling her he was in England. She had answered—a characteristic explosion in her running, rejoicing hand—"Come to dinner, you fool—dinner for two!"

Of course, strictly speaking, his pride should have been stronger than ever against acceptance. Before, there had been only an unsavory accusation standing between them, and she had never believed it, anyway. But now, with her father dead these two years, there was the barrier of her money. She would have a great deal—and Dallas had just discovered that he had nothing except a plantation that was run chiefly by exchange and barter, his return passage and this eighty-nine pounds.

Why had he never kept up a correspondence with Bessie? He scarcely knew. Perhaps because he had never been able to tell her of his brilliant success. He didn't want her to know of his struggles—only of his triumph. And triumph had never come.

It was her father, old Philroy, who had been the cause of his going abroad at all. Old Philroy had never liked him—had never liked his father, or any of his family. It had been in a way, amusing to find such

prejudice in a man who was a High Court judge. But then, he had never cared much for any of Bessie's would-be lovers. In the case of Dallas, he had been lucky. Dallas had played into his hand, through innocent but quite abominable carelessness over a money matter. Bessie had known the truth. Her fine indignation had been Dallas' treasure ever since. "Father may run you out of the clubs, but I run Philroy House for him—and I say it shall remain open to you, that I will receive you always—with gusto!"

**"W**ITH gusto!" How he had loved that phrase! Naturally, he had never taken her at her word, but he had never forgotten, either. Some day, he would make his royal return. Until then, his enormous pride permitted him no more than the exchange of cards at Christmas; and when success delayed itself so long it had dawned upon him that Bessie was probably alienated for ever by his silence. The Christmas cards continued to be interchanged between them. Nothing more.

He was a born fighter—but life had treated him stingily. To-night, he hungered for the things to which he had been bred, the soft and gracious and civilised things. Just for one evening.

He did not reason this out with any clarity. Only he kept thinking—all through that long day's journey, as he hired the dinner-jacket and chose the carnations, as he sat here waiting to go: "Bessie! A perfect dinner! Warm feet!"

He had even lost his sense of humor.

Carnations! Would roses have been better? It was queer, but there seemed to be no other English flowers that could possibly belong to Bessie. The first time he ever saw those gold-striped lily affairs, curling open on the hills of the plantation, he had been reminded of her. A sport lily! There was nothing in the London shops half so suitable as those wild, ineradicable weeds. He had read, while coming up in the train, that prize blooms were being shipped to the other side of the world now, frozen in ice. That would

be a quaint thing to do with some of the Bessie-lilies, when he was back in exile again. He grinned. He had always wanted the impossible—take Bessie, as a chief instance.

To-night, after sixteen years' battling, he must still content himself with carnations. Anyway, flowers for Bessie had always been in the nature of coals to Newcastle. He would have liked to cross her life again with some rich and exotic gift, something rare, presented nonchalantly as a pin. When he first went out abroad, a potential empire-conqueror, emeralds had just been discovered in country not far from the plantation. For a long time, before he suspected that life was never going to drop such favors in his path, he used to imagine acquiring some flawless emerald, and sending it—anonously, of course—to Bessie. A streak of boy, in a toughened little nut of a man—that was Dallas.

He shivered in the draughty hotel lounge. Funny she had never married. His heart had always given

He rustled out and summoned his taxi.

"Philroy House!"

After the taxi had left him, he stood gazing up that dark facade. The tall old mansion, where the Philroys made it a point of honor to be born and to die—famous through four reigns for its family of advocates, its cuisine and its cellar. And gazing, he saw himself when young, eternally at war with all this, careless of its fine privileges. Prodigal youth, who had never come here as often as he might, because of a crotchety old man—who made use of that exquisite table to satisfy hunger or convention—who had once had the actual temerity to get a little drunk, on that matchless port!

There was nothing like sixteen years of rough living to teach appreciation and anticipation!

Slowly, with a little, tender smile, he went towards his great occasion.

## Time Moves On

a sort of leap when he opened those Christmas cards, and saw her signature unchanged and free, year after year. Of course, there was Sinclair—he had never known him—who was killed in 1917. Everyone who said there was something between them. It was probably true. Bessie had unlimited loyalty. Besides, a woman like that wasn't for the ordinary man! Because he was going to dine with Bessie, he thought this quite without self-consciousness, although he had once imagined that she might be for him. Dining with Bessie had always given one this superiority complex. She made a man feel he had the world in his power.

With simple and mounting excitement, he became aware of the lights of London, a pageantry, running brightly up and down the dark, jewel red and green, hot white, a keen and fiery blue. They were a twinkling, jolly show—a prelude to Bessie.

The doors stood open. A group that had just entered were talking together at the foot of the staircase. They looked a motley crowd—one Jew, a Frenchman, an obvious actor or singer, with a beard; Dallas knew none of them. Some of them were dressed for dinner, others were not. A house-party?

He stepped from the entrance shadows—a truculent, handsome little man, alone against the world. He was instantly put at ease by Benjamin—the immortal, the elephant-memoried, the divine butler.

"What, Ben—still here—still getting younger!"

"Thank you, Mr. Dallas. If you will come this way, Miss Bessie will receive you in her own room."

Dallas was embarrassed by his instantaneous flush, the turning over of his heart, which flopped as if he were a boy again. "All right, Benjamin. I know the way—"

"Your pardon, sir. There is a lift—"

A lift, tucked away behind the exquisite spirals of the staircase! Well, it was an innovation which did not come out of place in the tall old house. Bessie had had the hall heated, too. Shades of old Philroy! Dallas looked at the outmoded staircase, and seemed to see Bessie sweeping up it again, her glowing shoulders hunched against the draughts. What a joke they used to make of the old man's stand against comfort—and how cunningly Bessie had managed to combine comfort and tradition, bless her! Already he began to feel warmer under Benjamin's eye, to forget the hired dinner-jacket.

**"T**HE sixth door to the right, sir," said Benjamin, firmly, accompanying him. Darn Benjamin—as though Dallas didn't know which door it was! Bessie's room.

She could have made no gesture more like herself than to receive him here—a royal welcome, to a friend who might once have been more. How many times, in the old days, had he gone from dinner to card-room, or to the chilly grandeur of the drawing-room, passing this door and wondering whether he would ever be admitted. For it opened only to Bessie's most intimate fellowship—a few among her legion of friends—that man, perhaps, who had died in the war—her father's old dog, which used to doze there all day, awaiting her impulsive step. Here the humanity of the whole house was concentrated, for the chosen company.

For others, who never knew their loss, infinite courtesy sufficed, and the great dark dining-room and the privilege of dining and winning with the judge. But upstairs, tucked away amid a forest of doors, was the door to Bessie's room—a room like Bessie, southernly warm and extravagant, casually untidy. Here people became themselves alone. Here, once a famous man had suddenly become human, and had sung a comic song. There had been good talk and real laughter, and glimpses of a happiness Dallas had never quite grasped.

Please turn to Page 16



# WINGS of the DRAGON

A Long,  
Complete Story

By . . .

N. L.  
BABSON

**T**HREE dried ducks," said Cho-yu, "and a string of mushrooms. A small bag of rice. Some ginger root, a red pepper, a handful of garlic. Taro. A dozen salt eggs, and a sack of sweet potatoes. That is what our honorable uncle has given us. And that is all."

"It is enough," his mother cried, seeing with her blind eyes each of the delicacies Cho-yu named and smacking her lips as she thought of the dishes she could make. "I have money in the house besides, for yesterday I sold my cloth. I can buy soy sauce and lard meat and tea. We will have a feast."

"A feast?" Cho-yu repeated. He remembered the wrinkled and leathery face of his mother's uncle and the rasping voice which bade them use this food with care.

"To you I speak," the uncle said, in the provincial dialect Cho-yu had learned from his mother. "For you are a man and should have some common sense."

Females of course, had little or none, the uncle sighed, and his muttered scolding implied that his niece had only herself to blame because her parents had married her to one in this city, far from home, because her husband had died, and, also, because she had lost her eyesight. Cho-yu listened to none of this, but he kept in his mind the surprising words, "you are a man," and now, when his uncle had left and his mother spoke of feasting, he said with unaccustomed caution. "Ah-ma, here is provision for a fortnight, if we eat sparingly."

His mother did not listen. "I will invite Foo-Wing, the locksmith's wife," she said. "She gave me a bowl of cold rice one day and muttered of beggars while I ate. I will have Sun-chi, who has dared to doubt that our kinsman is rich enough to bring us gifts of food. I will ask the Old One who mends your clothing, for I have long wished to show her kindness; and I will have the lame sister of the peanut peddler and also the wife of the cobbler, who will let her slave girl clean the floor and tend the fire in return for a good meal. It is you, Cho-yu, who must speak the words of invitation; it is you who must borrow a few bowls from Ma-chen's rice shop—cracked ones, if he will lend no others."

"And it is I, moreover, who will eat my share, since this is the way it is to be," Cho-yu said, philosophically.

**S**O it was that he left his mother's house in the afternoon of the following day, replete with food and lazily content with all the world.

As he came from his narrow alley on to the wide malo, he heard above him the song of the machines that fly like birds, and looking up he saw the sei-kei sweep with silver wings in the hot blue sky above the city. Others besides himself stood still to watch them, and the shadow that darkened men's faces in these days was lifted for a moment. There was a great trouble far in the north, and no one knew when the enemy, those they called the Little Men, would send their armies southward, but it was understood that in some mysterious way the planes protected the city. So men watched for a moment and with lighter hearts went on their way again, but Cho-yu stared with dazzled eyes until the last plane wheeled in the bright light, drifted downward, and vanished from his sight.

The next instant he, too, was brought suddenly back to earth, by



ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

The dragon's head Cho-yu chose was even finer than the one he promised to bring home.

a push against his shoulders, a foot that slipped between his own bare feet to trip him. He dodged and shifted, keeping his balance with automatic agility, and turned with half-raised arm to offer blow for blow, but he found behind him only the grinning face of a friend.

"Ho, dreamer! With your nose turned up to the skies!"

"It is you, then, Ah-Lei? What are you up to?"

"I have something to show you," the other replied, and from beneath his jacket he brought a length of scarlet cloth. "What do you think of this?"

"Stolen, I warrant," Cho-yu said, enviously.

"Not stolen," Ah-Lei corrected. "Borrowed, merely, from the roof of Wing-kui, the dyer. I plan to make a mask and practise for the dragon dance, and if you wish to be the tail—" He broke off vaguely, not choosing to make the offer more definite.

Cho-yu dropped his eyes to hide a gleam of pleasure given him by the sight of the red cloth and the thought of parading gaily through the streets in the dragon dance. It would be fun, and there might be pennies in it. "If you need a part-

ner," he said, carelessly, "I am not unwilling to join you. However, being a good inch taller, it is I who must be the head."

"You!" cried Ah-Lei. "But who thought of the game? And whose cloth is it? I should like to know?"

"By your own telling, it is the dyer's," Cho-yu retorted.

"I can find others glad enough to join me."

The statement was plainly true. Already boys had gathered, and naturally they sided with Ah-Lei, who had the scarlet cloth, whose father, moreover, owned a fruit stall where apolls in the shape of half-rotted

bananas and squashed persimmons could sometimes be obtained. Cho-yu saw at once that the game was lost.

"Pooh!" he snorted. "I only joked. I would not join your crowd at any price. Let me tell you that you will resemble a red-bellied spider rather than a dragon. Let me tell you that when I do the dance I shall have a real mask, and a slaken tail with scales upon it. Four feet around, the head shall be, with eyes as big as my fists, a wide mouth and a tongue that waggles—thus!"

Please turn to Page 18



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

• FEATURING the same intriguing waist treatment as the bridal gown, the maid's frock is designed in delicate orchid faille.

## WEDDING BELLES...

• THE bridesmaid's frock repeats the bride's peasant version. For it she selects appealing peppermint-pink silk jersey.

• PEASANT influence for the bride in ivory metal-run jersey, with a full skirt swirling from a corselet waistline.

• THE BRIDE wears a Victorian model in ice-white satin in which the shirred waistline continues in a panel down the back to form a novel train.



Rina



# THE BRIDE WORE...



● TOP LEFT: Heavy ivory satin, swathed like the gown of a Greek goddess, with a long, shimmering train and demure neckline. A froth of net falls from a halo of orange blossoms.

● TOP RIGHT: A sophisticated model of gold lame with a broad corselet waistline that caused a stir at the recent Paris openings. With it is a regal coronet of gold tulle.

● LEFT: A young-hearted satin gown with an appealingly simple neckline and buttoned bodice. A fragile mist of white tulle relieves the tailored severity of the silhouette.

● PETROV has sketched two enchanting new veil arrangements popular with the loveliest overseas brides.



● LEFT: A short full hooded cape with panels of Valenciennes lace. Right: A long veil of spotted net with an exotic draped sari.





# PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

**1** INDIAN SARIS of white crepe edged with gold embroidery are worn by chic Parisian brides. These saris are draped with non-like simplicity over the head and swathed round the body to form a sash. A detachable train is clipped on to the hem of the frock.

**2** PARISIENNES realise the lure of the garter, and with the billowy evening frocks they now wear a single below-the-knee garter to match each ensemble. Most of such fripperies are finished with posies that remind one of old-fashioned Valentines.

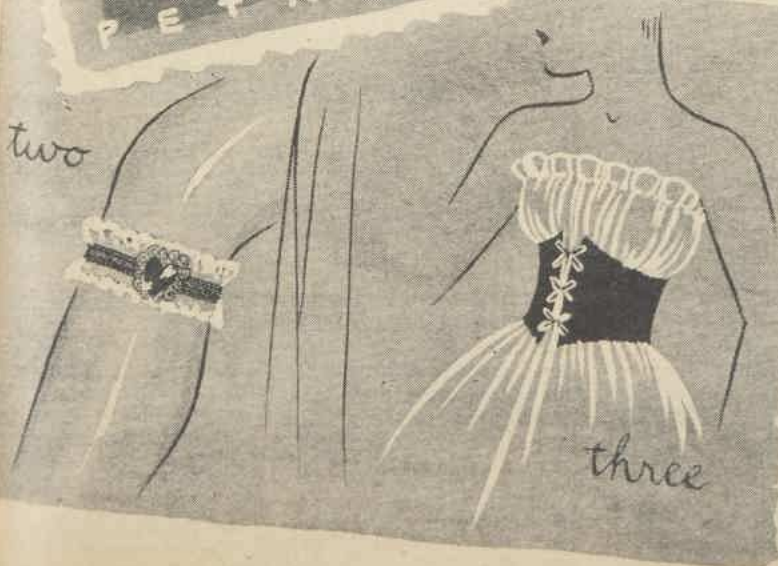
**3** WIDE black velvet belts are appearing on many of the newest evening frocks. They are reminiscent of the black velvet Swiss bodices so popular for fancy dress. Some are embroidered with semi-precious stones, but the majority are plain, adding severity to the fluffiness of Victorian styles.

**4** EVERYTHING in the jewellery line goes in threes. One must have three-drop earrings, three-drop necklaces, and three-point tiaras. Cartier's favorite earrings have two small drops on either side of a large drop that almost rests on the shoulder, and necklaces to match. They are made of jade, set in platinum, and chip diamonds, and amber set in filigree gold. The latest diamond tiaras have a high centre star and two not-so-high spikes on each side.

**5** THE FINEST georgette and chiffon are used for blouses. Dark colors are the rage, and the favorite pattern is a full front with four inches of minute self-colored smocking from the shoulders, plain back, elbow-length, full puff sleeves and neat Peter Pan collar. It is all amazingly simple and scandalously expensive.



one



three



four

five



**H**ERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

**KINTHO** [DOUBLE STRENGTH]



## ORCHID trousseau set . . . .

Adorably feminine undies—light as a summer breeze—and destined to start life in a trousseau

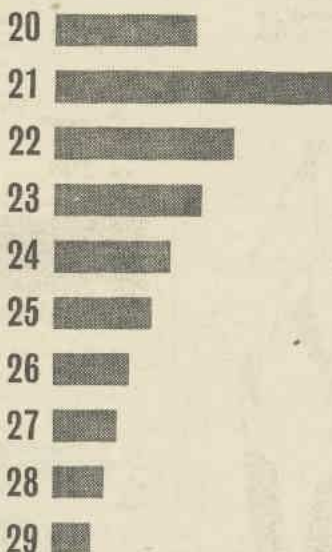
IT'S dainty little undies like these that make glamor-girls of us all, for they are so artfully cut that you will be enchanted with your figure. The nightdress follows the new fashion trend, with a flatteringly full skirt.

On a delicate pastel silk set the orchid design looks particularly charming if worked in shades of mauve and pink with green for the

stamens. This attractive transfer is as unusual as it is charming—and best of all it is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

This set is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust, and full instructions for cutting and making are forwarded with each pattern, and as a special concession for our bridal issue we offer this pattern at an incredibly modest price.

## After 25, it's harder to "Get your man"



### Age of Marriage—

This chart is based on an extensive survey of marriages in Australia. It shows that most girls marry in their early 20's, 65% before they are 25. However, there are many later marriages. Romance is not so much a matter of years as of charm. Let Lux protect your charm!

**Not engaged yet? . . . then are you taking chances with Daintiness?**

**Lux undies after every wearing !**

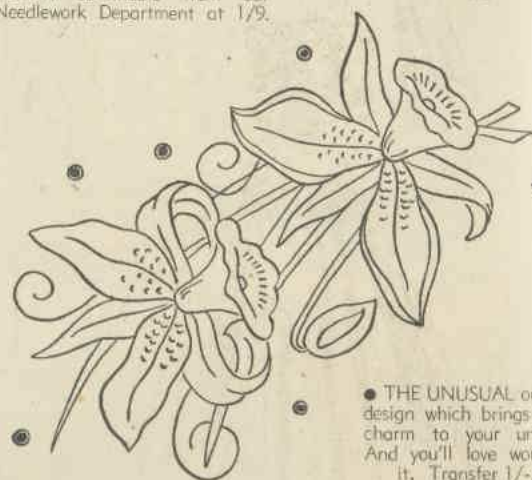
Romance can still be yours—and stay yours, too, if you guard the essence of all charm . . . personal daintiness! Nothing kills romance so quickly as the least possible hint of PERSPIRATION ODOUR FROM UNDERTHINGS. Men can't fall in love with a girl who offends even once. Remember we may not notice this odour in our-

selves—so take no chances! It's so easy to be a Lux Change-Daily Girl, too! Just a very few minutes at bedtime to have clean, fresh undies and stockings every day! You'll always be crisp and cool! And don't forget to Lux your girdle at least once a week—this is important. Leading corset manufacturers recommend Lux care.

ONLY LUX IS SAFE FOR DELICATE UNDIES—BECAUSE ONLY LUX IS SO QUICK-DISSOLVING—RINSES OUT COMPLETELY



• A SET that any bride would cherish for its air of distinction. And it is so easy to make. Pattern obtainable from our Needlework Department at 1/9.



• THE UNUSUAL orchid design which brings new charm to your undies. And you'll love working it. Transfer 1/-.

Even the most inexperienced dressmaker will obtain thrilling results with this attractive set, for, in addition to its undoubted charm, it is particularly easy to make with our simple, expertly-cut patterns to guide you.

If you're preparing your glory-box, going on a cruise, or if you are just a lover of pretty things you won't be able

to resist the appeal of this orchid set.

And besides, it's such fun to work—you can do it in surprisingly little time in your spare moments.

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## OUR PATTERN SERVICE

### PATTERN SERVICE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

WW2765.—A smart sports suit. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required:  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Pattern, 1/1.

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Three attractive Blouses and a Skirt. Sizes, 32, 34 and 36-inch bust.

No. 1. Material required,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards, 36 inches wide.

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ww 2766

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# An Editorial She makes ships her home . . .

FEBRUARY 25, 1939

## "HAPPY THE BRIDE"

**"HAPPY** the bride the sun shines on" is not merely poetic wisdom. It is a reflection of the attitude of the rest of the world to a girl on her wedding day.

Rain or shine, the sun of public approval sheds its light on the radiant bride.

A girl's wedding day is the "day of days."

It is the day she enters her kingdom. The years may dim many pages of memory for a woman, but she never forgets the day she was a bride.

It is the one day the modern girl can appear as romantic and sentimental as she really is at heart.

For the bride it is the culmination of days of feverish energy.

The preparation of the trousseau, the pre-wedding parties, the wistful happiness of saying good-bye to girlhood in the assumption of married estate.

*All these things are fragrant memories in the life of a woman. They mark the beginning of a new life, which carries romance with it into the settling down after the honeymoon, the selection of the home, and furniture, the joyous stepping-out as neelycads.*

Seventy per cent. of the girls who will marry this year are business girls.

With their smarter outlook, their wider knowledge of life, business girls are really more fitted for marriage than girls of a more secluded generation.

They are every bit as good housekeepers, they have mingled with the world, and they bring this keener sense of awareness of life with them into their marriage.

They have acquired the blessed gift of humor by working among people.

The modern bride not only looks like an angel — she's sensible enough to learn to cook like one as well.

—THE EDITOR.

## Sea travel is ideal life, says Englishwoman

**F**OR 37 years Mrs. H. R. Loader, an English widow, has been travelling on ships. She believes that it is the ideal life. Ships are her home.

"I enjoy being in port," she told *The Australian Women's Weekly*, "but I am always glad when we put out to sea again. Life is healthier, happier and more comfortable on a ship."

In between visits to New Guinea and some of the Pacific islands which she had not visited previously, Mrs. Loader has been making Sydney her base. Her gay friendliness and quick sense of humor explain why she has so many friends in every corner of the globe.

She is still thrilled by her life at sea.

"I am never lonely," she said. "I make new friends on every trip. Often when in port I purposely dine alone and spend an evening by myself."

"It is good to be alone sometimes, to read letters from friends in countries I have visited, to remember places I have been to, and plan where I shall go next."

"And I enjoy sewing. I make quite a lot of my frocks myself—by hand."

"Ship travel, I think, is the ideal life. For the price of accommodation in a good hotel I have a staff of well-trained people to work for me."

### Expert Chefs

"SOME of the best chefs in the world provide my meals, cheerful stewards wait on me, and a domestic staff does the housework, with someone else responsible for directing them."

"Every day I wake up to different scenery, even if it is only a new stretch of ocean."

"I hardly ever read a book. I haven't time. The world's news is delivered to me in tabloid form. I see films on board free, without any bother of booking seats."

"As I travel for pleasure I never go anywhere uncomfortable," she continued. "There's nothing of the brave explorer about me. Although I've been to most countries on the map, I've never been to the North or South Pole or to Alaska."

"During my travels I have met several women whose ambition is to go to uncomfortable out-of-the-way places. Their thirst for perilous adventure, endless discomfort, and extreme climates is quite terrifying to me."

"They are very scornful when I tell them I can see all those terrifying places inhabited by cannibals, head-hunters, crocodiles or tigers at the ship's picture show—in ease and safety."

"One of the main attractions about living at sea is that I need have no possessions."



MRS. H. R. LOADER has been travelling for 37 years. The simple charm of Europe's peasantry, colorful Capi and the dramatic skyline of New York are typical of the scenery that comes and goes round her shipboard home.

"All my worldly goods are contained in three suitcases, the largest 32 inches long, and a hatbox."

"In them I carry at least four dozen frocks, as I have to have clothes for all seasons."

"My clothes probably cost me a quarter of the money that most women spend on their wardrobes. Most of them I have made in Colombo."

"At the end of a voyage I give away frocks I have tired of or have worn out."

### No Souvenirs

"NO, I've never given way to the weakness for collecting souvenirs. I haven't a camera, and I don't keep a diary, and I shall never write a travel book because I have no literary aspirations whatever."

"I write at least two letters a week—one to my mother, the other to my sisters."

"I always buy my suitcases in Australia. You have suitcases made of a light composition material which I can buy nowhere else in the world."

"I never bother to insure my luggage, nor do I fuss very much about keys. None of my possessions has ever been lost or stolen. I have always found the men and women who cope with the travelling public honest and helpful."

Mrs. Loader began to travel when she was 21. Some years later, on her first voyage to Australia, she met an

Englishman with business interests in Australia.

"He was travel-mad like myself, had no permanent home, and did not want one, so I married him."

"Since then I have made so many trips to Australia that I have lost count of them."

"My favorite trip, I think, is the voyage to South America from England, through the Straits of Magellan and up the west coast, calling at Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's island), and back through the Panama Canal."

"I eat only two meals a day—a good hot lunch and a hearty dinner."

"Health? Touch wood! I am always well. I never bother about diets or tonics."

"The only concession I make towards guarding good health is to take a Turkish bath twice a week. This removes the layer of salt I seem to collect on a voyage."

"I never grow tired of ship's food. Provisioning on board ship is now so efficient that there is more variety in meals at sea than there is ashore."

Mrs. Loader has travelled with people of all nationalities. She thinks English people and Australians are probably the most "comfortable" travellers because they are adaptable.

"Australians are the world's happiest travellers," she said. "They are never bored, and they make the best of things if the weather misbehaves."

"They have initiative and resourcefulness, and an exhilarating curiosity about everything they see."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





# Life in a submarine cramps your style!



## But this made-to-measure job has its compensations

I note that Australia is getting a new, up-to-date submarine. Only a loan, of course, but isn't it nice?

That makes two submarines we've got now, so all we want next is some really nice deep water so that we can get under-below as it were. I mean to say, you can't let the things go to waste.

THIS new submarine is quite large, I understand. I'm glad to hear this. When I was in the navy you had to be measured for a submarine and you had to sleep with one foot in a torpedo tube and the other on the first lieutenant.

All that is now changed, it seems. I suppose they have skittle-alleys

and billiard-tables to amuse the crew while they are all sunk beneath the waves, fast by their native shore.

That last bit is a slice of a poem they wished on to me at school. That's all I can remember of it, so you're lucky.

I might ring in something about the wreck of the Hesperus later on if I can see an opportunity.

Life in a submarine can be very

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
ILLUSTRATED by WEP

monotonous. There comes a time when you say to the shipmate next to you, "Say, couldn't you turn sideways or something, just for a change? I'm sick of the look of the back of your neck."

It's not a bit of use him hitting you, because there's no room for you to fall down anywhere.

Apart from that, service in a submarine has its advantages.

At the outbreak of any hostilities, the skipper, if he's got any sense (a rather uncommon complaint with skippers), will give the order to submerge.

He will say to the first lieutenant: "This is an exceedingly valuable submarine. Do you know how much submarines cost?"

"No, sir. Never bought one. Always been just a lodger, so to speak, sir."

"Thousands of pounds, that's what they cost."

"Really, sir?"

"I'll say. And I ask you, as an officer and a gentleman, would I be doing my duty to my country if I exposed this here submarine to violence and damage when we haven't quite finished paying for the thing?"

"I see your point, sir."

### Down in the Deep

"VERY well, then. Give the order to submerge and stay submerged for the duration of the war. How are we off for provisions?"

"We're a bit short of potatoes, sir."

"All right. Grow some."

"Pardon me, sir, but—"

"I said grow some!"

"Yessir."

Then the second lieutenant calls a benighted seaman and says,

"Jones!"

"Stand to attention, you lout! You're detailed for special duty."

"Yessir."

"Grow some potatoes."

"Bog pardon, sir?"

"I said, grow some potatoes! Get to it immediately."

"Blime! I mean O.K. Yessir."

Then the poor benighted sailor goes to his mates and says, "Well, what d'yer know! That cranky, expressionless, undersized son of a second lieutenant tells me to grow some po—stinking—latoes!"

"Good! Grow me a coconut while you're about it. Anyway, where are you going to get the dirt?"

"Off the back of your neck, you swab!"

"Oh, I say! What words to use to a friend. I will seriously consider giving you a belt in the teeth at a later date. At present space does not permit."

That's the trouble with submarines. You can't get away from people.

"The trouble with submarines," says L. W. Lower, "is that you can't get away from people."

On a battleship there's all sorts of places where you can go and hide if you know the ropes. I put in a whole watch asleep in a coal bunker once.

"That was before this stinky oil fuel started."

And listen to me, you girls. Think of the cook. How would you like to be a cook on a submarine?

"Where there ain't no air-conditioning."

"And a man can raise a thirst." (Kipling).

How would you like to lie on your stomach in between two depth charges, peeling potatoes and wondering if you'll have the dinner ready before you're sunk?

I mean thoroughly sunk.

"But the skipper answered never a word."

"A frozen corpse was he."

I knew I'd get that in some-where.

I know another—"Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, oh, sea."

Strange how the sea gets into one's blood. It's worse when it gets into your stomach.

I've gone off the track as usual. What I wanted to point out is that we are now a naval power.

If war raises its ugly head and the Empire is threatened we shall hurl our naval power (including both submarines) against the foe.

The bulldog breed still—well, it still breeds.

Although, if anybody came up to me and said I looked like a bulldog, I think I would be tempted to distribute him a bit about the terrain.

—Yes!  
It's Bile Beans  
that Keep Me  
so Fit & Well!



HE'S in the early fifties, but he doesn't look it, and what's more, doesn't feel it. While so many men of his age are flabby and out of condition he retains his youthful figure and good health.

His secret is a simple one—just a couple of Bile Beans nightly before getting into bed—that's all. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood and gently but thoroughly clear away all food residue daily.

Men and women of all ages can become really fit and well, full of energy and vitality if they rely on Bile Beans.

"I could not enjoy my leisure or put the fun into my work. But since taking Bile Beans I have experienced a grand feeling of fitness and energy. I recently gained promotion and was congratulated on the new effort I put into my work."  
—Mr. E. C. Willmott.

"I never enjoyed such wonderful health as at present. I sleep well, get up early every morning and feel merry and bright all day long. It's all due to Bile Beans which have made me feel quite ten years younger."  
—Mrs. A. Butler.

**BILE BEANS**  
Take Bile Beans and Enjoy Life



## LIPSTICK THAT CAN "Take it and Like it"

CONQUEST lives in your lips. They are your strongest weapon in the fight for your man. Affairs of the heart are sealed by the soft persuasiveness of an alluringly rouged mouth. Little wonder then that women skilled in love have learned to trust Michel Lipstick. They find, as you will too, that Michel is well balanced and spreads evenly. Its creamy base has been created specially to keep lips smooth and young in all weathers. And it has been given a fragrance that is subtle, beckoning, unforgettable. You'll love the six Michel shades—Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.



2- **Michel**

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE



BRUNETTES use Amami No. 1



BLONDES use Amami No. 5

—and always remember—

**FRIDAY NIGHT IS  
AMAMI  
NIGHT**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoos please write to Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell Hse., Pitt St., Sydney.

## Fat and Constipation

ENDANGER FIGURE AND LOOKS

If you are putting on fat and are overweight you should take care it is not caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into the system. If this is not dispersed regularly each day, it ferments and gradually gets into the blood stream, forming unhealthy, fat tissue, and causing headaches, pimply skin, biliousness, liver-itchiness and bad breath. Health, good looks and fitness are positively endangered.

For constipation take Pinkettes. These harmless, effective little pills teach the bowels to exercise properly. Compounded of ingredients that have a strengthening effect, Pinkettes cause the bile to flow properly and disperse waste digestive accumulations regularly and thoroughly. Get a 1/3d. bottle to-day. At chemists and stores.

## INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives

### INSTANT RELIEF



When you suffer from indigestion—in other words, do not digest all your food—some portion lies fermenting in the stomach. The result is the production of excess acid. This excess acid may eat into the delicate lining of the digestive tract and you have pain—very bad pain—shortly after meals. Acid stomach, neglected, may lead to gastritis or even more serious trouble.

De Witt's Antacid Powder ends the pain and danger of acid stomach quickly because it immediately covers the stomach lining with a protective coat of colloidal kaolin. Other ingredients of this quick-action remedy for indigestion neutralize acidity and actually assist in digestion of the food you eat.

Time and time again one-time sufferers from the torture caused by acid stomach write to say that the first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder brought instant relief.

**Read this letter and be convinced**

**Years of Suffering Ended in One Week**

Mr. V. E. Willis, of Foch Street, Ashgrove, Queensland, writes: "I have suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I saw an advertisement about De Witt's Antacid Powder and I tried it. Within a week I was looking forward to meals and now I can thank your remedy for having made me feel better than I have for years. I can eat and enjoy anything. I shall never fail to recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to my friends."

No case of indigestion or chronic digestive disorder is too serious or has existed too long for De Witt's Antacid Powder to benefit it. This fine remedy has conquered cases of dyspepsia and gastritis that has defied all other forms of treatment. No waiting days to see results—immediate relief, permanent, lasting benefit if you will only give this most effective, most economical remedy a trial. Get a supply to-day and stop digestive misery quickly and for good by following this sound advice:—

**TAKE  
DE WITT'S ANTACID  
POWDER**

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

## THE

memory of Bessie's room was home to him—comfort and warmth and friendship—all that he seemed to have missed. And now—an evening there, one evening, to take back with him into exile. It was so long since those evenings, all too few, when he used to browse among the cushions and the fire-light, drink endless coffee, and talk about himself. He had not thought she would receive him here tonight.

It was the greatest moment in his life.

The door opened. There she was.

"Dall!"

"Bessie!"

She was laughing, holding out both her hands—Bessie's strong, warm hands. The devil-voice within him, that had been trying to cast him down all day, suddenly revived, and said that Bessie's hands were colder than his own.

He gripped them like a drowning man, and was drawn across the threshold.

Of course—it was sixteen years. But Bessie's quality had been ageless. Could it have been, after all, merely a matter of the flesh?

"What is it, Dall? Have I changed so much?"

"No!" he lied, passionately refusing to believe it. "Except—you've a very fashionable figure."

She spun about, showing her sleeked hair, her lips—or the remnants of them. This was never Bessie, not this bright gaunt woman in a dress like a black skin, her angles glittering with the Philroy diamonds? Bessie had curves! Bessie had a bloom, and no bones, and wore soft clothes, colors that made one feel happy.

"Don't you approve of my contour? I'm very proud of it," she said, sally. "You'd never guess what it cost me to get like this! Don't your native wives aim? But no, you always did prefer us plump."

It was not exactly that she had aged—he would never have minded that, if she had kept her essential

glow. But she was different; ease had left her, and genuineness. She fluttered, and it didn't suit her. There was an edge of nerves in her voice. She laughed too brightly. Her thinned hands fidgeted, excited, restless, making him nervous, too.

He had come to see a different person.

And straightway, man-like, he could not endure his disappointment.

Her room had changed with Bessie. It was gaunt and aware of itself, and thoroughly disturbing. Furnished flat and plain as a knockout blow. A whitened branch, instead of flowers. Yet she fell upon his gift of carnations, positively gushing. "Oh, Dall, flowers—how lovely! Oh, how sweet!" She kept smelling them. They would look ridiculous in this room. It made him feel ridiculous, too. Bessie, making such an inordinate fuss over a few flowers!

He said, peevishly, "I had a beastly passage!"

There was nowhere to rest, no opening for old sentiments. He would have liked to reopen a few, just to flavor the evening.

In desperation, he drank a cocktail. He hated the things! With great aplomb she had mixed it, revealing that the false bookshelf was in reality a miniature bar. Yes, she was over-jolly, over-eloquent—she strained after what had been spontaneous in her. A man hadn't a chance to get a word in edgewise.

And Bessie had been such a good listener! Her eyes used to glow and change—it used to be as good as seeing one's mind mirrored in their depths. But now Bessie's eyes glanced here and there, kept their depths to themselves. He swallowed another of the vile concoctions. Bessie shook away at the shaker, and was never still. Her tongue sparkled like the diamonds on her hands. But even the diamonds, he noticed, had been reset to a thin, modern style, and he thought them less bright in this new setting, as she was over-bright in hers. She dropped a glass, and its contents splashed about. Little cherry-sticks clicked against the floor. She mopped up the mess excitedly, using her handkerchief.

"Bessie, your nerves are pretty bad!"

"Aren't they?" she said, in sudden, inexplicable mirth. "It must be all these cocktails! I drink! Fancy me wiping up my own floor!"

"Well, tell me all about yourself, Dall! You never wrote, you know. Have you made your fortune yet?"

He said, with a queer, inverted pride: "If I had, I might have written!"

"Why didn't you? It seemed so wonderful to get your letter."

He distrusted these adjectives of hers. The old Bessie used to treat her lovers as comrades, not as enthusiasts.

"I go back to-morrow," he said. "How lucky you are, to live abroad in the sun—with all your coffee for nothing!"

He resented this lighthearted remark. What did she imagine his life was, out there—a picnic in white ducks? The two cocktails and the touch of fever aggravated his mood, which had been revived and boyish, and now was black as ink.

Not in years had he revealed himself so unlovely. He pointed for her in dark, indignant colors the lonely coffee plantation, the fight against the ever-encroaching forest, the hill-barriers, shutting him off from the best markets. Always he came back to the loneliness—the loneliness!

She said, with a little laugh, "It all sounds so peaceful!"

Peaceful?

The partition slid aside, at one end of the room, disclosing a dining-alcove and Benjamin, gravely prepared for action.

Well, he thought bitterly, a good dinner was always a good dinner, and wine, unlike woman, remained faithful to its bouquet!

Suavely, Benjamin slid their chairs.

Bessie sparkled amazingly. Her eyes were huge, in her thin face. She watched him served, watched him eat, all with absorbed excitement, a sort of teeming restlessness.

It bothered him. She talked too fast and too exuberantly, her happy poise upset, like a hysterical child at a party. She herself dined delicately, eating salad. "My new figure, you know!" she said, in apology. And he hated eating alone. For sixteen years, he had eaten in solitude.

## Exile's Return

Continued from Page 7

No butler was ever inspired with such an air as Benjamin had, to match a fabulous cook.

Benjamin flourished exquisitely above their glasses. There was a special expression of countenance for the famous port—a lift of the eyebrow, inimitable, holy.

"To the future!" cried Bessie, with uplifted glass.

"To the past!" said Dallas, on a dark impulse. And drank.

He knew, then, that the fight he had lately waged had finished him. Never now would this sour, bitter disillusion rise from his spirit. He had experienced it before, and it had always let him go. But when even the Philroy port became vinegar to the palate—then, a man must be lost indeed!

Outside, the lift went up and down. There were voices and laughter, as of people ascending from dinner in the long, oak-paneled room, under the solemn portraits. Why had Bessie troubled to desert her guests for him?

Aloud, he said, "I have an appointment, very shortly. You'll understand? Besides, you have other guests—I am keeping you from them."

The lift came up again, with a clang. The door of Bessie's room opened. In walked a woman carrying a suitcase.

**BENJAMIN**, the imperturbable, seemed to freeze to his decanter. Bessie slowly crimsoned. The color rose painfully, hotly—even her hands blushed.

"I must explain," said Bessie in a clear voice.

"Don't trouble!" The intruder appeared to be coolly diverted. "Well—make yourselves at home, won't you!"

She disposed of the suitcase, and continued to enjoy the sight of them.

Bessie went on speaking. Her hands gripped the table edge, and her knuckles showed white. "I hope you'll believe that this has nothing to do with Benjamin. It was his free evening. I told him you—had arranged this with me."

"OK, by me!" said the stranger, who had sharp cheeks and an American accent. "Sorry I came back sooner than expected! Still, it'll make a swell story!"

Bessie flinched. "Yes—I suppose it will." She turned to Dallas. "Shall we go?"

Bewildered, he followed her into the corridor. She glanced wildly about her for sanctuary—stepped into the empty lift, and convulsively shut the doors.

"Bessie, what on earth—?"

"I must be mad!" she said. "I really must be mad! I thought I could manage it all so cleverly—with Benjamin there, too."

"I don't understand."

She was trying to laugh. "You see, I could tell from your letter that you didn't know. Everything is gone. We'd been losing money for years. After my father died—well, Philroy House isn't alive any more. Oh yes, it was easy to deceive you, with Benjamin to escort you through. The entrance is the same, and they didn't pull this floor about a great deal. Don't you see—it's been converted into service flats."

"Service flats!" He repeated it, idiotically.

"I earn my living!" stated Bessie proudly. "What do you think of that?"

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It was not exactly that she had aged—he would never have minded that, if she had kept her essential

## HE

could only look at her, stricken. Earning her living! The implication of that loomed upon him. Suddenly he knew what was wrong. This alien personality was an offshoot, a challenge, a product of Bessie's courage. If she must be cheap, through straitened circumstances, Bessie would have it a smart cheapness, testing at fate. She would be gallantly and dashing gaunt! Her figure would be a concession to the age, rather than the result of worry and penury. He gazed, in sudden perplexity, at the Philroy diamonds.

"Sixpenny stores!" said Bessie, in a mock-dramatic whisper.

"But Bessie—Bessie, why didn't you tell me?"

The diamonds twinkled defiantly. "I told you once—remember?—that whatever happened, as long as I lived this house would be open to you. I thought I could carry off such a foolish trick, and no one would know. You see, Benjamin is head of the service staff here—"

He looked at her in agony.

"I try to get orders on commission, for a firm of decorators. That American woman is a journalist—she knows I once lived here. She thought it would make a cute little paragraph if I was sent to measure for new hangings and things, in her one-room flat—which happens to be my old room. You can imagine it! She was supposed to be away—and I couldn't resist the temptation. It seemed so easy. And I've never been able to realize I don't still belong here. Of course, my entertaining you to dinner and appropriating her flat is going to make a better story!"

The sturdy humor wavered, struggled, was suddenly defeated. Bessie wept.

He had never before seen her cry. All the time people kept ringing for the lift, and he kept shooting it out of their reach, distracted.

"And you wouldn't have told me, Bessie! You'd have let me go again, always to believe you'd changed beyond recognition!"

"You never wrote because you hadn't made your fortune. I wasn't going to let you know I'd lost mine. Why—why, you might have thought I expected you to do something about it."

The darkness of spirit had miraculously diffused. He didn't care now if Bessie had no hair at all, or if her very ribs were sticking out. She was the same Bessie.

"For the first time in my life Bessie, I'm in a position to offer you something. I haven't very much, but it's more than pride and letus salad. Oh, darn these people ringing!" He shot the lift down to its basement again. "Bessie—I've just enough money. I mean, I can't go out there—plenty of sunsets—and we'd never starve. I mean, you've only got to go out and pick something off a bush—oh, darn these people!" He moved the lift to the second floor, and flung his speech desperately at her: "Bessie! We're both in the same boat now. We never were before. Couldn't we—row it together?"

Bessie brushed a tear from one of the "diamonds." Imperceptible mischief lit her face.

"Rowing? Oh, Dall—have you forgotten that you like us plump?" But he had left his sense of humor behind him on the plantation.

"Don't you know what I mean? I don't know the reason why you've never married, but couldn't you forget it?"

"The reason why I never married. Are you sure you want me to—forget it? You see—you never asked me the reason, did you, Dall?"

The lift made a trip heavenward.

(Copyright.)

## Desired Forever!

... lips that are savagely red and tempting

Ordinary lipstick does no more than make lips prettily red. But SAVAGE, with its savage, jungle colour gives lips a strange excitement; makes them irresistibly tempting; their caress eternally remembered. And while SAVAGE is extremely indelible, it keeps lips soft... smooth... forever desirable! Five thrilling shades:

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**SAVAGE LIPSTICK**



# Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



**CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR:** What is the outstanding contribution that chemistry has given the world?  
**STUDENT:** Blondes, sir.



"I ought to be a success—I've got my B.A. and my M.A."  
 "Yes, but your P.A. still supports you."



"Joshua! Hm! Hm! Ah do bee-lieve you is getting fatter since you visited the docto."  
 "Sho' is, Lucybelle. Why, he tol' me to put on a clean shirt ever day, and ah done got seventeen on me now-ow!"



"Most jokes were old and mellow, when we were seventeen,  
 "When we are old and a mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"What's he howling for?"  
 "Oh, he sat on a thistle and he's too lazy to get up."

## if it's bath luxuries

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## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**BROWN:** Do you know that Columbus travelled over 2500 miles on a galleon?  
**JONES:** You don't believe all those motor car salesmen say, do you?

**MRS. NUWED:** Darling, will you lend me ten pounds and only give me five of them? Then you'll owe me five and I'll owe you five, and we'll be straight.

**FATHER:** No, I won't do your sum for you. It wouldn't be right.  
**Bobby:** I don't suppose it would, but you might have a try.

**SINGER:** And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die.  
**Listener (rising):** Is Miss Laurie in the audience, please?

**ANGRY DINER:** There's a button in my salad.  
**Tactful Waiter:** Merely part of the dressing, sir.

**ELSIE:** I hear that Gladys is sporting an engagement ring. Are you the happy man?  
**Bill:** No, I was eliminated in the semi-finals.

**HUBBY:** Hang it, dinner not ready yet? I shall go out to a restaurant.  
**Wifey:** Can't you wait ten minutes?  
**Hubby:** Will it be ready then?  
**Wifey:** No, but I'll be ready to come with you.

**THE MAKINGS OF A SALAD**

The rare flavour of Champion's Pure Malt Vinegar gives new and appetising relish to salads. Be certain that you ask for Champion's.

**CHAMPION'S**  
 Pure Malt  
**VINEGAR**

QUARTS & PINTS



## Ugly Fat Banished

Excess Weight

Easily Dissolved by  
New Natural Method

Dr. D. McCloskey, New York, says:—"Acid conditions in Intestinal Tract (Self-Poisoning) is real cause of the deposit of adipose tissue."

Self-poisoning (autozima) overthrows the body's alkaline reserve and develops acid conditions which impair the normal functions of the body. Instead of the body eliminating the fatty acids (which result from digestion) in a natural way, these fatty acids are absorbed into the blood stream with other waste residues.



COLOSEPTIC overcomes acidity, activates nutrition, dehydrates the excess moisture weight, breaks up the fatty acids, sweeps the intestines clean of all heavy fermenting residues and other acid products and passes them smoothly out of the system. It also activates the dehydrating action of the effluvia eliminative organs—the kidneys, pores of the skin and respiratory apparatus. COLOSEPTIC is the one natural, safe way to permanent weight control.

**Trial Offer...**  
Send 3d. in stamps to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

**Coloseptic**

"H-O-HO," the others laughed. "Listen to Shanshan Big-Talk."

"Masks like that cost a dollar or more, and when did Cho-yu ever have as much as a copper to spend?" "He is hungry half the time."

"He is ragged always."

"And his mother is blind."

A girl joined the circle of tormentors. She was Brown Robin, daughter of Ma-chen, who kept the corner rice shop, and she wore the dark skirt and neat white blouse of a schoolgirl. Her round face was framed by braids as plump and sleek as sausages and without speaking she listened to the quarrel, but Cho-yu could see that she admired Ah-Lei with his red banner. For some reason, her pert glance was harder to meet than all the gibes of the others and he cried out:

"To-night I will return with money. To-morrow I will buy the dragon head."

"And we'll buy firecrackers to feed the beast!"

Their laughter was in his ears as he went swiftly down the street and he did not notice one who moved from the fringe of the crowd and followed him, but when they were well away from that place a voice came softly over Cho-yu's shoulder:

"You wish to earn money, my friend?"

Cho-yu turned. "I might," he said, warily, "and I might not."

The one who had spoken to him was a youth in early manhood. He wore the white cotton foot and jacket of an office worker and tossed a silver cartwheel in his hand. "A dollar," he said, as it flashed in the sun, then vanished behind long fingers with pointed, dirty nails.

"And what thing must be done?" Cho-yu inquired.

He had lived too long in the streets to believe that dollars were easily come by, and he said to himself that this might well be a matter of theft, and probably he would be wise to run away at once.

"Well?" he said.

The long-fingered one had put his money away, snapping it into a leather purse which was fastened at his belt. "It is not I who will pay you," he said, "but I can take you

to one who has coins to throw away, it seems. Follow me, if you will, but not too closely."

They went to the great post office on the Bund. As they reached the long, wide flight of steps, he saw his guide make a sign to two men who loitered there, and they moved forward idly. They came abreast of him, and passed; words were spoken into the air:

"Here is your messenger in the ragged coat. Wise enough, but not too wise; and he comes from a distant neighborhood."

The speaker vanished so suddenly, it seemed to Cho-yu, that the earth had opened her mouth for him, and he was left alone with the two strangers. One of these was short and broad, with flat features and a dimly worried expression on his round countenance; the other was tall and bony; his face was abnormally long and his lips turned downward even when he smiled, giving him a look both cruel and crafty. "Shanshan Frog," thought Cho-yu, while he waited to see what they wished of him. It was the tall man who spoke first, in the voice of one well used to giving orders.

"Here boy, I have an errand—"

"Wait!" said the other. He gestured Cho-yu away, caught his companion by the elbow and turned him towards a shop window, where they stood in apparent contemplation of American alarm clocks and began to converse in the dialect of a distant province. How should they have known that no more than two days ago Cho-yu had been using this same speech in talk with his mother's uncle? He squatted comfortably on his heels to wait and listened without great interest.

"It is foolhardy and most unethical," sighed he of the worried face. "Our country is at war, and in such times—"

"In such times, a wise man prepares for the future," the Snake replied. "We have parents, is it not so? Wives and children, have we not? It is of them I think and not of a government unable to govern."

## Wings of the Dragon

Continued from Page 8

not of battles lost before they are well begun.

"Moreover, I am a humble man," he said, with his queer inverted smile. "I am not vain enough to think that a person of such limitless unimportance as myself can have any effect on the outcome of this struggle. Surely the war will not be won if I merely hold my tongue? And in such circumstances, is it not logical to part with a few words at a thousand dollars apiece?"

"If it should turn out to be a few words and your own head, the bargain is dear enough," the other answered.

"My head, honored brother? But why should I be suspected? I have no trusted official position. I am not private secretary to a man close to the military governor—"

Again he smiled, while at each word he spoke his brother seemed to shrivel to smaller size.

"But I told you in all innocence!" he cried.

"The Snake," said Cho-yu to himself, "is wrapping his coils around the Frog."

"I have left no trail," the Snake went on. "Lee Young finds my messengers in the streets, each time from a different part of the city, and he himself does not know why I send them. And to-day, it is finished. This lad here will go to a certain place, speak a few meaningless words, as I instruct him. That is all. To-morrow he will have forgotten all about it. And to-morrow, many miles from here, I shall receive some money—in the way of business."

"You trust them to pay you—afterwards?"

"Why not?"

He turned to Cho-yu and spoke again in the city dialect. "This is your errand. Go to the waterside, to the steps near the Eternal Friendship Ferry. There will be one in a grey shaan. Four fingers he has on the right hand and the thumb is missing. Say to him, 'A penny, master, for ferry fare.' He will reply, 'Stay on this side of the river.' Thereupon you will say, 'Six birds sleep in the nest to-night, and the word is sorrow.' Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Cho-yu. "But the money? The one who brought me here promised a dollar."

"You would be well paid with a tenth of it."

But his brother nudged him, whispering of haste, and the tall man said without further argument. Truly, thought Cho-yu, the touch of his fingers was cold like the touch of a snake and when he whispered, "You will not fail," the soft words were more frightening than the fiercest threats. Cho-yu shivered and went stiffly toward his rendezvous, like a dog that lifts its hair and sniffs at danger, but he did not yet understand why terror should be confused with this nonsensical message.

When he reached the ferry landing he thought it empty for a moment, so well did the small grey man who waited there blend with the weathered greyness of the boards he leaned against.

He stood with his eyes on the river, as if to watch for a boat, and rested a thumbless hand on the railing. Cho-yu moved closer and wet his lips with his tongue.

"A penny, master, for ferry fare."

"Stay on this side of the river."

The man had spoken without looking at him and Cho-yu's breath came hot and dry again.

"Six birds sleep in the nest to-night," he whispered. "The word is sorrow."

"Six in the nest—sorrow?" Eyes like black pebbles opened wide and a penny flipped through the air. Cho-yu did not receive it. The man was dressed like a Chinese and

his dialect was flawless; nevertheless, in that moment of eagerness, his disguise had failed him. Cho-yu recognised an alien, and, without stopping to think, he cried aloud:

"Wait! Come quickly! This one is a—"

Cho-yu felt strong fingers on his wrists, his feet slid away from him, and he was falling, falling into the water beneath the landing. It was dark and cold and choking, and he went down for endless, immeasurable time; rose through blackness into silvery bubbles, caught a glimpse of the far-off blue sky, drew air into his smothering chest and sank again. And all the time he saw the stranger's face with its black jade eyes and heard the sibilant voice repeat his words. He had spoken to the enemy, to one of the Little Men. He had given him a message of importance. Understanding burst like a rocket in his aching head, a rocket that opened fanwise, showing pictures of the long-fingered one, the Snake, the Frog, the grey-clad spy. . . . And over and around them all, like a tiny flying frame, went the planes that protected the city.

When Cho-yu came up for the second time, his fingers found support. There was an oar stretched toward him from a sampan a few feet away, held by an old man who hastily averted his eyes lest they should behold the drowning one.

"I am not looking at you," he shouted. "If you climb out of the water while my eyes are turned away, how can I help it?"

"Hurry, hurry," he added in softer tones. "Reach your hand to the landing. You can make it. Hasten away from here before the river gods see that I am cheating them."

A moment later Cho-yu stood, dripping and shivering on the steps. People looked at him idly and passed on, for a small boy climbing out of the river was no great curiosity. The thumbless man had disappeared and Cho-yu found a sunny place where he could sit down. He rested his head on his wet knees and tried to think.

After all, he was not quite a child. Not wholly a fool, though they had taken him for one. "Wise," Lee Young had said, "but not too wise." One who will do your bidding without understanding it, he meant. And so it might have been, but now Cho-yu knew all too well the meaning of the message he had carried. Nevertheless, he was guiltless in the matter and need not wonder what would happen next, for it was none of his affair. He had earned his dollar and, as soon as the sun had dried his clothing, he could buy a splendid dragon mask and return home in triumph. Even as they had known that he would do.

"Six birds sleep in the nest to-night, and the word is sorrow." How easy now to know that the birds were the aeroplanes, that news of them had been sold to the enemy and that some treacherous thing was planned for the hours of darkness. With his own lips he had spoken the password, and had said that six planes would rest to-night in the walled place outside the city. Patriotism was a word he had not heard and treason was a notion vaguely comprehended; but he had seen the silver war birds flying over the city and it was he, Cho-yu, whom the Little Men had tried to drown in the river. So at length he got slowly to his feet and set out in a direction which did not take him home.

It was dusk when he reached the airport. Behind him, the roofs of the city were black shadows against a reddened sky and before him rose high, unfriendly walls and a gate guarded by soldiers who held guns with sharp spikes right in front of their noses. They stared at each other and did not look at Cho-yu, yet they saw him, and suddenly, with their eyes, he saw himself, a dusty, ragged, suspicious figure, who had no business being there. Lord of the Sky, what a fool he had been to come!

Please turn to Page 20

## WASHING-DAY MADE EASY!

Housewives cheer new, quick-washing method

WHY, I'VE NEVER  
HAD A WHITER WASH  
... AND SO QUICK!

I KNEW YOU'D  
BE PLEASED!

**RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD**  
Saves time . . . work . . . money!

Don't let old-fashioned washing methods keep you working all day Monday! Use the Rinso 2-MINUTE BOIL method—cuts down boiling time by at least 30 minutes. That means more leisure, and a handsome saving in fuel costs. But best of all is the dazzling, brilliant whiteness the Rinso 2-MINUTE BOIL gives—with no hard rubbing. Change to-day to the Rinso 2-MINUTE BOIL!

**Protect SILKS, COLOURS, and WOOLLENS with RINSO**

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in safe lukewarm Rinso suds to keep them like new through wash after wash.

**FULL DIRECTIONS ON EVERY PACKET FOR THE SIMPLE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD**  
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## BABY NEEDS

soothing, creamy-lathered olive oil soap . . . doctors, clinics and nurses recommend Castile No. 4. It prevents chafing or rawness, banishes cradle-cap and dandruff, keeps the skin supple and smooth. Castile No. 4 is the SAFE soap to use.

**CASTILE No 4**  
ALL OLIVE OIL SOAP  
STRAIGHT FROM THE LAND WHERE THE OLIVES GROW



## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.



## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

### OVER-FRANK

"SHE is so frank!" How often we hear that said in the same tone as one would say, "She deserves the Victoria Cross!" More to the point, very often, would be, "She is so cruel."

Frankness is an over-rated virtue. It can have the sting of a serpent.

"You're going very grey," says the frank person. Just to show how candid she can be she adds, "You are developing the middle-aged spread."

If this is frankness then give me reticence.

Let us be frank with ourselves, by all means, but let us be discreet in our comments to other people.

Three cheers for the person who, when asked for an opinion, gives an honest one, but who refrains from volunteering unpleasant truths.

£1 to Miss S. Wilmington, Salisbury, Quay St., Bundaberg, Qld.

### FAMILIARITY...

SWITCH-GIRLS and telephonists should be required to show some respect to callers.

To-day I rang a large city office.

When I asked for a member of the staff the switch-girl said, "Wait a minute, sweetheart." The girl is unknown to me, and I resent the familiarity.

I cannot think such informal answers to callers can be beneficial to the firm's business.

Mr. A. Harris, White Horse Rd., Balwyn, Vic.

### TOO MUCH WORK

A FRIEND of mine says that she rarely has flowers in her house.

Once she had her home full of flowers, but the labor they entailed took most of the pleasure away.

Now she uses only pot plants for decoration. I have spoken to several people on the matter, and they are all agreed that flowers make endless work and are a burden to the housewife.

Miss E. Grant, 64 Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.

### VISITORS TO SICK

HOW thoughtless visitors to the homes of the sick can be! They often disturb the patient who is needing quiet and rest. Numerous hints that excitement is not good for the patient are unheeded.

Often the tired housewife, although anxious to be rid of the visitors, is obliged to offer refreshment.

When will people realise that serious illness makes a lot of extra work and worry?

It is when the patient is regaining strength that visitors are most welcome.

E. M. Harris, 119 Sussex St., North Adelaide.

### DEPLORES GAMBLING

IT is deplorable that gambling should be regarded in many circles with tolerance and good-humored forbearance.

Right-thinking folk cannot help regarding with mortification the spectacle of so many promising young lives being undermined and wrecked by the gambling fever.

In any case the likelihood of a successful career being built upon the shifting sands of the betting ring is a very remote possibility.

This "sport" is the reverse of sporting.

Mrs. F. W. Shultz, Johnson St., Wingham, N.S.W.

## Trials of Shoppers and Salesgirls

AS I have been a storekeeper for 17 years, I was especially interested in the letter of Mrs. E. Johns (4/2/39).

I think that sex has nothing to do with the difficulty of pleasing shoppers.

Women do nearly all the shopping, so one serves far more women than men. To me they are all human beings, and whether customers are easily pleased or not depends upon how reasonable they are and how much they understand about the goods they want.

Mrs. Gladys Amey, 806-808 Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

### Men Hate Shopping

ONE reason why men shoppers can be pleased more easily than women shoppers is that the majority detest shopping and will take the first thing offered them to save trouble.

Women, on the whole, do not state at once that the price of an article is too high, or that what is shown is not suitable.

They look at this or that and finally go out saying, "I'm just buying it for a friend and I'll have to ask her about it." This is usually just an excuse. What they mean is: "I'm going to look somewhere else and see if I can see something better."

Mrs. J. W. Love, Peterborough West, S.A.

### Fashions Change So Fast

YES, the modern woman is hard to please when shopping, but she has sufficient reason.

To-day's fashions change so quickly that the average woman cannot for economic reasons keep pace with them. She has to be careful to choose styles which will remain popular.

The range of goods offering is so extensive that a choice is difficult.

When one or two friends come along to advise, choice is well-nigh impossible.

Furthermore, many shoppers cannot make up their minds because they have no time to make up!

Men are usually less difficult to serve, but a "faddy" man is harder to please than any woman living.

J. Newton, 404 Forest Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

### Admires Salesgirls

THE ordinary woman shopper does not know just what she wants, and is unwilling to allow the salesgirl to help her to make up her mind.

A man, on the other hand, does know just what he wants, or else he asks the salesgirl to help him.

After all, it is her job to know what



Most women take hours to buy a hat.

is in stock, and she wants to make the sale.

Personally, in Sydney, at any rate, I have never seen a plain salesgirl; nor have I met a nasty one!

Jack S. Cox, Canberrga, N.S.W.

### Impatient and Rude

I MUCH prefer to serve a male customer.

I have only been in a shop a little while, but already I have found that women are most difficult to please.

Many are more than over-particular; they are rude, impatient, and unfair.

In cities, customers have a wide range of goods from which to choose, but the more they have the more they expect.

Miss Betty Campbell, c/o Mrs. W. Groves, 19 Talbot St., West Brunswick N10, Vic.

## Is Home Life Restricted or Free?

CERTAINLY I subscribe to Chesterton's picture of home life as quoted by Mrs. Kellie (4/2/39).

Although happy in a business office before my marriage, I never realised how free I should feel in my own home.

I think the woman who is bored in her own home is lacking in intelligence.

Far from being dull, domesticity is a grand adventure.

Mrs. P. Mack, 12 Cairns St., Red Hill, Brisbane.

### Not Only a Job

MANY business girls will agree with the view that the home is the only place where there is real freedom.

After all, home life is natural and wholesome, and after marriage I fancy most girls who have tired of the vaunted freedom in office and factory welcome the relative liberty and real freedom of working for a husband and family.

That is more than a job—it's a mission!

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, S.A.

### More Responsibilities

MRS. KELLIE presents a very attractive picture of domestic life, but an incomplete one.

All those small liberties which domesticity gives to a woman are overshadowed and made unsatisfying by the restriction of economic dependence.

I think that most married business girls, remembering the freedom

### Those Gift Teas!

ISN'T it time that the custom of gift teas for brides was discarded?

My sister has just attended thirteen for a girl friend. This meant thirteen gifts of various degrees of expense, as well as the usual wedding present.

These gift teas almost always are attended by the same circle of friends, with the result that an approaching marriage in the neighborhood is now regarded with horror rather than joy.

Miss A. Henderson, Burwood Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

that was theirs when the weekly pay-envelope arrived, will agree that domesticity brings more responsibilities than liberties.

Mrs. Lilian Gadd, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

### Labor-Saving Devices

I DO not think that the modern woman sneers at domesticity. She may abhor the old-time drudgery and drab dullness of decades ago, but every woman knows that home is the place where she rules.

Cookery and laundry, the two departments most frowned upon, have been so improved by modern labor-saving devices that nowadays they can be enjoyed.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

### Liberty Often Lost

IT is hardly wise to generalise, as Mrs. Kellie has done, on the subject of domesticity.

Chesterton has painted the ideal state of domesticity, and, as is generally the case with the ideal, its exact counterpart is rarely found in reality.

To some women the home is far from being a place of liberty. Husbands and families often unwittingly crush the individuality of the wife and mother.

Try a little experimenting and see how often you are derided by the rest of the family.

Some women have it within their personalities almost to attain the ideal state, but some have a desire for self-expression which will never be satisfied by the daily doings of the home alone.

Constance Child, Nudoma, Ferry Rd., Surfers Paradise, Qld.

## Nicknames—Irritation or Consolation?

I AGREE with Miss Lindsay (4/2/39) about nicknames.

I have seen dozens of girls reduced to tears because of their nicknames, and have seen boys fight for the same reasons.

Often nicknames are given when children are young, but they cling to their owners in later life. Apt-



Nicknames are sometimes inapt in later life.

ness often passes with the years. I have known more than one corpulent middle-aged man still to be called "Skinny" by old friends.

Mrs. H. Brett, Orford, Vic.

### Blessing in Disguise

I WOULD like to ask whether it has occurred to Miss Lindsay that it is possible to get an inferiority complex because of being without a nickname?

If a number of one's friends have nicknames, one may feel rather out of things if one has none.

Besides, if a person has a name that he does not like, a nickname is often a blessing in disguise.

David S. Campbell, 13 Sydney Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

### No Sense of Humor

NICKNAMES do no one any harm. If a nicknamed youngster grows up with an inferiority complex, it's because he or she lacks a sense of humor.

I know many adults who cling to their nicknames because they like them.

Let's have nicknames and more of them, the funnier the better.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne CL.



# It isn't cooking that makes the saucepans look old ....

## ... IT'S HARSH CLEANING !

Don't spoil the look of your saucepans by harsh cleaning methods. Every scratch holds dirt, and possibly germs, and makes cleaning harder in the future. Vim gives smooth cleaning because Vim grains are soap-coated. They loosen dirt so that you can wipe it all away with one swift, light rub. Vim keeps your kitchenware bright and shining!



# VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE !

T. 37.37



## Do You Know?



You can play in the sun. Surf, Swim, Tennis, or run. Get your hair most delightfully wet. And your boy friend will rave as you press in each wave with the tiniest drop of DAMPETTE.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F.

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

HE turned for headlong flight and stumbled against a rickshaw which had approached unheard in the soft dirt road. A wheel passed over his toes and he fell sprawling.

"Are you hurt?" the man in the rickshaw asked courteously.

This soldier was very different from the two men at the gate. His uniform was soft and clean; his leather belt and boots were bright as glass; there were silver wings on the breast of his tunic and the hand which tossed a coin to the rickshaw runner was slender and well kept. Cho-yu blinked up at him, swallowed a great lump of fear in his throat and whispered, "The word is sorrow."

"Well, are you going to speak?"

They had tied his wrists with rope and had taken him into a small room with high, barred windows. For many minutes they had been asking questions he could not answer, demanding names he did not know, and frightening him till he had not with enough to tell them the little it was in his power to disclose. He did not dare to talk, for plainly they would never believe that he had come innocently by his knowledge.

"If you cannot use your tongue, we will pull it out by the roots," the fat captain barked suddenly. "Let's try hot pins beneath his finger-nails," suggested another officer, with thin lips and a sallow, pock-marked face.

"Oh-h-h," shuddered Cho-yu. "Let me go home. I know nothing and my mother is blind and has need of me."

Then he heard again the gentle

voice of the rickshaw passenger, "If my honorable brother officers will allow me to say so, they are acting the part of honorable fools. Soon we will have a gibbering idiot here, who can tell us nothing. After all, it was I who found the lad, and now I beg of you to let me try my way. Untie his wrists, send us hot tea and watermelon seeds, and a plate of fruit; and leave us here alone."

"Lieutenant Pan is too glib and too soft-hearted. He will swallow any tale the young rascal chooses to tell," the captain said.

"I will swallow nothing," Lieutenant Pan assured him, courteously. "I will—ah—split it out and let you all have a look."

So they were left together and it grew quiet in the room. Fruit and tea appeared before Cho-yu, but he sat with downcast eyes and dared not eat.

"It appears to me," Lieutenant Pan remarked, "that if a person has twelve years of age or thereabouts, he is somewhat old for weeping."

Cho-yu winked wet eyes. "If there are tears, they come because this tea is overhot," he said, and to prove that his words were true began to gulp the steaming liquid while the other spoke again.

"You live within the city?"

"Without mistake. In the Li-lin Alley."

"Ah. That is near the Kwai Canal?"

"Not so. Near the Wal Big Road. Do you not know Ma-chen's rice shop?" asked Cho-yu.

## Wings of the Dragon

Continued from Page 18

The lieutenant admitted that he did not know. "Try one of these miserable bananas," he said, "and tell me of your mother. She is blind?"

"She is a blind weaver of cloth." "Surely there must be work for you at home. Yet we found you far away."

"It was because of the dragon dance," Cho-yu replied. "Ah-Lel had the red cloth, and he said I could be the tail, but I said the head and the others laughed. Then I swore that I would have a real mask, a dragon's head four feet around, and they laughed again, but there was one who said, 'Do you wish money?'"

The soldier did not interrupt him. He sipped his tea, cracked melon seeds with white, even teeth, nodded his head at intervals and pushed fruit towards Cho-yu, who went on talking whether his mouth were full or empty. He had taken courage, and the words came easily; he remembered everything. He told of the man with the pointed finger-nails, of the one whom he had named Simhaan Snake and of his brother who was short and squat, with flat features and a wide frog's mouth.

"Excellent. Excellent," murmured Lieutenant Pan. "Your eyes are sharp, friend, and I think these brothers will not be hard to find. And then?"

"Then I went to the Eternal Friendship Landing—"

So he came to the end of his story and the dregs of his bowl of tea. He filled his hand with melon seeds and rose from the table. "Now, if you please, I will go home."

BUT he was not yet free. "We must keep our promise. We must tell the story once more for the ears of my brother officers."

Cho-yu found that he no longer feared these ogres. They listened to his words with gratifying interest and put their questions as from one man to another. And he observed with pride that all he said was being written on to sheets of paper. Some qualms again beset him when he finished his story and was told that it was now too late for him to return to the city; he must stay here to-night, and in the morning they would let him go.

Strange pictures drifted through his mind that night, but stranger things, of which he did not dream, were happening in the city, where a motor car full of soldiers sped through darkened streets. It stopped near Li-lin Alley and questions were asked about the blind woman and her son who lived there; it went on to an office building and cat-footed men filed through the empty corridors and studied many papers by the light of shaded lanterns. Not long afterwards, from a mansion in the wealthy western suburb, they dragged forth a long-faced man with a downward, gruesome smile; they caught the Frog as he tried to scramble over a garden wall.

And one said suavely, "Not I, but my brother, was trusted by the governor."

The other moaned, "Not I, but my brother, sold the secrets."

Then Lee Young was brought out and the brothers cried together, "It is he who has betrayed us."

For it did not occur to any of them that a nameless urchin from the streets could be concerned with their disaster, so they accused one another and groaned and pleaded by turns, but no one listened to them, or tried to fix the blame among them. In the first vacant field beyond the city they were tumbled from the car; three guns spoke at once, and there was silence. Cho-yu slept on.

It was daylight when he awoke. An orderly led him to a room where men sat eating, and he was given red sausage, the best he had ever tasted. Afterwards they took him to Lieutenant Pan and the fat captain, who was unshaven this morning and bleary-eyed.

"It has taken us all night," he said, "to swallow your story, but now we have it pretty well digested." His stomach shook with laughter. "The only thing that remains is for you to remember to hold your tongue, if you wish to keep it in your head. Do you understand?"

"Without mistake," whispered Cho-yu.

Then he was walking towards the gates, accompanied by Lieutenant Pan. Cho-yu, he said, would soon be home again, with money enough to buy his dragon mask and put all the other boys in the street to shame. "Get on with you now," he said.

"Take this, and remember you are not to talk."

A coin spun through the air and Cho-yu caught it deftly, then turned and trotted towards the gates, where, as before, two soldiers stared at each other across their guns and yet saw everything. In spite of himself, his skin prickled as he went between them, for he did not feel sure one of them would not decide to pick him up on a bayonet like a fly on the end of a pin.

Cho-yu fled down the dusty road. He had reached the city pavement before his breath came evenly again and the furious pounding within his chest was eased. Presently he remembered the silver in his pocket and he stopped at a shop where paper masks and images were for sale. The dragon's head he chose was even finer than the one he had promised to bring home, and a few minutes later he walked into the alley, carrying his trophy.

Ah-Lel was at the corner, pitching pennies with other boys and, from a window over the rice shop, Cho-yu heard a hushed, rippling giggle, which told him Brown Robin was there. This was his moment of triumph, but he found small zest in it. On the contrary, his heart was filled with bitter-sweet, inexplicable pain. He could give no name to his sorrow. Truly, he had been forbidden to tell of his adventures, but that did not matter, for no one would have believed him, anyway. The aching turmoil within him came from a different source.

Yesterday he had belonged to childhood, but to-day he had begun to be a man. He did not know it yet. He did not understand that the horizon of his world had widened to make room for a hero and an ambition. Ah, how Brown Robin and the rest would laugh if they guessed this dream, even as they had laughed yesterday; yet here he stood with the dragon mask.

"Dare to deny that it is stolen!" cried Ah-Lel, whose face was puckered with envy. After a moment, he added, "Perhaps, if you have not chosen anyone else to be the tail—"

"Ho-ho," jeered Brown Robin. "To-day Ah-Lel is only too glad to play the lesser part, and doubtless Cho-yu will permit you, little one."

Cho-yu looked down at the dragon's head, but he did not see it. Instead, for the first time in his life, he saw that his hands were dirty. Suddenly he lifted the big mask and plumped it over the head and shoulders of his friend. "Take it," he said. "It is a toy for children, and as for me, I have grown beyond such pastimes."

He turned from Ah-Lel's shrill amazement, and without even a glance at the window over the rice shop went toward his mother's house to wash his face and hands. But Brown Robin's dark glance followed him, and Cho-yu strode on proudly, for he knew you watched him go. (Copyright)

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# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### ODD SHOES

HOMEWARD bound on the late train one night, I was feeling footsore after a day's shopping.

My fellow-passenger, a well-dressed woman, had taken off her shoes, and I did likewise.

Soon we both dozed. I awoke to hear the name of my station being called. Hurriedly donning shoes, I gathered my goods and chattels and leapt on to the platform.

By the time I reached the brightly-lit part of the station the train had left. It was then that I found that I was wearing one of my own shoes and the other (an expensive brand) belonging to my unknown fellow-passenger.

10/6 to Mrs. O. Frawley, Glenree, Railway Pde., Springwood, N.S.W.

### NOT APPRECIATED

ON a recent trip home to Sydney I promised to give the family some examples of my cooking—number one to be the acme of perfection in rice puddings.

I made it just before going out, and told my mother to remove the dish at six o'clock.

Next morning I asked how the family liked the pudding. Mother said, "Well, they ate it, but didn't seem to think it very wonderful."

Puzzled, I inspected the remains, and found that in my hurry I had used, not rice, but barley.

2/6 to Mrs. Frank Meadows, Yarram House, Yarram, Vic.

### TRUSTFUL BARROWMAN

I WAS running late, but thought I might have time to buy some fruit from a near-by barrow. No sooner had I given my order than my tram came in sight. So, with apologies, I hurried away.

The tram jerked, ready to proceed, when the barrowman jumped on to the footboard, thrust the bag of fruit on to my lap, and said, "Pay me next time you are in town!"

2/6 to Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

AFTER my arrival in Melbourne from Scotland, I went straight to a job as a domestic.

Just before I finished my duties at night, my mistress asked me to "put the billy out."

Hearing a noise in the kitchen she came out to investigate. She found me scrambling out from under the table with her pet kitten in my arms!

Billy happened to be the kitten's name. I had never heard of the term, "billy-can."

2/6 to Mrs. J. Docherty, 8 Baker St., Middle Brighton S5, Melbourne.

### POOR COBBLER

MY small daughter accompanied me to a shoe-repairer's shop, to collect a mended pair of shoes.

I remarked, as I left, that the man did excellent work.

"Yes," said the child. "He is clever and no one ever gives him any credit for it. Look at the sign on the door—'No credit given.'"

2/6 to Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald, 3 Short St., Gawler East, S.A.

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Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or

## Stranded in wilds of North-West

FOUR HUNDRED miles north-west of the railhead at Laverton, in West Australia, is a mission station for the aborigines.

To obtain stores it is necessary to drive in to Laverton.

In May last year I was making the journey with my wife and two children, aged three and five respectively, and two male missionaries, when the back axle of the motor truck broke.

We were stranded 210 miles from civilisation.

After trying every known method, short of oxy-welding, to repair the damaged truck, we had to admit that we were beaten.

Fortunately there was a little home-made portable wireless transmitter and receiver on the truck, but it was only possible to have an aerial seven feet high because of the stunted desert growth.

After two days of continuous S.O.S. calls we eventually made contact with Kalgoorlie, 500 miles away.

We told the operator of our plight, and learned by daily wireless contacts that a new axle was being sent as fast as possible.

For seven days we waited. To make our small quantity of stores last we had to shoot little mulga parrots with our .22 calibre. These parrots are about a quarter the size of a galah.

We brought water from a pool which we found two miles away. It was lucky for us that it was full. Until three days before it had been empty for five months.

At last the axle arrived and we were able to continue our journey. But for the wireless one of our party would have had to walk 200 miles for help.

11/1/- to Arthur G. Matthews, Ooldea, S.A.



"For two days we made S.O.S. calls."

### Ship on Fire

WHILE travelling to England in 1923 with my parents, the ship caught fire.

The officers tried to keep the news from the passengers, but it was impossible as thick clouds of smoke rolled up the funnels and out the portholes.

The outbreak occurred early one morning. An S.O.S. was sent out to passing ships, and within a few hours three ships came in sight.

The fire blazed all that day and smouldered for several days afterwards.

When it was eventually extinguished, the dining saloon was so badly damaged that all meals had to be taken on deck for the remainder of the voyage.

Although we were all thoroughly frightened, none of us knew how near we were to death till several days later, when an officer told us that we would have been blown up in mid-ocean had not some bales of Australian wool rolled down on the flames, thus checking the fire, which was heading straight for the ship's oil tanks.

2/6 to Miss D. Walker, Yarramba Station, via Mingary, S.A.

### Caught Under Raft

SEVERAL friends and I were swimming in the Goulburn River, where a floating raft had been chained to a stake on the river bank for the entertainment of swimmers.

When we arrived the raft was close to the bank, and we all leapt upon it and dived into the water.

I must have dived deeply as, while I was under the water, the raft was pushed farther out. When I tried to rise I found that I was underneath it.

As many other bathers were getting on the raft, and it was therefore sinking deeper into the water, I was being slowly squeezed between it and the bed of the river!

Just as I felt that I could last no longer I saw a pair of legs dangling in the water.

I clutched them with my remaining strength. As I rose to the top I was grasped by my friends.

2/6 to Mrs. L. L. Williams, c/o P.O., Lilydale, Vic.

### Mining Episode

WHEN I was a young man I worked with my father prospecting for gold. We decided to clean out an old shaft where Father had left some gold years before.

We completed the work in a couple of days and later I was working in a drive about 15 feet from the bottom of the shaft.

The drive was only three feet high, as in mining for alluvial gold one sits down to work. In this cramped position I drove the pick into the face when, to my surprise, it entered space.

I had found old workings! Then came a roar of thick mud, followed by water.

How I managed to get to the surface has always mystified me.

2/6 to Mr. W. P. Crotty, 13 Elswick St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

### TRAIN STOPPED ON FLOODED BRIDGE

FLOODS in North Queensland had caused us to be held up in Cairns for several days. At last it was considered safe for a train to go south and I boarded the first one available.

When we reached Ayr we were told that the Burdekin River was again rising at the rate of about an inch an hour.

In dry weather the wide sandy bed of the Burdekin has only a creek-like trickle flowing along it. In flood time it often covers the railway bridge.

For this reason, during the rainy season, trains are often held up for several days.

The water, we heard, was lapping the bridge, and it was decided to send a pilot engine across to see whether it would be safe for the mail train to cross.

Word was brought back for our train—a long one, with 12 carriages and two luggage vans—to proceed.

Half-way across the bridge the train stopped dead. Many passengers became nervous. The fireman climbed down from the engine, waded back, and uncoupled the baggage vans, which were then safely run into Home Hill, the station on the southern side of the river.

Back came the engine, and the rest of the train was divided in two, each section being taken across separately.

I was in the last section, and by the time we were ready to leave the water had reached the footboards of the carriage!

We were glad indeed to reach the safety of dry land again.

2/6 to H. Christie, Emu St., Longreach, Qld.

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## What Women are Doing

### She studies life story of shells

ON the Barrier Reef is found a tiny shell called *Coralastrea allanai*, one of the 10,000 species in Australian waters.

It is named after Miss Joyce Allan, one of Australia's leading conchologists.

Named after her, too, is a striped fish known popularly as a stripey, and to scientists as *Microcanthus joycei*.

Miss Allan is attached to the staff of the Australian Museum in Sydney.

Her articles in the "Museum Magazine" and her lectures in schools have made her well known to many lay people with an interest in shells, for she has the gift of explaining scientific subjects in a thoroughly lucid manner.

With two other scientists she has just supervised the first educational film to be made by the Museum. Called "Life on a Tidal Flat," it depicts the teeming marine life on the mud stretches left by the receding tide.

The film will be shown in schools and also at the Museum. Miss Allan has a busy life at the Museum, answering queries from the general public, classifying specimens, and supervising the shell gallery.

She is rearranging the gallery in a more popular form, telling, by exhibits and titles, "the story of shells." "Already we have found public response," she says. "Inquiries about specimens are far more numerous now, and many people have begun to make private collections."



MISS ALLAN working at the Museum show-cases.

### Established the Mailbag Sunday School System

IN many of the most isolated districts of Australia, children receive religious instruction through the mailbag Sunday School system, established by Miss E. Warren Thomas in 1924.

For 15 years Miss Thomas was organizer of the Anglican Sunday School services in Adelaide, and from there also she directed the mailing system.

Now that she has gone to Melbourne as assistant secretary to the general board of religious education, the mailbag system's headquarters have been automatically transferred to Victoria.

The lessons cover five grades and are prepared by voluntary workers. So successful has the method been that plans are being made for its extension to Polynesia and Melanesia.

Miss Thomas also writes for beginners and primary grades in the "Teachers' Magazine," which is sponsored by the general board of religious education and is distributed throughout Australia and New Zealand.



Miss Thomas—Brotherhood.

### Sydney Girl Appointed to London Art School

A CLEVER young Sydney artist, Miss Joanna Bruce, has been appointed to the staff of the Westminster Art School in London.

She is the only woman in the fine arts section.

Before she went abroad three years ago she studied at the art school of Cav. A. Dattilo-Rubbo, and for some time was his assistant.

She exhibited portraits and landscapes at the shows of the Royal Art Society and the Society of Artists, working both in oils and water-colours.

Deciding to try her wings abroad she studied at the Westminster Art School, spent six months in Paris, and painted while on a tour of Spain.

Now she is sharing a flat in London with another Australian girl, Nancy Lord.

### Young Melbourne Dancer Will Study in Paris

WHEN the Covent Garden Russian Ballet was in Melbourne, David Lichine and Tatiana Riabouchinskaya watched Phillida Cooper—a young Australian dancer—mime "The Three Bears."

Lichine was sure that Phillida had the promise of a career as a choreographer and suggested that she go to his own teacher in Paris, Lubov Egorova.

As a result, Phillida will leave in April for two years' study in Paris.

This young dancer began her career at the age of nine in Sydney. She has since studied in Melbourne, and when 14 years old passed the Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Examinations of the Royal Academy of Dancing. In 1927 she opened a studio of her own.

One of the most popular diversions she has offered to audiences recently is "Postman's Knock," a humorous mime. She obtained the idea from an overseas dance journal, but the steps are her own invention.



Miss Cooper—P. Morris.

### Sailed Round Cape Horn On Trip to Europe

FOR four months on a voyage to Europe from Australia, Mrs. O. W. A. Van Andel Hoggens and her daughter, Mrs. Willemine Van Andel, did not see land.

These two adventurous travellers returned to Sydney after a year in Europe where they visited relatives.

They chose to make the trip from Australia in a sailing ship, the Viking, and travelled by way of Cape Horn.

The voyage occupied 123 days. During most of that time the ship was completely out of touch with the world, as there was no wireless on board.

After 13 weeks the Viking passed an English tanker and signalled asking her to report to Lloyd's in London that all was well.

The only other passengers on board were the captain's wife and an American schoolteacher.

Thirty chickens and six pigs were taken on board in Australia to provide fresh food during the voyage.

Mrs. Hoggens would prefer to travel on a sailing ship than on the most luxurious modern liner.

When she came to Australia six years ago she travelled in L'Avenir, the sailing vessel which was later bought by Germany for a cadet training ship, and which, as the Admiral Karpfanger, subsequently disappeared with all hands.

### Accompanist to Famous Singing Teacher

BACK in her homeland after eight years abroad, Miss Dorothy Davies, of New Zealand, has spent the last two years as accompanist to Frau Schnabel.

Frau Schnabel, famous as a singing coach, is the wife of the celebrated pianist, Arthur Schnabel, who will tour Australia this year for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Before Miss Davies went abroad she studied at the Sydney Conservatorium. She then became a pupil of Arthur Schnabel, and when she completed her studies with him his wife asked her to remain as her accompanist.

While the Schnabels lived at Lake Como Miss Davies remained there, and moved to London when they decided to make their home in England.

Miss Davies says that the Schnabels' romance began when Arthur Schnabel became accompanist to the then 16-year-old singer, Therese Behr. Their musical association led to marriage, and Frau Schnabel has always remained her husband's severest critic.

Miss Davies is now visiting relatives in New Zealand, and will return to Australia when Arthur Schnabel and his wife arrive here.

### Scottish Graduate Here To Study Zoology

A DISTINGUISHED Scottish graduate, Dr. Ann Sanderson, has arrived in Australia to undertake research work in zoology at Sydney University. She will hold the recently-established fellowship at the Women's College.

Dr. Sanderson has already done a great deal of important research in zoology, and has published several scientific papers.

She is a Bachelor of Science and a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of St. Andrews, Dundee, and for some years has been assistant to Professor A. D. Peacock in natural history at that University.

As a member of the Soroptimists' Club of Dundee, Dr. Sanderson hopes to join the branch in Sydney.

"Apart from my work, one of my greatest interests is singing," she said when she arrived. "I hope to find time to do some in Australia."

### The Case of MARY WEEKES



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To be your constant companion on sultry, summer days. Gillie style in cool-white buck. Leather Cuban heels. 1/5, 2/7.

Shoe Salon, Third Floor.



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OF LONDON

Glamorises you at home

Loveliness for Autumn—on your own dressing-table. First, with the magic of Cyclax Cleansing Lotion (5/6), the mildness of Astrigent Milk (5/6) . . . Special Lotion to purify your skin (7/6), Tissue Cream to feed it (5/6), and Cyclax Soap (5/-) to wash away every vestige of grime.

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After-sale special! Exceptional value in quilts of British taffeta, filled with purified feathers. Colour-effects in rose, blue, gold or green to tone with almost any bedroom. Single-bed size, us. 39/6, now 32/6. Double-bed, us. 45/-, 35/11.

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Finest quality, taffeta cushions to provide the sparkling dashes of richness in your home. In glowing rose, blue, gold, green.

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Blankets clear, 54x72, us. 29/6, pr. 24/6. 63x81, us. 39/6, pr. 32/6. 72x90, us. 52/6, pr. 42/6. 81x99, us. 37/6, pr. 49/6



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CLOTHES LINE for use inside home. Rolls into handy, compact metal container. 2/6

PARSLEY CUTTERS with 11 extremely efficient, energy-saving steel blades. 3/9

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor. Country Cabbage Extra.



*It's knitting time*

## FARMER'S IS A MINE OF INSPIRATION

They're burning the midnight oil . . . they're knitting into the wee, small hours—the Society of Woollie-Wearers. With you, the far-seeing, clicking your needles with a triumphant assurance against the day — only TWO OR THREE WEEKS off—when you'll be first among them, with knitted ideas culled from that mine of inspiration, FARMER'S.

ABOVE: 5 skeins of Clover Boucle wool make this jumper. Farmer's exclusive pattern free. Total cost, 6/3

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**Spirited Colours** blaze from every corner of our knitting department . . . the newest shades of a great season.

**The world's wools**—gathered from weaving centres all over the globe—are heaped in glowing piles on the shelves.

**Patterns Galore** and of every imaginable kind, from tea-cosies to bright twin-sets and woollen rugs, are at Farmer's.

**Expert Instructresses** are at your service when things go wrong . . . wizards to unravel your knottiest problems.

Ground Floor.





Soft  
and  
Lovely



Soft, lovely hair, has the allurements of youth. Its charms can last practically all your life, —if you give it the proper care.

Keep your scalp and hair clean. Every morning massage the scalp gently with the tips of your fingers, taking care to keep it moist with Barry's Tri-coph-erous throughout the massage.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous contains ingredients that stimulate the circulation in the scalp, nourish the roots, promote growth and bring out softness and lustre.

Try it. The result will please you—and your friends!

**BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3/- per bottle.

## 'THRILLS'

In the creation of great music....In the romance of memory....In the inspiration of genius....In the heroism of great daring....In discovery....

THERE are thrills....which mark the milestones of human progress....thrills which kindle anew the vital flame of a great inspiration....thrills of the loveliness of lavender and lace—and the thrills of stark heroism....

A MACQUARIE PRODUCTION, it is one of the really great presentations of the year.

Tuesday, Tuesday, 8.45 p.m.

**2GB**

Commencing  
Tuesday, 28th February

## £1000 for Best Recipes

### Prize list—conditions and entry coupons

HAVE you sent along your best recipe for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 Recipe contest?

If not, get busy right away. A few minutes spent in writing out your recipe, adding your name and address and one of the coupons below may win you £500. Here are the full details and conditions:

#### PRIZE LIST

#### GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition. It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

#### 1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

##### First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.  
Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

#### 2. DESSERTS — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH or PASTRIES

##### First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.  
The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

#### 3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES

##### First Prize £50

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.  
Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

#### You must adhere to these conditions

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible. All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers, please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

#### Here are the coupons —attach one to every entry

##### 1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/2/39.

##### 2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/2/39.

##### 3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/2/39.

Remember.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.



and 250 consolation prizes of £1 each

## NICHOLSON'S

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It's true...

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This instrument has been made available to meet the requirements of a wide circle of music lovers. It combines the two popular forms of home entertainment—Radio and Records, in a moderately priced Radiogram and at the same time maintains that high quality reproduction that is traditionally "HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

Priced at 28 Gns. Model 119 is within the reach of thousands of homes since its purchase can be arranged at the rate of a few shillings weekly. An "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Radiogram with true "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" perfection of tone in an extremely handsome walnut cabinet for only 28 guineas.

That is why we say this is EVERYBODY'S RADIOGRAM

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"The Musical Firm"

416 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

Between King and Market Streets.

"His Master's Voice"



# The Movie World

February 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 BING CROSBY, wealthy ranchman, is about to marry Shirley Ross.



2 BING buys a Balkan castle when his marriage is delayed. Horton is his valet.



3 FRANCISKA GAAL, queen of the flower festival, arrives to spend a week at the castle.



4 AWFUL CONSTERNATION arises out of Franciska's well-meant embroidery on Bing's best American sports coat.



5 BING masquerades as "The Headless Corpse."



6 ANOTHER MARRIAGE ceremony that is not concluded is one between Franciska Gaal and Akin Tamiroff.

## Bing Bungle Love

BING CROSBY'S next film makes him a wealthy cattleman transferred to a Balkan setting. He buys a castle in the Balkans in which he intends to spend a honeymoon with Shirley Ross. There Franciska Gaal complicates his heart affairs. Her title, queen of the flower festival, carries with it the right to live in state in the castle for one week. She claims that right, and Bing is soon crooning love songs to her, with resultant trouble with Shirley.

## Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

### Fiercer—and Fatter

GARY COOPER brought home from his holiday in England and America two costly new rifles to add to his collection of some two hundred assorted guns. He also brought home twenty-five pounds extra in avoirdupois.

### Topical Theme

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is definitely set for the star role in Warner's "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," theme of which was inspired by the recent discovery of a spy ring in the United States. Robinson himself requested the role, that of the detective who uncovers the ring.

### Flynn's Finances

ERROL FLYNN'S faith in human nature evidently wasn't dampened when he paid several thousand dollars for what turned out to be a purely fictitious gold mine in Alaska. He's all enthused over a couple of new business ventures, one a cafe near Warner's studio, and the other a large "dude" ranch in Utah.

### Respect for History

THE producers are determined to stick to historical facts in "Juarez," though it may involve a slight sacrifice in box-office appeal. For instance, history says that Juarez met the Empress Carlotta only once. That Paul Muni and Bette Davis, in these two roles, will have only one scene together. Fans who would like to see more of the two Academy Award winners together may be disappointed, but history is history at Warner's.

### Dots and Dashes

NELSON EDDY putting his signature on a new MGM contract. Wayne Morris limping to work after wrenching his ankle in a basketball game. Glenda Farrell proudly displaying a make-up box which her young son Tommy made for her. Brian Aherne, who has just bought his first house, trying to furnish it himself, and professing astonishment over the "number of gadgets" it's necessary to buy. Bette Davis living in her dressing-room bungalow at the studio during the making of "Juarez."

# NEW! MAX FACTOR'S

## Normalizing

### CLEANSING CREAM —



The sensational new Cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is DRY, OILY or NORMAL

Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has been experimenting for years to create the perfect cleansing cream for any type of skin... and for this purpose exhaustive research tests have been conducted in his famous Hollywood laboratories, until every type of human skin known to science has been studied and analysed.

And now it is ready for you... Max Factor's sensational NORMALIZING Cleansing Cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal. New in body, new in consistency, new in function... and you use it the same way as an ordinary cleansing cream. On sale at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor  
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Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 2662V, G.P.O., Sydney.



# Aspects of Annabella . .

THIS FRENCH GIRL HAS A TOUCH OF THE TOMBOY AND LITTLE RESPECT FOR GLAMOR

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

**A**NNABELLA says she is not beautiful. Annabella thoroughly enjoys having her beauty disguised and her glamor obliterated in unflattering tomboy or gamin roles. Annabella says she is a bit of a tomboy at heart. Glamor is not her line.

But is this going to be the best for her film career?

Annabella is wrong about herself. She is beautiful and the public loves beauty.

Film audiences the world over gave a gasp of surprise and pleasure, a gasp of tribute, when she made her entrance as a lovely girl in "Wings of the Morning" after masquerading through most of the film as a boy.

The public admires and enjoys gamins and tomboys, but reserves its most slavish devotion for the lovely women who draw the "ohs!" and "ahs!" of sheer admiration for their beauty.

Annabella is one of the nicest tomboys imaginable, and anticipation of "Suez," for instance, is all the keener because she is in it in such a part. But that doesn't cancel out a wistful yen to see her beauty exploited, too.

Annabella herself has no particular yearning that way.

After nearly nine months in Hollywood she still has the film colony guessing.

Accustomed to foreign actresses who assume highly exalted airs as soon as they arrive in the American studios, and vainglorious players

## Opinions Differ

"I am not beautiful," Annabella recently told an interviewer. "I cannot be beautiful, so I do not try for that. I do as little as possible to my face, even for the screen. I make myself up and it takes me about fifteen minutes. I do not bother to go to beauty salons. I do not care about my clothes to the exclusion of other things, but I do like to be smart."

who suddenly find themselves stars overnight, Hollywood is perplexed by the simplicity of the French girl and her complete refusal to be glamorised.

She does not exude heavy perfumes, dress dramatically, surround herself with mystery, assume the far away, touch-me-not, idol-on-a-pedestal pose, or indulge in publicity stunts just to be seen and talked about.

Though her fame for smart dressing (which had been thrust upon her by Paris' most noted fashion houses) preceded her to Hollywood, she did not arrive hung in furs and diamonds, but alighted from the train at Los Angeles clad in a smartly-tailored costume with simple accessories and a chic, but not extreme, hat.

At her welcome-to-Hollywood party, thrown by Fox, Annabella resisted the temptation to indulge in a lush creation that would shriek "movie star makes dramatic entry," but came in a simple dress, with no hat, and short, white cotton gloves.

In the thick of all the mink and silver foxes, the veils, the sables, and the perfume, nothing could have been as striking as her casual smartness.

Because of her lack of affectation, Annabella has won the affection of all Hollywood.

Self-reliant, independent, with a breeze-blown sort of charm, and this pliant is not a cry for any glamorising process, but for more opportunity to admire her beauty just as it is.

Think of what has happened to her in films! She had to take a good spanking in "Wings of the Morning" and wear boys' clothes most of the time.

● **ANNABELLA**, lovely Fox star, soon to be seen in "Suez." Her hair, cut short for that film, is now worn sometimes in a boyish hair-do and sometimes curled like this.

She does not need making over. She's a delectable creature, and this pliant is not a cry for any glamorising process, but for more opportunity to admire her beauty just as it is.

Think of what has happened to her in films! She had to take a good spanking in "Wings of the Morning" and wear boys' clothes most of the time.

In "Dinner at the Ritz" she was disguised much of the time, often in the most unbecoming of black wigs with cumbersome plaits. With disguise torn off she appeared with mussed hair, grimy face, and little or no charm.

In "Suez" she gambols about endearingly in Arab pants, climbs trees, and takes a horrific buffeting in a sandstorm.

She enjoyed the whole lot of it. She acts because she loves acting and doesn't give a hoot what they want her to do.

Latest aspect of this unusual star is her reluctance to let her hair grow after cutting it short like a boy for her part in "Suez." Most

stars would have worn a wig for a role like that (and nobody would know the difference), but Annabella decided to do the job properly and at the same time, experiment with a new coiffure.

She is now wearing a very boyish hair-do, which is not only comfortable and in keeping with her tomboy leanings, but is also adaptable to the Edwardian grooming if Annabella so desires.

And so she should desire!

Look at the large picture on this page, showing the short hair curled up loosely, and you'll agree that Annabella as a tomboy may be grand—but no less so than Annabella as a beauty.



This strip of pictures illustrates Annabella's willingness to have her beauty hidden in her screen roles. First two are from "Dinner at the Ritz," next two from "Suez," and the last is from her first picture, "Wings of the Morning."



# Youngster On Her Way To the Top

GALE PAGE IS  
PROUD OF HER  
REDSKIN BLOOD  
AND ENDURANCE

By JOAN McLEOD  
from Hollywood

THE breeze caused by whispers about Gale Page's film future is rapidly growing into a gale—excuse me!

Gale is Warner's candidate for recognition as No. 1 glamor girl. They believe that wholesome, clean-cut, natural types will soon supplant those exotic, sultry beauties. She is their offering to that trend.

Not so long ago this youngster was generally classified by the American National Broadcasting Corporation's (N.B.C.) chief and scale authorities as one of the brightest "blues" singers of the air, but that isn't the distinction of which she is proudest.

Her greatest boast is that she proved she had an iron constitution by playing two years with the Mayan Players of Spokane—which meant 17 shows a week.

Yes, two shows a night, each and every night of the week (Sundays included) and three matinees weekly was her record. She speaks slightly of the matinees. They gave only one show at these.

"We'd play good scripts, too," she says, "like 'Rain,' and 'Alias The Deacon.' Why, we used to play a double-feature bill that had any two splendid features of the cinema houses scuttled and sunk."

It was in Chicago that a talent scout found Gale, working as a "blues" singer and actress on the "To-Day's Children" programme broadcast by the N.B.C. from that city.

And the screen test showed her a poised beauty of the Kay Francis type with an individuality all her very own.

She has deep brown eyes, luminous and large, and wave on wave of dark chestnut hair, and a piquant face.

If she ever hears someone boast that he's "100 per cent. American," she's likely to shake her head sadly.

"I'm only about 10 per cent. American," Gale will declare.

That's her gentle jibe at professional patriots.

In reality, her "about 10 per cent." is pure American-Indian. One of the pioneer men in Gale's family tree married the daughter of an Indian chief, and got not only a beautiful wife, but immunity from redskin raids as a result.

In Spokane, Washington, where Gale was born Sally Rutter, she was best known for quite a while as the niece of Miles Polindexter, former U.S. Senator, and Ambassador to Peru.

When she came to Hollywood she learned a lot merely by watching Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart work in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" when she was making scenes with them on her first assignment.

Then came "Four Daughters." For Gale this was at once the opportunity she had dreamed about and her most severe test as well.

She met Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, Jeffry Lynn, and John Garfield on common ground—all striving for recognition and a place in the Hollywood sun.

Gale looks like getting properly sunburnt.

• Gale Page, whose next film, "Heart of the North," shows her brunette beauty in technicolor. After that she will be Dick Powell's leading lady in "The Professor Steps Out."



## Fate Put Claudette Colbert Into Pictures

A CLAUDETTE COLBERT film is one of those you wait for. The next one will be "Zaza."

But if Fate hadn't been working on Claudette all her life she might have been a dancer, a singer, an artist or a dress-designer.

Claudette Colbert was born in Paris. Her name was, as everybody knows, Lily Chauchoin.

Her father was wealthy—for a time. Everything marvellous was planned for Claudette.

Instead, Fate shrewdly shuffled the deck in the house of Chauchoin. Papa Chauchoin lost his shekels. Poor as a taxi-driver just going on duty, he decided to go to America.

That was in 1913. When Claudette was twelve, she wanted to be a "tote dancer." But nothing was done about Claudette's dancing lessons. Fate saw to that.

Claudette's father seems to have been typical. He spent money on her musical education. She had a beautiful voice as a child. She was on her way to the concert and the operatic stage! He had decided this!

Then Fate, wise as usual, gave the child a cold.

This was only fortunate in that it ruined Claudette's voice. The Eternal Marker roared in ancient glee and thundered down the heavens, "Score one for the films!"

The young French girl entered high school.

DRAMATIC STORY OF FRENCH LILY WHO CHANGED INTO A MORE VIVID BLOOM IN HOLLYWOOD'S GARDEN.

A teacher of literature in this school was a playwright of some note. Claudette attracted her attention. The Eternal Marker reached for his chalk.

The teacher's name—and it should be written in letters of gold on every page of Claudette's life—was Alice Rostetter.

Miss Rostetter discovered an actress in the frustrated tote dancer. She cast her during the second year in several leading roles in school plays.

The Eternal Marker loosened his belt a notch. The Provincetown Players in the Greenwich Village Theatre wanted a girl to play the lead in a play by Alice Rostetter.

Claudette's teacher promptly recommended her pupil.

The chance sounded big. Like the money Claudette received—it wasn't.

The run of the play, with Claudette's hopes, soon ended.

Claudette decided to become a painter. She went to art school until she realised that Papa Chauchoin was clean of filthy lucre.

She then decided to become a fabric and costume designer. She sold a design for fifteen dollars. This was terrible—not the design, as it must have been good to get such a price, but the setback it gave Claudette's future.

Then Claudette went to a tea. Someone said, prompted by the Eternal Marker, "You ought to go on the stage."

Claudette listened and remembered. She got a three-line part in "The Wild Westcotts." She was then recommended to Brock Pemberton for the leading role in "The Marionette Man."

The critics were very unkind. One even said that bad as the play was—Claudette was worse. They nearly broke her heart.

★ Claudette Colbert was born on the thirteenth of the month, just over thirty years ago.

She is at once one of the most naturally clever and most charming young women on the screen. Not beautiful in the very strict sense, she has, like Greta Garbo, something beyond beauty.

She drifted from one play to another.

While playing opposite Walter Huston in "The Barker," she was given her first screen contract. It was a silent film, and Claudette did not do so well.

However, the talkies came, and she appeared with Edward G. Robinson in "The Hole in the Wall."

That was different. Claudette was in town—and charming as dawn on an Irish meadow. She was recognised as tops.

As in the event of all great success, others will take much credit for Claudette Colbert. I will allow them all whatever joy they can muster.

Fate and the Eternal Marker deserve their share of credit. And may their eyes never close.

By JIM TULLY

Noted Hollywood Film Writer



# Millinery Is What You Make It.... Says Ann Sheridan



• Take a small wicker basket, a colored page from an old magazine and one silk scarf.



• Cut the colored page into strips, and stick it into a slit in the basket. Tie the scarf round.



• Well, actress Ann Sheridan can get away with this as a hat—why not you?

**Unhappy Sally!** She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (Men won't phone the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!)

**Only Seven**—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how easy it is to have a lovelier smile! (Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.)

**Sally's Life** could be so happy! She'd have plenty of fun, she'd win romance—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (Sally should try Ipana with gum massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



*Does your mirror tell you—*

**"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"**

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you

that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to

become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change to-day! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY.**



Change to  
**Ipana**  
and Massage

• Ann took time out the other day on a Warner set to prove her contention that she could make a hat for fifty cents—otherwise about two shillings. She took a 10 cent basket, a 29 cent scarf, and a colored sheet of paper from a 10 cent comic paper, and what she did with them you see above.

She recommended it for a hay ride, a picnic, or a cocktail party. Well, so long as you have the courage of your convictions....

## Concerning Music

**HARRY WARREN** and **Johnny Mercer**, Warner Bros.' song-writers, will be the first modern tunesmiths to confess "stealing" themes from the works of famous composers for use in popular songs.

In fact, they'll acknowledge their debt to the composers in question, Wagner, Liszt, Mozart and Smetana. In the picture, "The Professor Steps Out," Allen Jenkins and Jerry Colonna portray a pair of Tin Pan Alley song-writers who, when they run out of original ideas, nonchalantly "lift" themes from famous classical works.

Warren and Mercer were assigned the job of writing four jazz tunes, containing fairly easily discernible "steals," which could be used in the picture as Jenkins-Colonna product. They turned out four songs, "Ha, Ha," "Lolita," "You Got Me Dreaming," and "I Always Knew, Baby," and will share screen credit for the tunes with the aforementioned composers!

AFTER a year of idleness, Allan Jones will part company with MGM when his contract expires. Had he been connected with any other studio, Jones' pleasing personality and fine singing voice probably would have taken him to the top of the Hollywood ladder, but when he arrived at MGM Nelson Eddy was already established as that studio's Number 1 singing star, and first candidate for all important singing roles.

Jones is not upset by the ending of his contract—in fact, he feels there may be far greater opportunities for him at some other studio.

TALKING of singers brings Milna Korjus to mind. For years she has been staving off anemia by eating raw liver daily.

Recently she became desperate and consulted a noted Los Angeles physician. He agreed to take her off the raw liver but put her on raw beef instead.

Carry on, Milna!



# PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★ CLIMBING HIGH

(Week's Best Release.)

Michael Redgrave, Jessie Matthews. (Gaumont - British Dominions.)

ONE good puff of wind would blow this film right away — it's featherweight, inconsequential fun full of chuckles from start to finish. Crazy? Yes, but deliciously crazy with Michael Redgrave and Jessie Matthews playing the fool with the best of them.

Redgrave is a nonchalant, wealthy young man somewhat embarrassed by being engaged (a) under the name of John Smith to Jessie Matthews, model for "Lily's Lure" face cream; and (b) under his own name by trickery to Lady Constance Westacre, a scheming, impetuous aristocrat, played—very gaunt of neck and hollow-eyed—by Margaret Viner. Margaret fails as a comedienne.

Things become rather complicated when Jessie's brother, iron-jawed lumberman from Canada, returns to London to find out why his sister is "showing herself in her underwear all over the British Empire." That's his way of describing modelling.

But all this is only the frame for as pretty a froth of nonsense as the crazy cycle has produced.

Every character is a caricature. Alastair Sim plays richly a comic Comrade. Noel Madison is a slogan-spinner; "If you want to be a lady, smell like one" is his offering to the perfume trade. Basil Radford—one of the two Englishmen from "The Lady Vanishes"—pops up again for some subtle bits of byplay.

The craziest sequences are those that involve an amiable lunatic who first imagines himself the world's greatest singer, and then—in the Swiss Alps—decides he is a bird and can fly.

Apart from the doubtful taste of introducing such a figure, it must be admitted these sequences are rich in laughs.

P.S.—Jessie neither sings nor dances, but manages to be amusing enough without—State; showing.

## ★ KEEP SMILING

Gracie Fields, Roger Livesey. (Fox.)

THIS is not a film to chuckle at, not a film to laugh at. It's a film to roar at, to roll in helpless hysteria in your seat as Gracie Fields parades her robust, earthy Lancashire comedy and sings and sings and sings. Gracie has never been better than she is in "Keep Smiling." She provides an hour and a half of the strongest tonic you need. Lass, she's grand.

This film has the joyous atmosphere of comradeship you remember in "The Good Companions." Gracie has a troupe, aye, good fellows all, and they're right out of luck when the chance acquisition of £100 sets them touring the countryside in a bus giving shows.

There's a rascally rival who scuttles the house-boat in which they

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- No stars—below average.  
★ One star—average entertainment  
★★ Two stars—above average  
★★★ Three stars—excellent

give their first show, who locks their star performer in the crazy tower of an amusement pier on another opening night. That's as thrilling as any thriller.

In the quiet patches of exhaustion between the bouts of laughter, you have time to notice charming Roger Livesey made up to look suitably mature as Gracie's diffident lover.

You notice Australia's little Mary Maguire, looking chubbily sweet as the young dancer of the troupe, and Peter Coke as her sweetheart, appealingly young and a white of tooth.

But most of the time you'll be noticing Gracie. By gosh, I enjoyed this—Mayfair, showing.

## ★ THE WARE CASE

Clive Brook, Jane Baxter, Barry K. Barnes. (Capad.)

MURDER among the best people is the theme of "The Ware Case," in which everybody, except of course the murderer, is "jolly decent" and keeping a straight bat right through and all that.

In spite of the all-pervading atmosphere of ancestral halls, this titled melodrama manages to be an entertaining thriller. Main

## Shows Still Running

- ★★ Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 10th week.
- ★★ Sweethearts. Colorful musical. St. James, 4th week.
- ★★ The Great Waltz. Musical biography. Liberty, 10th week.
- ★★ The Young in Heart. Unusual comedy, delightfully acted. Century, 2nd week.
- ★★ If I Were King. Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone in period drama. Prince Edward, 2nd week.
- ★★ A Man to Remember. Fine study of small-town doctor. Embassy, 2nd week.
- ★★ The Cowboy and the Lady. Gary Cooper grand in artificial comedy romance. Regent, 2nd week.

honors go to Clive Brook, who gives an exceptional performance as Sir Hubert Ware, left over from the age of belted spenders and hopelessly involved with debt and divorce. At the critical moment his wealthy brother-in-law is drowned in the fish pond; the money his wife comes into saves him, then he is accused of murder.

All the English is very, very English, clipped and studiously drained of untoward emotion.

Barry K. Barnes as the excruciatingly noble young barrister who loves Lady Ware, but saves her husband from the gallows, and Jane Baxter as the Lady, almost clip themselves out of hearing—State; showing.

## ★ TYPHOON

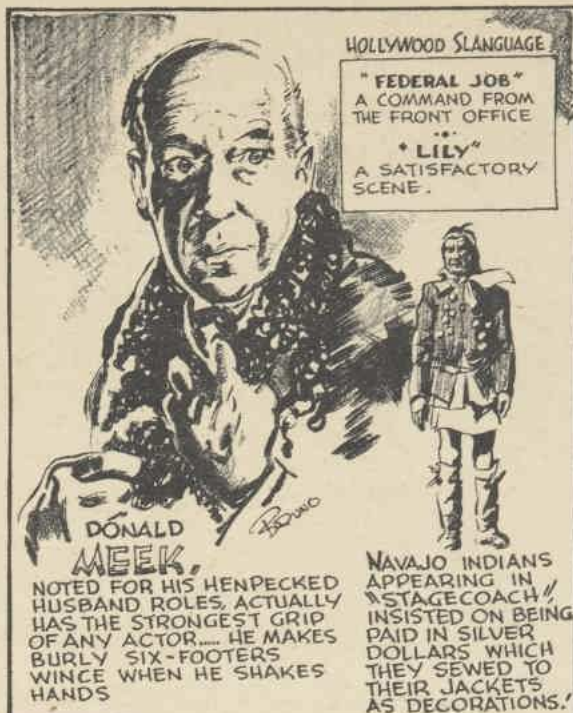
Charles Bickford, Barton MacLane. (Universal.)

TWO-PISTED ocean drama from start to finish. "Typhoon" deals mainly with the rip-roaring adventures of wireless operator Charles Bickford—who nearly gets left behind in every port.

The film combines three or four plots with average success—but the

# SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



**NOTED FOR HIS HENPECKED HUSBAND ROLES, ACTUALLY HAS THE STRONGEST GRIP OF ANY ACTOR—HE MAKES BURLY SIX-FOOTERS WINCE WHEN HE SHAKES HANDS**

**NAVAJO INDIANS APPEARING IN "STAGECOACH" INSISTED ON BEING PAID IN SILVER DOLLARS WHICH THEY SEWED TO THEIR JACKETS AS DECORATIONS.**

# Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York, and BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood.

**WENDY HILLER**, brilliant star of "Pygmalion," has a baby daughter. Wendy is in private life Mrs. Ronald Gow, and it will be July before she is ready to make her next picture.

**HATTIE MCDANIEL**, delightful colored actress, drew the important role of the "mammy" in "Gone With the Wind." The buxom Hattie, whose infectious chuckle has brightened many a Hollywood film, was once on the stage, and won fame for her portrayal of the colored "mammy" in "Show Boat," a role she later repeated in the screen version of the popular musical.

spectacular action excuses the uneven continuity.

Bickford battles through the tragedy of losing his best friend, operator Preston Foster, in an iceberg wreck; he watches another ship blow to pieces through fire; he ends up with the "Typhoon" itself, helping the nurse whom he hates do an emergency operation upon his dangerously-ill young brother—and save the boy. In this sequence the storm scenes outside are vividly contrasted with the drama of life-saving in the wireless cabin. Situation is reminiscent of "King of Alcatraz"—but who is to say which film was made first?

Bickford himself does a grand job, leaping into fist-fights and perils with thorough zest. Barton MacLane, on the other hand, makes a colorless figure of the villainous sea-captain who is Bickford's menace throughout. Youngsters Richard Cromwell and the nurse, Nan Grey, are a satisfactory pair, and their romance has a happy ending.

When you are avid of action—this is your entertainment—Lyceum and Capitol; showing.

## OLD IRON

Tom Walls. (Gaumont-British-Dominions.)

TOM WALLS plays a serious role for the first time in years, and as a blustering, domineering old ship-owner he completely dominates this picture.

The story itself is unimportant, concerned as it is with the bickerings, private and business, of Tom Walls. He spells his new characterisation by relapsing into his most familiar tricks.

The film has its moments, but not enough of them.—Victory; showing.

THE casting of "Gone With the Wind" is nearly completed. Olivia de Havilland won the role of Melanie, for which so many others, including Janet Gaynor, were considered.

Laura Hope Crews will play Aunt Pitty Pat.

The part of Gerald O'Hara has not yet been cast, but an interesting possibility is William Farnum, who was so popular a star in the silent screen days.

NOW that all rumors of a Tene-Crawford reconciliation have been quashed by the initiation of divorce proceedings, we may learn whether there is anything in Joan's romance with (a) Cesar Romero, (b) Randolph Scott (c) Dick Cromwell, or anything in the latest rumor that she will remarry Doug. Fairbanks, jun. Have your pick!

CHARLES BOYER is first choice for the male lead in Deanna Durbin's next picture, "First Love," and is expected to sign a contract for the film any day now. Hollywoodites regard the Durbin pictures as "good bets"—she hasn't had a failure to date.

# LOTTERY LUCK

## HOW TO WIN

### ASTROLOGER'S ADVICE

THERE is luck in lotteries. Some people win many times, others only once. Some win the first time they take a ticket; others take a hundred tickets before they win.

Readers who want to know their lucky days and numbers are invited to send the date, month and year of their birth to Pandit Asrah, whose astrological knowledge has already helped thousands.

Others who have done this write: Mrs. R. ... Turramurra: "Having tested the astrologer's advice, I backed five firsts, and have been lucky in winning. To me it was astonishing."

Mrs. L.M. Enfield: "Received reading, which was really wonderful. You are a clever astrologer. Your ten simple rules on 'How to be Lucky' are splendid, and I have never had such hope and inspiration."

There is a \$1000 guarantee that these are genuine extracts from letters available for inspection. Attach a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope to this paragraph, with the date, month and year of your birth, and send it to-day to Pandit Asrah, Desk NAWA, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

By return mail you will receive the days and numbers which, according to the stars, are lucky, also ten simple rules on "How to Be Lucky." You can have your money back if you are not satisfied.



If your lipstick gives you that glaring painted look—it isn't Tangee! For Tangee can't paint. It isn't paint. Instead, by its magic Color Change Principle, it brings out your own natural loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Makes your lips live with youthful alluring color. Use Tangee today. Your friends will approve.



# Quick, Sure Cure for Dandruff

Do not waste time and money obtaining temporary relief from this dangerous disease. Cleanse all dandruff out rapidly and thoroughly with Epsom. This wonderful hair wash, containing sea salt and pure olive oil, will definitely remove every scrap of dandruff entirely from the head. Epsom prevents the hair falling, and is specially recommended for washing dry, permed, or children's hair. Just two washes will cleanse all "cradle cap" from baby's head. Epsom makes a rich, delicately perfumed lather, and sufficient to wash the hair a considerable time costs only 1/6. Obtainable from all chemists throughout New South Wales. Elliott's and Aus. Drug Pty. Ltd., Distributors.

## THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8. Matinee, Wed., Sat., at 2. The Most Discussed Play of the Decade. "THE WOMEN." With New York's Distinguished Actress, Irene Purcell, and a cast of 40 women.

TWICE DAILY  
2.30 & 8

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# The secret of good health

The secret of good health lies in the correct regulation of your system. Take a sparkling, invigorating glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning. Eno will cleanse the system, purify the blood-stream and help the body to function properly.

ENO IS DIFFERENT because

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Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9



## FEET FEEL ON FIRE?



If feet prosper and complain with every step you take—if you feel you've got red-hot pokers in your shoes you can blame Stale Foot Acid! This dangerous Acid first forms in the pores. Your feet have 3000 of these pores to the square inch of skin. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning feet are cooled and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/9 per packet.

# RADOX

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It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and many Testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."

## Betty's "racey" narratives

### Aurie's Star Shone Too Brightly For Oakleigh Plate Opposition

By Telegram from BETTY GEE in Melbourne

Oakleigh Plate Day and here I am in Melbourne having a very good time, thank you, with all the autumn racing ahead.

I haven't won a fortune yet, but I have hopes of doing a little better than balancing the budget before I return.

I don't envy the three owners of Ajax at all.

I saw Ajax win his 15th successive race on Saturday.

The few backers who did get on had to lay 7 to 2 on. That means £7 out of your bag to get only £9 back.

And look at the tote divvies.

People who put £1 on him straight out got back £14, and for a place tote bet £1/2 was returned for every pound invested.

The thing's becoming ridiculous.

Of course, I'll admit Ajax has won £25,175 in prize-money, and that'd be a nice nest-egg for a person like myself without the necessity to bet on him, but, after all, what's the good of owning the best gambling machine in Australia and not being able to put a six-penny token in it yourself.

I couldn't pick the Oakleigh Plate winner, but I have kept my head above water. I invested ten shillings on the only horse I knew in the hurdle race, Frassadale, from Sydney, at 8 to 1, and he won by a head.

You might think that sheer luck, and not judgment, but I simply had to follow my money after having lost on him when Lord Belmont beat him a head at Randwick on January 28.

Being so fond of rare things, I invested my £1 on Limerick Lace for the first Federal Stakes, but I had

hardly got on when old Mr. Jim Scobie tipped me his Lussan for a saver, and so I had ten shillings each way on the tote.

It turned out a topsy-turvy business, because, while Lussan won, Limerick Lace was the one I should have place-toted.

We were all on the Sydney colt, Beaucare, for the Second Federal Stakes, because he was supposed to be thrown in with a stone or so below his weight, whatever that means.

But, if a horse can't run fast, what's the good of his having the best of the handicap.

It cost me £1 to find this out.

### Won't Believe Them

They can argue themselves blue in the face about handicapping in future, and I'll simply put my sunshade up.

Nobody seemed to know for certain whether Buzalong or Respiator would win the Bond Handicap, so I supposed the only thing a girl could do was to back both, and I had £4 to £2 about Buzalong, and £8 to £2 about Respiator, and, of course, providence had to rescue the bookie from my clutches by making Buzalong the winner.

I made a bee-line for the tote for the Oakleigh Plate. I knew they thought the New Zealand, Diadon, was past the post, so I put £1 each way on her, and then I got such a lecture from a girl from Adelaide

staying at our hotel, about Unshak, who comes from the City of Churches, that I put £1 each way on him, too.

What a funny name.

But he can carry it fast, and he was in front all the way until about the last ten strides, and Aurie's Star and Pamela headed him, but I shrieked out to his jockey to keep him going for third money because of my tote ticket, and he must have heard me because he did, and the judge gave him third, but Diadon was only about an eyelash away fourth.

### Ajax Easily

Nearly everybody went to afternoon tea whilst waiting for the St. George Stakes. There was nothing else to do, with no betting on Ajax except at 4 to 1 on.

The bar did a great trade, too, I believe.

People who said Manolive would stretch Ajax's neck slipped down from the stands before the race was over.

They saw him drop back last after trying to go with the champion for three furlongs, so there was nobody to argue with.

Nobody can expect to pick a winner from 21 starters, so I went to the tote for my Keeping Watch investment in the last race, and handed the lady £1 each way.

Maurice McCarten must have forgotten Keeping Watch had 10/1 on his back, or did he think he was driving his powerful car in which he came from Sydney to Melbourne in nine and three-quarter hours.

Anyway, he was in front two furlongs from home, mark you, but just weakened and was beaten a neck and head into third place.

## GIRLIGAGS



About next Saturday at Caulfield.

I've got the big tip about Baveon for the St. Clair Trial, and you can be with me.

It's a good each-way bet at long odds.

And, talking of sitters, that's what Spear Chief is in the Wood-cliff Handicap if he starts. Don't buy anything yet for autumn wear. Put it on Spear Chief, and buy something three times as good with the winnings.

There's a stalemate of Ajax called Wilson saved up for the Alma Stakes on Saturday.

## Girls' keen interest in world affairs . . .

### Show wider knowledge than boys till they are sixteen

Girls up to the age of sixteen have a better grasp of political, international, and social problems of the day than boys of the same age. But when they pass sixteen the positions are reversed.

That is the opinion of Mr. Charles Cousens, of 2GB, after having studied thousands of letters from children of both sexes.

FOR the "Children's Newspaper" which Mr. Cousens conducts over 2GB each evening, he has accumulated an enormous audience of children. To them he presents in the simplest form the news of the moment, both Australian and overseas, with particular emphasis on international and social problems.

During the four years the session has been on the air he has had a unique opportunity of finding out how much interest is taken by children and adolescent youth in the problems of the day.

"By classifying the thousands of letters I have received each year," Mr. Cousens told The Australian Women's Weekly, "I have discovered one or two rather interesting facts."

"For example, among girls and boys up to the age of 16, I have definitely established that the girls are considerably ahead of the boys in their grasp of international affairs and of social problems generally."

"This is particularly interesting when studied in relation to the adult world, which shows that after the age of 21 or so the boys forge rapidly ahead in their interest and their general grasp of what I may broadly term news and general social problems."

"The older girls, on the contrary, show a marked loss of interest in general affairs, and a correspondingly keen interest in what may be called biographical news—that is, in personalities."

"Another comparison of the boys and girls between 12 and 16 years of age is interesting—with few exceptions girls are much better than boys in art work, poetry, and literary work on general subjects."

"As an example of what I mean, the subject of a recent competition which I set was: 'Is Democracy Possible Without a Real Religion?'"

"Some of the replies which I received from boys were really fine, but the girls were very definitely superior, both in the manner of pre-



MR. CHARLES COUSENS, who conducts the 2GB "Children's Newspaper."

sentation of their arguments, and in the basis of those thoughts.

"On the other side of the picture, however, in the group from 12 to 16 years of age, the boys, as a whole, show an aptitude for engineering and mechanics which is really astonishing."

"It seems to me that the 'handiness' and practical ability of the average Australian man, which are such a constant source of astonishment to visitors, really constitute a deep-rooted national trait."

"One other prophecy I would like to make," he added.

"There is a first-class Australian authoress just feeling her wings at Vauclose, and there is a poetess at Comboyne who will one day wear with distinction the mantle of 'Banjo' Paterson and the other great writers of Australian verse."

Mr. Cousens' "Children's Newspaper" session is broadcast from 2GB at 6 p.m. from Monday to Saturday.

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Sunlight is true soap economy—because its perfect purity means extra safety for your linen and its extra rich lather goes twice as far. Write for copy of Illustrated Gift List which shows the full range of Sunlight Gifts available in 1939.

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Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strip bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (TOWN HALL END) SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out the form below, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops. Address to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 430 Y.Y., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

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# HONOLULU'S BEACH GIRLS ...

AUSTRALIAN surf men are going to Honolulu to compete against crack Hawaiian surf-board stars. Suppose, instead of our men, Hawaii had challenged our surf girls? How would they compare with Honolulu's famous bathing beauties?

The Australian Women's Weekly asked its Honolulu representative, John Williams, to answer the question. "Well," he said, "Honolulu has one advantage. It is a holiday resort for the beauties of Hollywood and American society. But as I remember Sydney beaches — I think you would win."



SURF-BOARD RIDING was invented in Hawaii. Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaiian swimmer, introduced it here.



WAIKIKI BEACH is famous. So is its Royal Hawaiian Hotel. "Along the shaded promenade," says John Williams, "you can see at almost any hour of the day some of the loveliest women of America."



TYPICAL Waikiki girl is Alice Aldrite. In California, an occasional Hawaiian trip is the social thing to do.



ROCHELLE HUDSON, like other Hollywood film stars, trim in her swim-suit, decorates Waikiki promenade. "But," says John Williams, "many of their swim-suits were never meant for swimming."



# PICTURES OF A



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By Scientific Treatment  
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Discovery Succeeds even in  
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**SPECIAL MAIL SERVICE FOR  
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Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling night, dizziness, Gout and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way start a course of **DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS**, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure. Menthols banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality. **Month's Pack, 5/6. 12 Days' Pack, 3/6.** At your chemist.

**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**

## WHERE WOMEN are sold for Sea Shells

If, instead of shedding gallons of tears in your youth over the pages of Louisa May Allcott and the "Katie" books, you rushed goggle-eyed through your brother's adventure stories you will enjoy reading "The Men and Birds of Paradise," by A. J. Marshall.

**MR. MARSHALL'S** book is a serious description of New Guinea, its value to the British Empire, economically and strategically, its tribes, tribal customs, birds and animals.

But in spite of, or perhaps because of, all these ingredients it is an adventure story well worth reading.

On a journey into Dutch New Guinea the author scales perilous cliffs on ladders made from creepers by the natives, fords a flooded river on an improvised raft, misses a few crocodiles by inches, is attacked by leeches in the forest, stays with the "salt water people," whose houses are built on stilts in the water, and is nearly blown out of bed in a storm.

In the wildest part of Dutch New Guinea he is the guest of a Chinese missionary and his wife. His host assembles a four-poster bed for him to sleep in.

In Hollandia, where there is only one white resident, the Dutch controller, they grow pineapples, bananas and pawpaws in their front gardens and "if there is any room left they plant lovely orchids gathered in the jungle."

"A mountain stream supplies Hollandia with water. It runs in clean shallow canals down each side of the streets."

"When the meals are over the women carry the crockery out into the front and wash it in the communal stream in the street."

"It was washing-day when I arrived, and the dark-eyed ladies were busy with the clothes amid tremendous gossip and chatter."

Women's fashions made Hollandia a large and prosperous trade centre before the war. Even laws forbidding the importation of ospreys and bird of paradise plumes did not stamp out the fashion in feathers in all countries.

It was women's fickle fashion sense, Mr. Marshall says, which finally ended the cruel slaughter of the birds and ended Hollandia's prosperity.

"Everybody—Government officials, mission priests, planters and plain drifters—dabbled in feathers and made easy money."

"Osprey plumes were at one time worth one hundred pounds per pound."

"On sunny days long trestle-tables were slung outside the Chinese stores, laden with thousands of pounds' worth of plumes airing in the sun."

"The bird of paradise trade," Mr. Marshall says, "was no more cruel than any other in which animals must be killed, but the trade in osprey plumes—the delicate plumes of the snow-white heron—was one of the filthiest pursuits invented."

"The plumes of the egret are at their best in the breeding season. It was then that the birds of both sexes were killed. After the death of their parents thousands of helpless baby egrets suffered a lingering death from starvation."

If feathers became fashionable again the birds of paradise and white herons would be safe from the hunters' guns for some years. The fashion died so suddenly that there are still thousands of pounds' worth of feathers in storage in the world's capitals.

Mr. Marshall frequently compares the character, customs, and mode of living of our "brown brothers" with those of white people. In the comparison the "brown brother" nearly always wins.



THE YOUNG SCIENTIST, A. J. Marshall, who wrote "The Men and Birds of Paradise," with two of the natives who accompanied him on his expeditions.

Women do most of the work in all tribes—making the pottery sossips (saucepans) which provide a lucrative barter trade, fishing, cooking, and bringing up their children. But they are happy, he says, because they have never known any other life and are free of many of the problems and disadvantages with which white women have to contend.

Tambu shell is the native currency among most inland tribes. Without it no man may win a wife. "There is a complicated ritual of gift-making by the young man to the girl's relatives at betrothal, marriage, and first pregnancy. The number of a man's wives is usually limited by his wealth in shell and other worldly treasures. Less enterprising savages may never obtain a wife, or at the best an old, widowed hag of little use in the gardens."

Shell plays no part, however, in the wedding arrangements of the coastal tribes. "All the shell in the lake would not purchase a salt-water maiden. Here there is an amicable exchange of sisters."

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"All the shell in the lake would not purchase a salt-water maiden. Here there is an amicable exchange of sisters."

### Exchange Sisters

"THAT is, a man swaps his sister for another man's sister. If a man has two or three sisters he is in a very strong position—he can get an equal number of wives to cook and garden and keep house. "If he has no sister then it is just too bad. Sometimes he is unable to marry at all."

But there is one way out. "He may wait until his elder brother's girl-baby grows up, and then, if his brother is willing, he can exchange her in advance for some other maiden."

Births never take place in the mother's own home. The mother goes to a women's hut which is the native counterpart of a midwifery home. Babies are brought up with natural feeding until they are two or three years old, and the birth of children is spaced—a method of rearing a family that many modern maternity experts advocate.

When twins are born, the Wapig rarely allows both to survive. They are considered unnatural.

If one is a girl, that is the one killed. If the pair are of the same sex, the first-born is usually allowed to live. "A child is killed," Mr. Marshall says, "as casually as we might drown a puppy."

Mr. Marshall introduces you to some of the white men he met in New Guinea. There is Charlie Gough, the storekeeper at Aitape, "prematurely snow-white, open-faced, with the word 'battled' stamped all over him."

Wally Hook is a recruiter, and the best-known person in the north country because he has the best library for five hundred miles around. He lends his books to everybody within a radius of a hundred miles.

Claude, the radio man, sings sentimental ballads. Alf Belfield, an old gold prospector, is so tough that he "pulls out his own teeth with pincers and a downward blow of a strong right hand."

"The Men and Birds of Paradise," by A. J. Marshall. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

## DO YOU KNOW?

**TEETH were GOLD FILLED 1,000 YEARS AGO!**

FILLING OF TEETH WITH GOLD FOIL IS RECORDED IN THE OLDEST KNOWN BOOK OF DENTISTRY "ARTZNEY BUCHLEIN" PUBLISHED IN 1530, WHICH QUOTES A FILLING OPERATION OF MESUE (A.D. 875) PHYSICIAN TO THE CALIPH HAROUN AL RASCHID

### YOUR TEETH HAVE LESS ENAMEL THAN A CHILD'S

DENTISTS SAY your teeth have less enamel than a child's—and recommend KOLYNOS. Kolynos removes the germ-laden bacteria film from the teeth safely and thoroughly. KOLYNOS protects delicate enamel and makes your teeth sparkle with new whiteness.



### DENTAL HYGIENE Halts grim reaper

Tests by Dr A.C. Fones on 2,000 school children at Bridgeport, U.S.A. show that after dental hygiene had prevailed for 5 yrs. Diphtheria deaths were reduced by 18%—Measles deaths were reduced by 20%—and Scarlet Fever deaths were reduced by 14%.

### Half inch of KOLYNOS enough

KOLYNOS IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE YOU CAN BUY AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES—BECAUSE YOU NEED ONLY HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH. KOLYNOS IS SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, signs a contract with  
 Granite Films, of which the director is  
**FLEMING:** Another of Fleming's stars is  
**SONNY:** A noted boy actor, but an extremely bad-tempered

and spoiled child. One day when Sonny is walking  
 in the grounds of his parents' home, some small boys  
 from the neighborhood ask him to play with them. He  
 answers rudely and they climb the fence, choosing one  
 of their number, Whitey, to fight him. NOW READ ON





## Nervous People Avoid Breakdown

Amazingly successful Nerve Vitalizer Ends Nervy Days, Sleepless Nights.

Thousands of formerly hopeless men and women, caught in the treacherous trap of nervous exhaustion, have found joy and swift lasting relief in a marvellous nerve vitalizer from across the seas. It is called Phosphorated Iron. Many say that they have been saved from a breakdown or complete collapse by this famous combination of phosphorus and iron. Phosphorated Iron's powerful upbuilding of the nervous system is quickly felt through your whole being... you think more clearly—sleep is more sound and restful—nervous stomach goes. Your whole outlook on life changes. Try Phosphorated Iron now. Its whole goodness is concentrated in tablets. You simply take two with each meal. Ask any chemist for Phosphorated Iron to-day.

## Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any good chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oil (full strength). Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed, and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.

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*with Pears Tonic Action*

Feel the glorious exhilaration of a wash with Pears'. Feel the lovely glow in your cheeks... the silky smoothness of your skin. That's the effect of Pears' tonic action... so stimulating and refreshing to cells and tissues, it gives your complexion vital, radiant beauty. Every cake matured for months... reaching slowly but surely the purity of Pears'.

**Pears**  
ORIGINAL  
TRANSPARENT SOAP

Now only 6D. City and a tablet. Suburbs

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### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



I GOT home in time to say good-night to the children. Then I went down to dinner, and to all familiar things that are home. Tiny looked at me very quietly, and said out of a clear sky:

"Joe, I want you to go and see that girl."

Tiny knew. She had known all along, and she is too fine a person for blustering denials. She likes truth. She deserves it, and—except for just once—she has got it from me. I stood up and came over to her chair:

"How do you know she wants to see me?"

"I can't answer that. But you can."

We looked at each other a long, long time, seeing far down into each other's eyes. We saw the years behind us, and all their goodness, and then I said:

"All right, I'll go."

Tiny sighed. I think she was glad that much was over.

Charlotte and I arranged to meet in the Central Station in Glasgow at six o'clock one evening. I had my car filled with petrol and oil the night before. It would take me all my time to do the journey in the time, and I said to Tiny that night:

"I'm leaving very early in the morning."

"All right. I'll get your breakfast for you, dearest."

"Tiny, don't do that," I said. "Please don't do that."

"Why should to-morrow be different from any other day?"

## Some Kind of Twilight

Continued from Page 5

I didn't say any more. I thought I would get up early and get away quietly without disturbing Tiny, but it was she who woke. She had breakfast ready when I got down, and we sat together.

"What do you want for supper?" she said.

"Supper? I'll be gone two days."

Then her face went grey, as it does when she's dead tired, and I knew she could feel her world dropping out from under her feet.

"Oh, it is as far as that?"

"It's a long way."

"Tell me where it is, Joe. Don't you want to tell me?"

"Of course," I said. "Glasgow."

"Glasgow." She was just thinking of the trip, then, and how to make it easier for me. "That's a wretched drive in that little car. You'd better eat some more. Please eat some more."

I got up and put my arms around her shoulders.

"Tiny," I said. "I'm sorry. But I can't help it. I swear I can't help doing this, even though I know how wonderful you've been."

Her face tightened in a cloudy little smile.

Then she reached up and put my tie straight and said: "Good-bye, dearest!"

A FEW miles out of Liverpool I stopped the car, scared of what I was going to do, because of the people it would injure.

Over in the direction of the airport a big plane was circling, its motor roaring in the still air. All of a sudden it came to me what I could do, and that I could do nothing else, and I drove to the airport as fast as I could.

I knew George Poland would be there. I called him over to the car.

"Look here, George, can you take me to Glasgow straight away, and get me back before six to-night?"

"Of course I can. Are you ready now?"

"Yes."

I wired Charlotte I would be there in two hours, and we took off. We made good time, and it didn't seem long before we landed.

"I'll meet you here at three this afternoon, George," I said.

He was talking to someone about the weather. Then he turned and said:

"Make it earlier than that if you can. The weather reports aren't too good."

"I can't make it any earlier, George," I said, and left him.

I had never seen Charlotte in daylight.

I had never seen her except for ten minutes that night nearly two months ago.

The station was full of people, and the only one I saw was Charlotte Martin. She was standing near a ticket office, looking straight ahead, waiting.

My mouth felt as dry as usual. I said "Hallo," and she turned and saw me, and no one ever looked at me like that. It was like coming face to face with the reality of something you have always been certain was only a dream. Her lips trembled, and she said "Hallo," but you couldn't have heard her voice a foot away.

"You're Joe," she said. "You are! You're Joe."

We stood there looking and looking at each other, and not saying anything. Then, after a long time we shook hands.

"What do you want to do?" she said.

"I want to go somewhere alone with you."

She looked at the station clock.

"How long?"

"About four hours."

"All right." She took my arm and held it tight against her side, and we went out to her car, and she said: "You drive, because I want to look at you."

We drove out into the country to a place Charlotte remembered since she was a little girl. It was a place in the trees by a little stream that came tumbling down from the high hills all round us. We sat down under a tree, and every now and then a brown leaf would spill through the branches and float away downstream. I lay on my back and put my arm over my eyes.

"I'm sorry I came," I said. "I'm terribly sorry I drove down that road that night."

After a long while she said:

"I'm glad it wasn't raining," and picked up my hand and held it against her lips.

"Charlotte."

"Yes?"

"How do you feel about all this?"

"Trapped."

We would say things like that, and then be still for minutes on end, and the time ticking away, and me with my arm over my eyes, and she beside me leaning against the tree in this place where she had been a little girl.

"Do you love Tiny very much, very much?" she asked.

"Yes—but it's not like this."

"I love my husband very, very much, too," she said. "But it's not like this. Nothing is like this."

I heard the wind high up in the tree, and I heard a lot of leaves come down, whacking against the branches. I thought of what George had said about the bad weather report, but this morning seemed a thousand years away.

"I wish I could see your son, Joe. What is he like?"

"Skinny. Tow-headed. Big, round eyes."

The wind hit the trees hard, and some small, dead branches fell.

"Did you tell Tiny you were coming here?"

"Yes—but not how."

We listened for a while to the sound of the stream, and Charlotte said:

"Why don't you look at me? I'm looking at you as hard as I can."

"If I do, I'll love you too much. And if I open my eyes I'll look at my watch, too, and I'll hate that too much." But I opened them just the same, and it was just like I said. "When did you begin to love me?" I asked her.

"That night when you said it would spoil something if one of us said the wrong thing. When did you?"

"That night, when I turned on the dashboard light and saw you."

I laughed.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Did it sound like laughing? It felt like ashes. I was thinking of the people we know who are somebody—people this could wreck. You see, there's all these roots, years deep. There's their habit and serenity. There's Julie and Tommy, and Ash and Tiny, and your husband, and their habit of dependence on us. And I can say to myself now that none of this matters, when always it has mattered most. Now there is just you—Charlotte Martin—and nothing else is any good."

She looked down into my eyes.

"THIS is to-day and it's such a happy, happy day."

"Except when—when you think about it." I leaned on my elbow and looked close at the grass. A worm was climbing a stem and I picked him off and put him on my coat sleeve, and he began crawling up it.

"Don't hurt him, Joe."

"I wouldn't hurt anything."

"What do you mean?"

"You can't hurt anything when you love someone."

"Yes! Oh, yes—yes—yes, you can!" Tears welled up in her eyes. "We hurt them all—every one. I can't understand it. Oh, Joe—I can't understand."

I held her hand.

"Don't think about it, and I won't."

"We're both thinking about it all the time."

I looked at my watch.

"I've got to go."

"How—how can you go?" She spoke as though it were something neither of us could believe or stand, as though something impossible were going to happen.

"I don't know how I can go," I said. "But I think it will be like this: I'll walk up to the road, and stop the first car I can, and get a lift in to where I can get a taxi."

"I'll take you."

"I wish you wouldn't take me."

"Why?"

"BECAUSE I want to remember you here. The last time we see each other I wish it could be here, where you were little."

Suddenly she lay face down on the grass.

"But I—I want to be with you just a little longer."

I bent over and put my lips against her hair and closed my eyes. When I opened them again I looked at my watch, and it made me feel hollow.

"It's time," I said. "I've got to go."

She stood up, but she didn't look at me. Three or four times she tried hard to say something. Her lips would form words, but the words didn't come. At last she said:

"I've dreamed of doing things to make you happy, things you wanted, little things—and I don't even know what the things are, and you're going, and—I'll never know."

I put my hands on her shoulders, and she shrank away. Her eyes were tight shut, and she said:

"You'd better not kiss me."

"Why?"

"It won't be so easy if you kiss me."

"I know it," I said, and held her hand and kissed her.

She stretched up her arms the way she had done that night in the starlight. She was trembling, trying to hold on to this instant for ever.

She said: "Oh, Heaven, don't let this die! Don't let this die!"

I looked back at her just once. She was standing there against the tree, her face dead white, her hands clenched at her sides. Her expression—I don't know what it was like. I think it was like some kind of twilight.

At the airport, George Poland said: "Do you want me to take a chance? The weather reports' not too good."

I climbed into the plane beside him.

"I'd go if it was night, and fog a mile thick, and ice forming on the wings," I said. "I'd go if it was the last thing I ever did."

We took off, and the wind knocked us all over the sky.

George Poland was the busiest man in the world. An aldracht knocked us down through the bottom of the cloud into white sunlight, and George pulled up just in time to keep us out of the tree-tops, but the air had smoothed out before we landed.

I went across to the hangar and cleaned up. Then I got in my car, and at a quarter to seven I was in my own house.

Tiny sat in the big wing chair by the fireplace. Tommy was curled in her lap, and she was reading King Arthur to him. She heard me, and turned.

"Joe! You didn't go! You didn't!"

"No."

She was in my arms, and saying against me: "I knew you wouldn't! I knew it!"

I held her tighter than ever before. I whispered to her things that had meaning only for us, and that were part of our life. And she kept saying, over and over:

"Why? Joe, tell me why you didn't go?"

"Because the only thing I ever produced is your confidence in me—yours, and the kids', and Ash's. Because I love you."

She threw her arms up around my neck, and I put my face against her hair. I knew it was for ever, and I was glad.

I'm sure I was glad. But all I could see with my eyes open, or tight shut, was the look in Charlotte's face when we said good-bye in that place where she had been a little girl. I don't know what it was like, but I think it was some kind of twilight.

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# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.



## Cooma Picnics Will Be Gay

THE Slim Bennetts, of Carinya, Cooma, were in town last week finalising details for Cooma Picnic Races, which will be held this Friday at the Monaro course, about four miles out of the township. Slim has been the club's popular president for several years, but this will be Colleen Bennett's first year as official hostess, as their marriage took place only a few months ago.

The Carinya house-party will include Slim's niece, Pamela Darling, of Double Bay; Margaret Fielding Jones, Claude Healy, Colin Hall, and Pat Hardie.

Other "regulars" who will be there again this year include Allison Campbell, who is now a guest at Delegate station; the Gordon McKays of Wallendibby, Delegate; Carl and Joyce Massey, of Severn Park; and Audrey Wilkinson, of Strathfield, who will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Eulie Hain.

There will be great fun at the race ball on Friday night at the Weintraubs, of Prince's Restaurant, who will provide the music.

## Super New Car

DR. and Mrs. Laurie Moxham are driving round these days in a lovely pale grey car, Laurie's latest gift to his bride. Mrs. Laurie confesses that so far driving a car is not one of her strong points, but says she hopes, with a spot of perseverance, to become expert ere long. The Moxhams have just settled into a temporary home, a furnished flat overlooking the pier at Rose Bay.

## Popular Visitor

POPULAR Mrs. Carlyle Taylor's many friends are glad she is making this visit from London, a little less fleeting than the last one. You remember, she dashed back to England after only a week or so here. With her mother, Mrs. Arthur Schute, she has just moved into a flat in Edgecliff House, after spending several weeks at Fifty-Two.

In town is attractive Mrs. Peter Poole, buying school clothes for her son. She is staying with her mother, Lady Knox, at 52 Macleay Street, where, for the time being, Lady Knox is making her home.

## Leaving for Moss Vale

MRS. TOM DONKIN and Barbara, flitting at Rose Bay since their return from Tambar Springs—they were staying with the Claude Donkins when a particularly trying heat wave sent them gasping back to town—will leave shortly for Moss Vale.

The Wallace Robinsons, who have been occupying their home there for the summer months, will return to Gundagai at the end of the month.

ATTRACTIVE LINDSAY SINCLAIR, whose wedding with Sam Osborne at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, this Tuesday, will be a big social event of the week, photographed with her three pretty bridesmaids. From the left: Peggy Buchanan, the bride, Daisy Osborne, and June Osborne.

## On the High Seas

SO Mrs. Norman Dangar has set out on her travels again. I gasped when I heard the news, for it seems only a few weeks since, with her son Peter, she returned from her last trip abroad. Now she is once more on the high seas with, I hear, her sister, Mrs. St. George Gore, as travelling companion, and England as their destination.

## Mrs. Archie Fleming's Plans

NAVAL wives do lead such unsettled lives. A few months ago Mrs. Archie Fleming dashed off to Colombo so as to be with her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Fleming, while his ship was stationed there. She left her two young sons, Christopher and Alastair, in Sydney with their grandmother, Mrs. A. L. A. Hawkes. She is back in Sydney again, but told me yesterday that she is leaving in April for England, taking Christopher and Alastair with her.

The Commander is still in the East Indies, and it is uncertain when he will be able to join his family. Mrs. Fleming's brother, John Hawkes, now makes his home in London.

At present she is staying with her mother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. George Dansey's house in Wallaroy Road, which they have taken while the Danseys are holidaying at Colaroy.

## Welcome to Archbishop

CHURCH organisations are busy preparing to welcome home the Archbishop (Dr. Mowll) and Mrs. Mowll, who return this Thursday by the Murella from a six months' tour of Europe, India, and the East Indies.

Two luncheons are arranged for this Friday, both at Farmer's. The Archbishop will be entertained by the Sydney Diocese in the Blandland Galleries, and at the same time—in the Oak Hall—Mrs. Mowll will be the guest of honor at the luncheon organised by the council and executive of the women's organisations of the diocese. She will be received by Mrs. Hey Sharp, who has been acting president.

## The Bride Will Wear Silver

LINDSAY SINCLAIR will make a charming bride when she weds Sam Osborne at St. Mark's this Tuesday. Instead of the usual white she will wear a silver gown, a model she brought back with her on her recent return from abroad. It will be offset by the soft blue frocks of her bridesmaids, who, incidentally, are all country girls. Daisy and June Osborne are cousins of Sam, and Peggy Buchanan, of Pokataroo, makes the third. Young Jeremy and Brigid Blyth, small nephew and niece of the bridegroom, will act as pages.

Lindsay told me she and Sam will leave for Jervis Bay after the reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. They will make their home at Redbank, Harden.

## On Heights of Bellevue Hill

THE REG GODDARDS, who have had a flat at Hillside, in Edgecliff Road, decided that not even the much-discussed domestic problem would keep them from housekeeping in a big way.

They have just moved into Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Booth's mansion on the heights of Bellevue Hill.

## Mrs. Alan Potter Returns

HAVE just heard that Mrs. Alan Potter will be home from abroad in time to grace the Easter race meetings, after nearly a year's travelling. If you remember, with her husband and young family she left last April by the Empress of Britain.

Now with her daughters, Susan and Barbara Rose, she's due in Sydney some time in March.

## To Wed in April

APRIL 19 is the date chosen by Molly Roger and John Birdsell for their wedding. It's to be at Muswellbrook, home town of the bride—an evening ceremony followed by a huge reception. The four bridesmaids, June Roger, Helen Humphries, Meg Truscot, and Ella Croudach, will be dressed alike in period frocks of blue taffeta.

I hear John and Molly will make their future home on family property at Scone, and will live in the charming house which was originally the country home of the late Sir Rupert Clarke and his wife, now the Countess of Beville.

## Round of Applause

THE Sydney Day Nurseries should benefit considerably from the fashion parade at the Australia last week. Social Sydney turned up in force. Members of the Younger Set helped with seating, and I noticed the two Sens, Joan and Lorraine, attractive June Chamberlain, and Margaret Cary hard at work. Heard Joan Wentworth saying they would make nearly £300 on the guessing competition alone.

Irene Purcell, star of "The Women," appeared on the dais in one super model and received a burst of applause. Marjorie Crossland paraded once of twice, too, and it amused me to hear her referred to as "that wretched woman—you know, the catty one in 'The Women.'"

## To Do Massage Course

THAT attractive sub-debutante, Pamela Holmes a'Court, does not consider the social round an "all-time job" at all, so she's thinking of doing a course of massage at the University.

## Innovations at Australian Club

THE Monterey brought Olive Hurt home again after a trip to England and America with, from all accounts, as much packed into her six months' jaunt as would take most people at least a year to accomplish.

By the way, do you know that when the Australian Club opens its new annexe Olive is to have the management of it, seeing that the wheels are oiled and running smoothly? Having decided to allow their womenfolk to invade their domain, members are doing the thing in style, making over the wing to them for their very own club, where they may be frivolous or grave at will.

It is now nearing completion, and should be ready for the grand opening in about three months' time.

## Organising Peter Pan Ball

PLANS are already well ahead for the annual ball in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten. This year it is to be called the Peter Pan Ball—remember the Naughty Nineties of last year? The committee, which so far has only had one meeting, has Mrs. Alexis Albert, Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mrs. Bill Crossland, and Mrs. Ernest Watt as some of her helpers.

Mrs. Albert tells me they haven't got properly started on the organising yet—they've another meeting this Wednesday—but it will be a dinner dance at Prince's on April 5, so it will coincide with lots of Easter gaieties. Easter-eggs, lucky ones, will play a big part.

# Enjoy Extra Money

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Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestives are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

**H**ELLEN did not come down to breakfast. The morning papers contained nothing new on the case. Once or twice the telephone had rung and Kate's heart had leaped into her throat, but it was only the butcher to say he had some nice trout if Mrs. Latimer would care for them, or the Lees wanting to make a bridge date with Freddie and Helen.

This morning Kate took the car with a free conscience, for Helen would have the use of Freddie's.

The courtroom was more crowded than usual, for everyone had speculated as to the defence; all the old faces were there, and some new ones. The court officials that Kate had come to know so well, the trooper at the door, the court stenographer sketching profiles while he waited. He waited a long time. Ten, half-past ten, a quarter to eleven. The crowd began to grow as restless as a first-night audience does when the curtain is late in going up. Kate heard Gertrude

Mason's over-emphatic voice ring out from somewhere in the back row: "I do wish they'd begin. I have a lunch date, and I must hear the opening of the defence." What was the matter? None of the principal figures was there—not Prince, or Mann, or the district attorney, or the prisoner, or the Judge.

Bumors began to spread. Dirty work of some kind—bribery. Had the jury been reached? . . . That was probably it—the little juror at the end who had asked the question about the brakes of the car. . . . No, no, it was worse. Someone said the Judge had just bought himself a brand-new house—a palace in the mountains. . . . Nonsense, it was a cabin for fishing, and he had had it twenty years. . . . No, it was the guards who had been bribed, and the prisoner had walked out of gaol last night, as cool as you please. To Kate, sitting with her chin in

## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 6

her hand, the delay became almost intolerable, for she knew that, in some way that she couldn't yet guess, she had occasioned it. What were they doing? Sending for Helen? Would she suddenly look up and see her sister being led in to stand her trial? She looked across at Mr. Harridge. He smiled back encouragingly. He knew less than she did.

Then the door into the Judge's room opened and everyone began to come streaming in. First, Mr. Prince, but no one could read anything in that calm face and high-level head. Then Mann, explaining something to the district attorney, but explaining with patient contempt, as if he hardly expected to make himself understood. Then, after a pause, the prisoner between his guards. At the sight of him, Kate felt suddenly sick. He was changed; for the first time the marks of suffering were visible. His features had sharpened, his eyes were sunk in his head, so that they seemed to shine like candles in a cave. What was the matter? She had tried to save him, to free him, and he looked as if he were desperate. There was only one possible explanation. He loved Helen, and Kate had proved to him that she was a liar and a cheat.

Last of all, the Judge entered in his robes, and the familiar cry, "All rise! Oyez, oyez, oyez, this court—" The Judge took his place on the bench and everyone sat down again. As soon as the room was silent, Prince rose slowly to his great height, and said, with his cool clear voice that was audible in every corner of the hushed room:

"May it please Your Honor, my client desires, with the permission of the court, to change his plea. He now wishes to plead guilty to the charge for which he is indicted."

A burst of talk broke out at this. Several reporters hurried out of the room to get to the nearest telephone. Behind her, Kate heard a man say: "Oh, it's just a racket. You'll find they've made a deal. A few months' sentence in exchange for a plea. There's justice for you."

**T**HE Judge beckoned to Crane, who came and stood before him. There was such a tumult that Kate, straining her ears, couldn't hear anything of the low-toned conversation going on between the Judge and the prisoner. What did it mean—that he had pleaded guilty? An innocent man with the proof of his innocence within his grasp.

The Judge suddenly became aware of the disorder in the court, and rapped loudly. He threatened to clear the court, and everyone became silent as if struck dumb. Out of this stillness, Kate heard his voice saying: "Is there any reason why the court should not proceed to sentence the prisoner?"

Again Prince rose to his feet, all suavity and calm. "I hope, Your Honor," he said, "that the court will take into consideration the fact that my client is very young, and has had hitherto an honorable standing in the community, and has saved the State the expense of a longer trial by his voluntary plea."

The New York lawyers might intimidate the district attorney, but they could make no impression on the Judge. "I entirely disagree with you, counselor," he said, peering at Prince through his glasses. "I disagree on all three counts. I do not consider twenty-six an age at which a man can plead extreme youth. I do not agree that his standing in the community has been an honorable one. Quite the contrary. Born to peculiar opportunities for doing good, his life has been one of drunkenness and dissipation. No evidence to the contrary was produced in this court. As to his plea of guilty, it comes at a moment to spare his counsel the embarrassment of opening a line of defence for him, but otherwise, in my opinion, it comes too late. . . . Ridley Crane, through your own self-indulgence, you have caused the death of a respected citizen of this county, and the grief and impoverishment of his family. In America to-day, drunken drivers of automobiles are taking a toll of life comparable to the casualties of battle. It is high time an example was made. You have done your part in making the highways of this State unfit for the purposes for which the taxpayers constructed them. The court sees no occasion whatsoever for leniency. I therefore sentence you to imprisonment in the State penitentiary for

a term of not less than five and not more than ten years, in the hope that it may not only reform your own character but may be an example to others."

The severity of the sentence took everyone by surprise—even Ridley. Kate saw him blink his eyes and draw back a little, as if someone had struck him. Then he managed to regain his blankness, folded his arms, raised his head.

On the whole, the audience was pleased with the climax. After all, people were equal under the law. No one could have had rougher handling than that. Now perhaps these young speed demons—Brantville justice—these city folks.

**K**ATE sat still until the court was almost empty. Ridley had not caught her eye, had not once looked in her direction, had forgotten her; she who had brought this whole thing upon him.

When she came out rather unsteadily into the sunshine, Mr. Harridge was waiting for her. Would she drive back with him? No, she had her own car. . . . Very well, then, he'd drive back with her and send the chauffeur home with his car. She did not speak. Ten years—how many days, how many hours? In ten years she would be twenty-seven—as old as Gertrude Mason's married sister—and Ridley would be nearly forty—an old man.

"Don't feel so badly, my dear," Harridge went on. "This is probably much the best thing he could have done. His chances of getting off were nil, and now, with a minimum sentence and time off for good behaviour, why, he may not be in prison more than three or four years."

She turned and looked at him. Four years? Four years ago she was in short dresses.

"And at least," he said, "you must see the brighter side of all this for you."

"The brighter side?" "Well, this is proof that your suspicions of Helen are quite untrue—just as I told you, Kate."

Yes, that was what everyone would think, of course. How happy Helen would be when she heard.

Mr. Harridge came in with her when she got home. She was glad of that. She felt she could not pronounce the words to give Helen the good news. Mrs. Latimer, in spectacles, was working at a piece of tapestry. Helen was arranging flowers in a silver bowl. Not much of a gardener when digging and weeding were required, Helen had a happy hand in the arranging of flowers.

Please turn to Page 39

*But surely I can't have 'B.O.'... I'm always having baths!*



**But..**

it takes more than a daily bath with ordinary soap to ensure you against "B.O." (Body Odour). Your skin pores must be cleansed thoroughly of every trace of stale perspiration. Only Lifebuoy will do this, because only Lifebuoy contains the special purifying health ingredient. Lifebuoy's penetrating lather cleans right into the pores... purifies them... leaves you confident of personal freshness.

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## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 38

MRS. LATTIMER, looking up, said as Kate entered: "You look quite washed out, my dear. No wonder, sitting all day in the hot courtroom. Madness, I call it. Oh, Stephen, I'm glad to see you."

"Well, Kitty, there won't be any more sitting in court. It's all over."

Helen turned with her arms still raised to her flowers. "It's over? What happened?"

"Ridley pleaded guilty."

"How very sensible," said Mrs. Lattimer.

Kate said between her teeth: "He was sentenced to ten years in the State prison."

"I really do feel sorry for him," said her mother, "but I can't forget that he did kill a man, and I was brought up in a generation that regarded killing as a serious matter."

"Well, Kitty, he didn't mean to do it, and ten years is a pretty harsh sentence."

"Don't you think there is a great deal of sentimentality about prisoners, Stephen?" Helen, dear, that other vase—the one with the zinnias in it—is simply forlorn."

Helen took up the vase in question and carried it out of the room without a word.

"You're staying to luncheon, I hope, Stephen."

The invitation, like so many, only served to remind Mr. Harridge that he must be going. Kate would have followed him to the door, but her mother stopped her.

"Kate," she said, very gently, "I want to speak to you. I haven't said anything before—I do make allowances, so does Helen—but now that it is all over and this unfortunate young man has confessed, I think, for the sake of your own self-respect, you ought to say something to Helen. You ought to express some regret for your extraordinary suspicions."

Kate stood staring at her mother. Her whole life was going to be like this. While her mother was still talking, she turned and left the room.

Helen wasn't in the little flower room; the vase of faded zinnias was standing there untouched. Kate went on upstairs. The door between the two rooms was shut. She opened it and went in. Helen, leaning against the door into the hall, was crying as Kate had never seen her cry before—shaken by sobs. Kate stood still and stared at her.

"Didn't you ever hear of knocking at a door?" Helen managed to say. No answer.

"What are you staring at?"

"At you. I never saw you cry before."

"You cry often enough yourself, goodness knows!"

"I was wondering why you were crying. Everything has come out just as you wanted it, hasn't it?"

Helen began to regain her self-control. "No, of course not. I don't want a young man like Ridley to go to prison. It's tragic."

"But not so tragic as if you went yourself."

"Oh, don't tell me you're going to start all that nonsense again."

"Nonsense! Did you dare to say nonsense?"

Helen was now quite herself: "Yes, I did. Surely, if he's confessed, you can't go on believing that I did it."

"I know you did it, and so does he. I saw him last evening."

HELEN'S hands, which had been moving upwards to wipe her eyes, were suddenly arrested at this news, and pressed against her mouth.

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him and Mr. Prince at the goal last night. That's why he confessed—to save you."

Kate savored the look of agony in her sister's face. "Listen, Helen, I know and he knows, but no one else will know. I'm not going to tell Mums or anyone, but I want you to understand that I shall always be thinking of what you have done."

Every time you complain of the food, I shall be thinking that you put him where the food is something you couldn't swallow; every time you lie down on that bed, I shall make you think of the sort of bed he is lying on; every time you go swimming, or playing tennis, or dancing, you will have to remember that you can do all these things because you let him suffer in your place, because you're a liar and a coward, and I despise you from the bottom of my heart."

The long silence that followed was broken by their mother's voice calling, clear and shrill: "Come, girls, lunch is ready."

Suddenly they became a unit to deceive their mother. Helen said, moving rapidly towards the bathroom to cool her red eyes: "Say I'm coming right down."

Kate went down obediently—her sister's deputy and confederate.

"Helen's coming right down, Mums. She was rather upset by the news."

Mrs. Lattimer did not answer. She could only have said that she herself was delighted that the whole incident was closed.

Kate and Mrs. Lattimer had finished the first course when Helen appeared. Cold water and powder had done much, but there were still traces of tears. She pushed away

her melon, and her mother said pleadingly: "Oh, do eat it, dear. I know they weren't good yesterday, but to-day they are really quite as you like them."

Kate's eyes turned on her, and Helen answered quickly: "They look delicious, Mums, only I'm not hungry."

Luncheon was hardly over before Gertrude Mason arrived. She was taking Helen to a tennis tournament in the neighborhood, but she had left herself plenty of time for a visit first.

She began at once: "What did you think of Ridley's pleading guilty? They say that Mann's fee was fifty thousand dollars for defending him, and then he pleads guilty. Father said he might better have given the money to the poor Turringtons. Ten years! Isn't it terrible? They say they fingerprint them and keep them under observation for two weeks, then assign them to regular work; only they don't wear stripes—not in this State they don't—but fingerprinted."

Imagine poor Ridley fingerprinted! Kate looked at her sister's slender, manicured hand lying on the table, and Helen suddenly moved it out of sight. "And they say that when they were taking him to the railroad station in the prison van the crowd nearly mobbed him. Aren't people terrible? Such publicity hounds!"

"I notice you were at the trial every day, Gertrude."

"Yes, Mrs. Lattimer, but I went as Ridley's friend. He has no family in this country, and I thought that a friendly face—And by the way, Helen, don't you think that we ought to make arrangements to visit him in prison?"

"Not Helen," insisted her mother firmly.

"I DON'T suppose there is anyone else to go," Gertrude went on, "and I thought it would be sort of interesting to see the inside of a prison."

"Do you think it would be interesting, Helen?" said Kate.

"Yes, rather—rather painful," Helen answered. She stood up. "Shall we be pushing off, Gertrude? I want to see that first match."

When they were gone, Mrs. Lattimer said to Kate: "I do wish Helen weren't so sensitive. She is taking all this terribly hard. Then, putting aside those serious considerations for less important ones, she asked kindly: 'And what were you going to do this afternoon, darling?'"

"I'm going to ride, Mums, and I may end up at the tournament."

"And if you want to ask anyone to lunch to-morrow—"

"Thanks, Mums, I might at that."

She had no intention of going to the tournament or anywhere else where she would see people and be obliged to talk.

She wanted to be alone. Never before had she exercised power, or felt any conscious desire to do so. Now she was intoxicated by the sight of Helen quailing before her, or bravely rallying so as not to quail before her. Thus must be her life for ten years—to remind Helen every day that she had killed a man—that though she had cheated the law the way of the transgressor was still hard. All her life Kate had been too kind-hearted, too pitiful. She had been the person who thought that the servant about to be dismissed hadn't meant any harm, who concealed the derelictions of her governess. But now she felt no pity at all; not even when, as the days passed, the lovely flush that made up half Helen's beauty began to fade from her cheeks. The change in Helen's appearance was commented upon one afternoon at a tea-party at the Lees'. Helen refused chocolate cake. "What, no chocolate cake? Helen must be in love," someone said loudly.

Kate saw Freddie Alcott color under his tan and glance quickly at Helen. Kate was cynically amused. Poor Freddie. So he thought he might be occasioning this interesting melancholy. How little he knew Helen if he thought she would ever stoop to so low as an already enslaved cousin. Kate knew her better than that.

Kate had always, since she was little, come unbidden to Helen's room whenever she could, in order to hear the doings of that greater world in which Helen lived. The older girl was a good reporter—one of those people who make the events of the day carry a human serial interest in the telling. But now the door between the two rooms remained locked—locked and the key on Helen's side of the door. She did not wish to see Kate alone; she was afraid.

Please turn to Page 40

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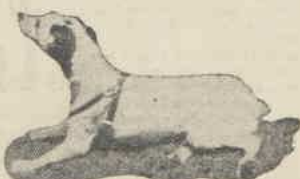
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# TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

IN THREE SIZES: BOTTLES—HALF BOTTLES—BABY BOTTLES

## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 39

though Kate knew he wanted to be alone with Helen on the drive there and back. "I'll see to it that you have a good time."

But Kate was immovable. No other party for her; the last one had been that unforgettable night at the Harridges.

Her mother was annoyed. Not at all pleasure-loving herself, Mrs. Lattimer wanted her children to grasp greedily at all pleasures that came within their reach. After Helen and Freddie had gone, she came near to scolding Kate.

"Why didn't you want to go? It's silly, it's abnormal at your age."

"I don't think I'd enjoy it, Mums. It isn't silly not to do things you don't think you'll enjoy."

"My dear child, is it because that young man is in prison that you feel you must behave like a widow? I don't like to see you making yourself ridiculous."

At seventeen, it is not pleasant to be told you are ridiculous. Only a little while ago, Kate would have been overwhelmed with shame at such a comment. Would probably have yielded and gone late to the party and suffered through the whole evening to oblige her mother. But now she answered gently: "No, Mums, it isn't exactly because Ridley is in prison, but I feel sad, and there's no use in going to parties when you're sad. And I don't believe anyone will think me ridiculous, because no one even thinks of me in connection with him."

Mrs. Lattimer, like most mothers,

### ROSEMARY

*I've planted on my window-sill*

*Some hyacinth and rose-mary,*

*The first that I may dream of you,*

*The one to make you think of me.*

*So when I waken to the day,*

*The day remote and vague and tall,*

*Their loveliness is pure and sweet,*

*And you not far away at all.*

—Yvonne Webb.

found it necessary at times to destroy sentimental nonsense by rather brutal methods. "I see, Kate," she said, "that it all seems romantic to you, but I assure you nothing is uglier than a self-indulgent drunkard, when seen at close quarters."

"Even drunkards can sometimes do quite noble things, Mums."

"Do you think murdering old Torrington was a noble deed?" Her mother did not expect her to be able to answer this and was not surprised when the girl slipped out of the room.

It was one of the nights—no longer infrequent—when she couldn't sleep. Prison walls seemed to weigh on her—the long lapse of time. She got up and sat a little while at her window—a great blessed open space without bars. She smelled the cold grassy smell of the earth, and saw the stars between the branches of the trees. Presently she heard Helen and Freddie come home—rather early for them. They made hardly a sound; that was the tradition of the house. You were quiet, you didn't disturb anyone—not even the servants, who had their work to do early in the morning. Kate saw, across the corner of the house, that her mother's light went on. Helen had gone in to give her mother an account of the party. That was one of Helen's most gracious attributes as a daughter; she could make her mother feel that she had been at a party herself—a family gossip column that no one but Helen could conduct.

Then Kate heard her come softly back to her own room; the quick double click of slippers, being kicked off. Soon her light went out. But Mrs. Lattimer's didn't. Half an hour passed, three-quarters. Why was her mother's light still burning? Was she worried? Was she ill? Could something have happened that had forced Helen into a confession? Did her mother now know all—her poor mother who had had so much sorrow already in her life?

Kate went out into the silent hall. A narrow frame of yellow light outlined her mother's door. She tapped with light fingers.

"Come in, dear." The voice sounded cheerful. Kate entered.

"Kate, what are you doing up at this hour? I thought it was Helen."

"I saw your light going, Mums. I was afraid you might be ill or something."

"No, darling, of course not. You oughtn't to worry about me. You ought to get your sleep." Kate could see now that her mother's eyes were bright and excited. "Still, as long as you're up, come and shut the door, and I'll tell you a secret."

Kate obeyed, a little dazed by the fact that her imagination was baffled; nowhere on any horizon could she see a possible event to please and excite her mother like this. She sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Helen will want to tell you this herself, so be surprised when she does. She and Freddie are engaged. Imagine it, after all these years. Of course, I suppose I'm a mercenary old woman and I did want all the luxuries for Helen, but now that she has fallen in love with Freddie, I find I'm pleased. Her father would have liked it. He thought Freddie was bound to make a great success at the Bar. I'm sure he will, with Helen to push him."

"YOU don't mean Mums, that Helen has fallen in love with Freddie?"

"But I do; desperately in love. Helen of all people. This is the explanation of those pale looks and sleeplessness, and inability to hear when you spoke to her—love. Think you I am so old and do not know the weather signs of love? But none of you young people read Aurora Leigh any more. At your age, I kept it under my pillow. Yes, indeed, and they want to be married at once. The firm is sending him to England next month to take testimony in that great banking case they have. Helen insists she must go with him. How I shall manage a trousseau and a wedding in a few weeks—"

"Does Helen seem very happy?"

"Oh, you know how Helen is. She's like her father—never wants to show her emotions—but when I suggested waiting to be married until Freddie came home at Christmas, she wouldn't hear of it. Separated for six months! No, indeed! That proved it to me. Easy enough to get into a vague engagement, but to be within a month of marriage—"

"Freddie must be very happy."

"Happy! Poor boy, he can hardly believe it—this miracle."

"And you are happy, too, aren't you, Mums?"

"I'm so relieved, Kate. I haven't told anyone my nightmare, but I've been afraid all these weeks that Helen had fallen in love with Ridley Crane. . . . Oh, not as you have, dear—a nice, remote, romantic sentiment—but as a grown woman does—and Helen is so determined and so executive. I was afraid she would be going to the prison and starting pardon petitions, ruining her whole life for the sake of that worthless—Freddie is so good, so honorable."

"Indeed he is."

"It isn't what I should have expected for Helen, but now that it has happened, I'm happy. I'm relieved. You can understand that."

Please turn to Page 41

## LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a huge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was crying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she has done for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me. Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of fatness."

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**YOUTH O FORM**



## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 40

O H, yes, Kate could understand that—and a great deal more than that. She knew it was her presence, her persecution, that had driven Helen into this marriage—to get away, not to be confronted morning and evening with Kate's accusing eyes. Just for an instant Kate felt that the punishment was too severe—felt as she might have felt if Helen had committed suicide. This marriage was almost like a suicide. Kate knew just how Helen felt toward Freddie—a friendly superiority, a slightly contemptuous reliance upon him, but his love-making must sicken her. She had once said to Kate: "Poor Freddie, I like him so much until he tries to lay one of those great clumsy hands of his on me, and then I feel like killing him."

Poor Freddie indeed. Kate had not wanted to involve him in this disaster. What a life was stretching out before him!

Then all thought of Freddie and Helen was wiped away as she thought of Ridley. What would this mean to him—to love a woman so much that you shut yourself up in prison for her sake, and to hear within six weeks that she is marrying another man? He must be hoping that in gratitude, if in nothing else, she would wait for him, and then in a few days he would read in the papers: "Mrs. William Lattimer, of Brantville, has announced the engagement of her elder daughter, Helen, to—". Or did convicts see the newspapers? They certainly could receive letters. She must write to him. She must tell him that this was no love match; he mustn't think that. Only despair and guilt had driven Helen to this marriage.

The next morning Helen slept late, or at least did not come out of her room until noon. Freddie had gone to town by the early train. Kate did not see her sister until luncheon, and by that time Mrs. Lattimer had confessed that she had told Kate of the engagement, so that no announcement was necessary from one sister to the other.

"I don't understand young people," Mrs. Lattimer said as they sat at table. "You let poor Freddie eat

a lonely breakfast and go off. Why, when I was engaged to your father, I would no more have let him go for the day without seeing him—"

"I shall have a great many chances of watching Freddie eating his breakfast," said Helen.

Mrs. Lattimer launched into an anecdote of her own engagement. Like all older people, she believed that past time is short and that romance remains the same. She spoke to deaf ears, for Kate and Helen believed, like all young people, that past time is very long, and that no love affair even ten years old can have anything in common with the fierce, real emotions of the present day.

Nevertheless, politeness governed the Lattimer household, and Kate said civilly, in the first pause: "Father must have been awfully good-looking if he was like that photograph on your dressing-table."

"Oh, my dear, something you can't imagine. Over six feet, and as blonde as Helen, only in a masculine way."

Well, thank heaven, they were off the subject of the engagement for a few minutes.

The next few days were fully occupied. The Alcotts motored out and spent the night. They were delighted at their son's happiness, but they rather irritated Mrs. Lattimer by taking it as a matter of course; they had always expected it; everybody must have known; Freddie had been in love with Helen since he was a little boy. . . . Yes, Mrs. Lattimer knew it. She refrained from pointing out to those besotted parents that many a more attractive and eligible young man than Freddie had been in love with Helen; they should have been more grateful for their son's extraordinary good fortune.

Then, with this official visit over, there were letters to be written to members of the family and intimate friends. The letters were parcelled out among the three women: "I'll write to Aunt Isabel, but I think you ought to write to old Mr. Peters, Helen. He always admired you, and he might give you something really

nice." Kate was allowed to communicate the good news to less important friends and former governesses.

"Chère Mademoiselle: Nous vous en remercions de tout coeur."

Kate wrote carefully, mindful of her accents, but the words of another and more important letter were forming in her mind:

"Dear Ridley: I do not know how much it will matter to you, but I can't bear that you should just read the news in the papers. Helen is going to marry Freddie. She is going to marry him very soon, and go abroad with him on business for about six months. You must not think that she is in love with him. She isn't. She does not care a snap for him. She never wants to be alone with him or to have him touch her if she can avoid it. But she simply couldn't stand any longer being with me, and feeling, as I have made her feel every moment, that she should be in prison instead of you. I have kept my word and told no one except her, but I have made her suffer. Every time she complains that the peas aren't cooked, she knows I am thinking that you are not getting any peas at all. Every time she lies down on her bed, I make her remember that your bed is hard. Every time she goes dancing or playing tennis, she thinks that she is doing these things because you can't do them. I have enjoyed doing this, Ridley, and now you can see that she is punished, for this marriage is more horrible to her than anything, except me. But she will never really get away from me—not while I live. I would like to do anything to help you—anything that I could. If you want books or magazines or anything, please ask me."

Mr. Harridge arrived while she was writing this. He was the trustee of her father's will, and Mrs. Lattimer always summoned him in a financial crisis, and of course, to those living on a fixed income a wedding is always a financial crisis. To Mrs. Lattimer, the marriage of Helen was the second great culmination of her life, as her own marriage had been the first. In a way, when it was over, she would have done her duty; she would be ready for death. But in the meantime she wanted it to be as perfect as possible.

Helen was out of the room at the moment, and Kate, still writing, could hear her mother talking to Stephen Harridge:

"I KNEW you'd be pleased, Stephen, just as I am. Of course, they won't have any money, poor little things."

"What do they need of money, Kitty, young and healthy and in love? Think how you and Will began—that little walk-up apartment. Freddie is going to be just like Will—make a great name for himself at the Bar before he's thirty-five."

"I think so too. Now, you must help me, Stephen. I don't want to be extravagant about the wedding, but I do want it to be nice. Helen is walking on air, so that I can't get her to pay any attention to details; all she cares about is being able to sail with Freddie on the sixth. She leaves everything to me, except that she wants a small wedding, and no bridesmaids." Then, as Helen came into the room, she added: "Isn't that what you said, dear—no bridesmaids?"

"No, Mums, no bridesmaids, looking prettier in their hats than I do in my veil."

"You mean no bridesmaids, except, of course, Kate?"

The sisters glanced rapidly at each other. "Yes, of course, Kate. I couldn't get married without Kate."

Mr. Harridge smiled; he hoped that meant that everything between the two sisters was right again—such dear girls both of them, and Helen getting married. He was a little surprised at her choice; he had thought her more ambitious, but evidently he had done her an injustice. She was following her heart; there could be no other reason for marrying Freddie—a fine, manly, steady fellow. Very likely she had seen enough of the other kind. Poor Ridley.

But those who knew Helen better did not so easily accept this explanation. Gertrude Mason came over at an hour when she knew Helen was meeting Freddie at the train, in order to have a word alone with Kate.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me why in thunder Helen is marrying Freddie? I think it's the most cockeyed thing I ever heard of."

"Why, Gertrude, she's fallen in love with him."

"Don't try that on, Kate. It's a question whether Helen could fall in love with Gary Cooper, but with Freddie, whom she's been engaged in stamping on for fifteen years—why it's nonsense."

"What other reason could she have for marrying him? Certainly not his great fortune."

"That's what I want you to tell me. Though I've had my own ideas. It occurred to me that she might have fallen for Ridley."

"But she only saw Mr. Crane once."

"Ha, ha, and you think, my little innocent, that Ridley couldn't get in his fine work in one interview."

Reporting this conversation to other friends, Gertrude shook her head. "All this talk about Kate's being so intelligent. Really, she seemed to me not quite bright. She apparently believes every word Helen tells her. She thinks Helen is in love with Freddie."

One immediate advantage to Kate of Helen's engagement was that she could be alone—alone in spirit, for her mother's attention was entirely focused on Helen—alone in fact, during long days that Mrs. Lattimer and Helen spent in town, interviewing caterers and trying on dresses.

She had not thought of an answer to her letter when she wrote it, but as soon as it was posted she began to wonder whether or not Ridley would think best to reply; she began to watch the mails—enormous mails containing nothing but letters of congratulation to Helen.

Then one morning about half-past ten as she was sitting in the garden she looked up and saw Mr. Harridge coming through one of the long windows of the sitting-room. His manner was always so gentle, so little on the right side of being prim, that she never could tell why he was coming, and yet, as he stood a second and looked at her, she had a hint that he had news.

"Oh, hullo, Mr. Harridge. Mums and Helen are in town."

"Trousseau, I suppose."

Please turn to Page 42

new NON-GREASY NON-STICKY

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checks perspiration instantly

Quick—It is easy to use.

Vanishes—As you put it on.

Greaseless—Leaves the underarm refreshed—actually in cooling.

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# BACKACHE

KIDNEY TROUBLE IS THE CAUSE—



ONLY A SPECIAL KIDNEY REMEDY CAN HELP YOU

The cruel pain you call backache is Nature's warning of something wrong with your kidneys. Those stabbing pains in the back, that down-dragging weakness, those agonising pains when stooping reveal the fact that you are a victim of kidney trouble, and only a genuine kidney remedy can help you.

You will never end your painful backache until you get a medicine that will go right to the cause of your trouble—weak, sluggish kidneys. It must cleanse the kidneys of impurities that impede their natural health maintaining task. It must wake them to action so that they can perform their vital work, that is, ridding the system of excess acid and impurities that cause your pain.

RESULTS IN 24 HOURS

The quickest, surest way of doing this is to start taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills at once. They stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you see and know they are acting directly on

weak kidneys to cleanse and strengthen them. Take De Witt's Pills to-night; they help you while you sleep.

Here are just two reports showing how quickly and surely De Witt's Pills start to end kidney trouble.

Mrs. E. Fairbrother, of 36, Second Avenue, South Perth, writes: "For quite a long time I was a sufferer from symptoms of kidney trouble, very languid, no energy, and much pain in the lower portion of the back. I tried many prescriptions without benefit. My father used to take De Witt's Pills so I decided to give them a trial and now I feel perfect. I am very thankful for De Witt's Pills."

Mrs. E. Whitehead, of 10, Lawson Street, Elwood, Victoria, writes: "I suffered lots of pain with kidney trouble, bad pains in the back and in the legs. I had some De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and half a bottle gave me relief. I can now say I am in good health, thanks to De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills."

The wonderful benefit these pills experienced is what De Witt's Pills will give you. Hesitate no longer. Go to your chemist to-day, ask for and see that you get the genuine—

## DEWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Only a small percentage of salmon is Sockeye

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Only the best cut from the finest fish goes into Captain's.

When buying Salmon—insist on "Captain"—the best Sockeye. Obtainable in 4lb., 3lb., and 1lb. tins. ALL GROCERS AND STORES.

C.S. & Don't fail to try "Captain" Sardines.

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# Captain

Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH "CAPTAIN" CRAB TOO!







# THE HOMEMAKER

February 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Guard your charm... it is Your greatest beauty asset

If you are a bride-to-be heed this advice. It will help you to stay as sweet as you naturally are to be a refreshing, fragrant person always



MAKE YOUR dressing-table a guardian of your beauty and charm and especially of your freshness. Jean Chatburn, MGM player, above, sits down while she gives her skin a scrupulous cleansing.

By...

### JANETTE

SO you are to be a bride in just a very short time.

And you are too excited to even think. Or you are cool, calm, and philosophical according to your temperament.

But whatever your temperament one thing is certain—you'll be making sure you are going to look your very loveliest on the day of days.

You've made a resolution, too, that you will be just as careful of your looks and figure throughout your married days, so your husband will always feel proud of the woman he married.

This brings us to an important beauty essential—fastidiousness—for without constant pursuit of absolute cleanliness there can be no real beauty and certainly no charm at all.

### Make Plans

THERE'S one thing a man always looks for in a woman, and that is personal fragrance. And this doesn't mean a fragrance you can buy at a perfume counter.

So if you are a bride-to-be you will be wise if you plan habits of scrupulous care to keep yourself as sweet as you naturally are.

You will have your daily bath, and be a pretty sweet person.

But don't stop there. Because no matter who you are or what you do there is going to be a little perspiration between you and your next tui.

Maybe you are one of those fortunate ones who only need to pat on some nice-smelling talcum.

On the other hand it is better to be sure and use an underarm deodorant daily as a matter of course.

For the rest of the group there



USE PERFUME if you wish, but spray it on your skin or dab in your hair as Marie Wilson, Warner Bros. player, is doing here.

are two alternatives. One is never failing at any time to use, after bathing and during the day if necessary, a good deodorant, which can be obtained at all toilet counters. It will keep you as fresh as a daisy, but it will not even pretend to keep you from perspiring.

The other alternative is an anti-perspirant. These preparations will definitely stop perspiration as well as odors. They are made to control the over-active sweat glands in local areas.

They come in various forms. Here's a tip about using them—follow the instructions carefully and you won't go wrong.

Another secret, which our grandmothers knew, and which is still a

great help, is to turn your clothes inside out after each wearing.

Then put them on a hanger and hang them out to air.

Don't put them in the wardrobe with the rest of your things.

Air and sun have a marvelously refreshing effect on all fabrics. Of course you will never miss your night and morning and even between-meal tooth-brushing. But go further, use a good antiseptic and deodorant mouthwash to sweeten your mouth.

Get into the habit, too, of using a good perfume, but use it with greatest discrimination. Spray it on the skin instead of putting it on the clothes, as nothing is worse than an odor of stale perfume.



"STAY sweet as you are" is good advice for the bride. She should make this her personal slogan and guardian of charm.

## Glare-Proof!

even under harsh electric light!



### Pond's "GLARE-PROOF" Powder Shades becoming in the cruellest light!

Under the soft light of your own room your powder seems just right. But how does it look in the dazzling brilliance of the ballroom? Does it show up chalky? Does it catch the harsh rays of light that throw dark shadows and sharp lines over your face? Not if it's Pond's Face Powder. Pond's "glare-proof" powder

shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays from your face. They're always soft and becoming, however cruel the light may be. Never look powdery, either. Pond's is so fine and soft, it spreads over your face in a smooth, flattering film. Clings for hours, thanks to special ingredients. You should try it!

### POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER



• Sold at all stores and chemists for 1/6 and 2/6 a box. Change to Pond's to-day!

### POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, I enclose two 12 stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.

Pond's Dept. 235, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



Health can often be improved if you—

## Have a change of climate

**PATIENT:** Do you think that climate and weather affect individuals differently?

**DOCTOR:** Many people ask me about climate and weather in relation to their effects upon health and the control of certain diseases.

There is little actual proof as to the value of one climate above another when judged by scientific standards.

But, of course, certain advantages are recognised as regards the promotion of personal comfort and indirectly of bettering the health.

**PATIENT:** Is sea-air especially good for the health?

**DOCTOR:** It is common knowledge that some persons gain in health and vigor after living for several weeks at a seaside resort.

Some think this good effect is due to the stimulating effect of the

### What My Patients Ask Me

BY A DOCTOR

climate and atmosphere upon the skin.

They also believe that the oxygen consumption is increased by living on the sea. This helps the body rid itself of certain unneeded and undesirable substances.

Others claim that the sea air promotes the secretion of the stomach juices which aid digestion and thus improve the health.

**PATIENT:** Some people find cold weather invigorating, but is this so with everybody?

**DOCTOR:** There can be no doubt that during the winter months, if they can possibly manage it, it is best for elderly and weak persons to reside in a warm climate.

This is especially advised for those who have catarrhal conditions or are subject to infections.

### Dry and Moist Air

**TEMPERATURE** and humidity have their effects upon our feelings.

For example, moist air is depressing and enervating.

Dry air, on the other hand, is stimulating.

Cold air is usually spoken of as "tonic" in its effects, while warm air is relaxing.

I suppose if we were like the birds we would move about as they do. There are advantages in changes of climate. Each one has its factors of goodness.

Unfortunately, it is not possible for anybody except the rich to move to sections of the country best suited for his physical needs.

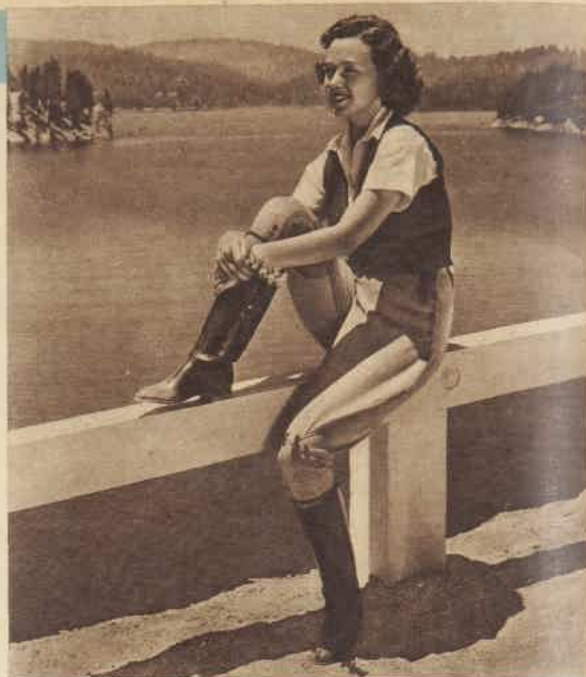
**PATIENT:** Do you think air-conditioning of value to the general health?

**DOCTOR:** Within recent years great strides have been made in the perfection of air-conditioning for public buildings and even for private homes.

There is no doubt that in a few years this advantage to comfort and health will be quite generally adopted.

Scientifically controlled air-conditioning should prove of value in the preservation of health and the prevention of disease.

In the future, probably, it will be used not only during the summer months, but in the winter as well. Until the happy day arrives when



WHENEVER POSSIBLE, Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. player, takes a holiday in mountain lake country, where she finds the rest and fresh, stimulating air act like a tonic on her whole system.

these artificial aids are perfected and materially reduced in price, the individual must determine by experience what climate suits him best.

Whenever possible, the extremes of temperature, excessive cold and excessive heat, must be avoided.

This is particularly important for the elderly and weak person.

### Pond's Two Creams bring to women the active "Skin-Vitamin"



LADY  
IRENE CRAWFORD  
says:  
"My skin  
is smoother."

"I've been using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin' and the improvement in my skin in just three weeks is marvellous. The pores are much finer. My skin is smoother. Lines are gone. And my skin glows with color."—Lady Irene Crawford.

### More direct aid to Skin Beauty

ONLY four years ago doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, actually healed skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's began to study what this vitamin might do for skin if put in Pond's creams. Today—you can have its benefits for your skin in Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream.

**POND'S COLD CREAM**—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths. Put it to bristly to invigorate the skin, fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

**POND'S VANISHING CREAM**—Removes roughness; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin." And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.



Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and out-looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

### FREE!

\*Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glamour" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted. **LIGHT CREAM** ( ) **NATURAL** ( ) **LIGHT NATURAL** ( ) **NATURAL** ( ) **RACHEL** ( ) **ROSE BRUNETTE** ( ) **SUNTAN** (Dark Brunette) ( ) **POND'S DEPT.** (K48), Box 11314, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



Now—with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

### For Young Wives and Mothers

### Natural feeding best

**NATURAL** feeding is, of course, the best of all for baby.

Unfortunately an insufficient supply of breast milk is often a problem for the mother who is anxious to feed her baby naturally. However, unless the doctor has otherwise instructed, the mother can do quite a lot herself to increase the natural supply of milk.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau and it can be obtained free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YV, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft," and when writing give baby's age, weight at birth, present weight, and state if you have written before.

For a cruise on the good old Pacific,  
To be charming, with conquests terrific,  
Your ankles and toes  
Must be sheathed in good hose,  
Ask for KAYSER! Be sure you're specific!

"I'm a  
**ONE Brand**  
woman now

I insist on  
**KAYSER**  
HOSIERY · WOOLIES · GLOVES

Now that I've found Kayser I'm sticking to them. They do wonderful things to my legs and my stocking budget goes twice as far. Kayser Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from 4/11 and Super Mir-o-Kal Sheers are 7/11.

"88X is famous as a sheer at 4/11. Now improved and featuring the new lace welt and no extra cost."



# Dressing-table for *Madame*..

By  
**OUR HOME  
DECORATOR**

HER own particular domain where the important rites of beautification are carried out should be an attractive feature of her bedroom — feminine and charming.



BEDROOM decorated and furnished with feminine charm. Notice the filmy frilled muslin curtain, the bedspread to match, the flower-patterned wallpaper and the unusual dressing-table with its enormous mirror.

THERE is one part of the house in which the young homemaker—the bride—takes a very special pride, and that is in her bedroom.

Here her artistic ideas on furnishing and decoration are usually allowed full rein—or, if she doesn't have her own way entirely in the furnishing of the bedroom, her desires, as to the style of dressing-table should be undisputed.

For here Madame must be able to sit in undisturbed comfort while she goes about the important rites of making herself beautiful.

The days are past when friend husband shared a drawer or two and littered the top with his brushes and studs and his ties got mixed up with her gloves.

If he hasn't his own dressing-room, then he should at least have his own loughboy and/or chest of drawers so he, too, can dress in comfort.

So it's up to Madame to make her dressing-table the most attractive feature of the bedroom—individual, feminine, and an expression of herself. Here are some ideas:



ATTRACTIVE and new — a dressing-table with little drawers set low on either side of a big full-length triple mirror. The low-backed circular chair is upholstered in off-white, and there is a candle-bracket light on the wall above the mirror.

MOST unusual is this dressing-table. Here a large mirror extends from floor to ceiling and is draped with fabric to match window curtains. The dressing-table itself is covered in mirror and the lamps have crystal stands and pale pink shades.



Rugs, hangings, upholstery — All rules to remember. Page 5.

Eleven pages of "before-and-after" pictures in full colour. All rooms treated. Start on page 6.

Choose your colour schemes from thrilling charts on pages 18-19.

The outside of your house and what to do about it. Pages 20-23.

How to set about painting jobs — and save time and money. Pages 24-28.

"What for Which" Chart guarantees the right start. It's on page 29.

**FREE!** HUNDREDS OF ANNE STEWART'S LATEST IDEAS FOR LOVELIER HOMES

CLIP AND POST THIS COUPON

Anne Stewart, Taubmann Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney. Please send me free your new second book entitled "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover postage and handling.

Name

Address

A49

**H·O·L·I·D·A·Y·S**

ANYWHERE — ANY PLACE — ANY TIME

**WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU**

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

*It's Not Her Fault*

She's Tearful, Troublesome and Often in a Temper...

The Doctor knows it's—

*Faulty Elimination*



Where constipation is easily recognised and can be promptly checked, faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action is insidious and many times more dangerous, because unsuspected. Bowels may appear regular yet are doing only half their work, allowing food waste to pour undetected poisons into the system. The blood-cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys, are over-taxed with work and become sluggish. That is the real danger, and that is the cause of "crankiness," crossness and temper.

Act quickly, but act carefully.

Medical science knows one medicament with gentle, direct action on the bowels, inducing natural movement, thus relieving and toning up the over-worked liver and kidneys. You get this medicament in Laxettes. In place of dangerous ingredients of some aperients that scour the natural lubricant from the bowels and cause even more serious subsequent trouble, Laxettes contain only safe, natural properties. Laxettes are so pure, safe and pleasant to take that they are recommended for babies, as well as for children and adults.



Only Genuine if in a Tin.

Genuine Laxettes are stocked by all chemists and store-keepers, 1/6 the large tin—6d. the sample tin. Unless they're in a tin they're not genuine Laxettes.

**LAXETTES**  
*Rectify Faulty Elimination*



# Planning... A new garden?

...well here's the way to do it

NOTHING ADDS GREATER ENCHANTMENT TO A HOME THAN A GARDEN GAY WITH FLOWERS, ATTRACTIVE SHRUBBERY, GRACEFUL CREEPERS, AND LAWNS.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

**T**HIS is the time of the year for planning a new garden—or for rejuvenating an old one.

There are young couples who have just completed the building and furnishing of their new homes and now turn their attention to the outdoor surroundings.

This is where the Old Gardener can help. During the last few weeks I have received many letters asking for help in the planning of a new garden. So I have decided to discuss this subject in to-day's gardening article.

Before starting on the laying out of a new garden or rejuvenating an old one, study the design of your house and then plan accordingly.

Remember that the most attractive gardens are those that are natural-looking and make a perfect setting for the house.

Lawns should be relative to the

size of the house and broken with winding paths.

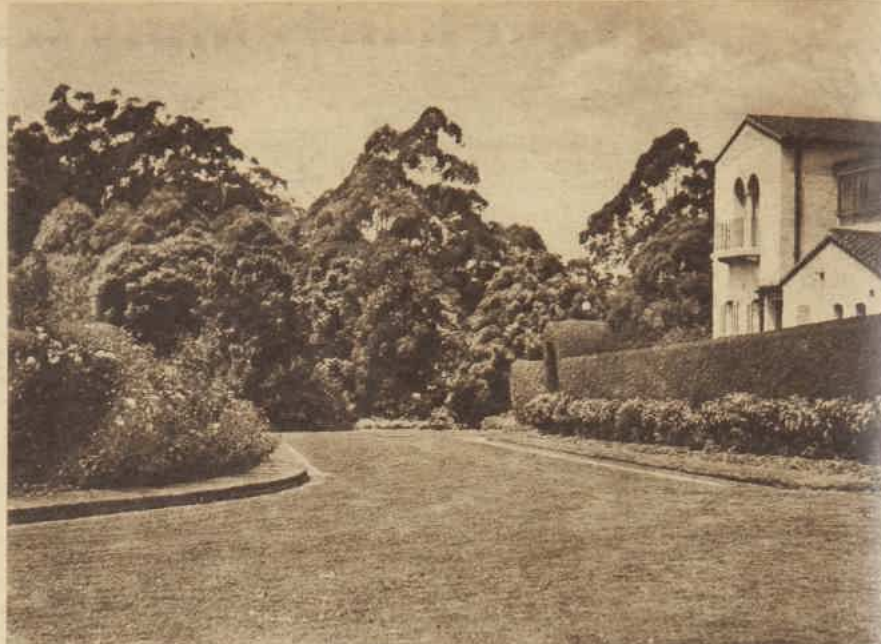
One of the first essentials for success is to select the plants, trees and shrubs that will suit your district, for climatic conditions play an important part on all plant life.

Next is through cultivation, deep digging, thorough manuring, and a capable knowledge and understanding of fertilisers, why they are used, and what action they have in the soil for the benefit of plant life.

See that the paths are artistically made, not too narrow, but wide enough to allow two people to walk together.

For the most charming appearance choose gravel for paths rather than cement, which tends to detract from the natural beauty of the garden.

Try, too, to give your paths sweeping curves. Avoid having the front gate immediately facing the front door. If it is to the side, it is then



FOR LARGE AREAS, sweeping lawns, broad paths and long, unbroken lines, as shown here, are good. For small gardens, keep all beds and lawns small in proportion.

an easy matter to make the path wind up to the front entrance of the house.

Plan flower beds carefully. Do not smother the lawn with flower beds all over it. A lawn is beautiful in itself, and too many beds and shrubs only detract from its appearance.

Try to have an irregular appearance about your garden. If you plan it too symmetrically, it will only look stiff and unnatural.

## Shrubs for Color

**TRY** to make your garden different. Select shrubs that will give a display of flowers or color all the year round. This is quite simple—it is just a matter of planting shrubs that flower or change the color of their foliage at different times of the year.

Some shrubs take on most beautiful color changes, while others remain dormant. During autumn, especially, the foliage of some shrubs is highly colorful, while others bear bright-colored berries.

Maples, liquidambar, rhus, berberis, and aucuba are color-foliage plants or trees. The cotoneaster and crataegus are berry plants. All these give color during the autumn.

Other shrubs can be selected to flower during winter, spring, and summer. Small gardens may be planted in the same way as larger gardens, only on a smaller scale. There are many shrubs suitable for

the front of the home is often necessary. This can also be brought into a useful service for the growing of any climbing flowering plant. The back portion for the yard and drying areas must be carefully thought out. Have a lawn and clothes-line so built that there is no need for ugly props.

A hedge to hide the vegetable garden from the home is a good idea, too. Room also should be left in this portion for one or two fruit trees.

The vegetable garden should be laid out neatly.

Well-kept hedges round the home are an attractive feature. Tecoma capensis, duranta plumieri, olive, privets, plumbago capensis, cupressus, crataegus crenulata, ochna multiflora, nerium (oleander), bougainvillea, and euonymus all make good hedges.

Before planting, study the climatic conditions necessary for each plant.

And, remember, if you are in doubt at all over the planning of your garden, write to the Old Gardener and he will be only too pleased to help you.

## M-m-m, this is a TASTY Cheese



What, a tasty Cheese  
in a packet?  
Well...



M-m-m-m-m



There's a New TASTE  
Thrill in Old English  
for you!

Rich, zesty, well-matured, Kraft Old English never varies in flavour like ordinary "cut" cheeses... and it's much more convenient to use. No rind to waste. No crumbling. Old English cuts into smooth creamy slices and keeps fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping. Remember, it takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

At all food stores in  
2, 4, 8 oz.  
packets.

Now I know where  
I can always get a  
really tasty Cheese  
—Kraft Old English



## SOIL FERTILISERS

**THE** chief fertilisers used in general gardening work are bonedust, blood and bone, superphosphate, dried blood, and sulphate of ammonia.

The following manures must not be mixed together or even used in the soil at the same time: Sulphate of ammonia, lime, superphosphate, Thomas phosphate, and farmyard manure.

Here is a good general mixture for flowers and vegetables: Blood and bone 3 parts, sulphate of ammonia 1 part, superphosphate 1½, potash 1½. Thoroughly mix together and dust over the bed, fork in lightly at planting time. It will be of great benefit to the plants and give them a good start.

these small areas, and if systematically pruned they will adapt themselves to small spaces.

Dull corners can be brightened up with flowering or foliage shrubs. Shady places can be made attractive with ferns, Japanese balsams, aspidistras, begonias, and coleus.

Make room in your garden for a massed rose bed.

Fences often look well if covered with various creepers.

Climbing roses must not be forgotten. Not only do they add beauty and fragrance to the home, but they fulfil two purposes—they cover ugly and unsightly positions and are most useful for supplying the home with cut blooms.

An archway of roses over the gate entrance is an added attraction. Lattice work dividing the back from

## "DULUX" GIVES THE Magic OF LOVELY LASTING COLOUR



Use the miracle finish "Dulux" in your home

—let its lovely, glowing, lustrous colour renew drab furniture, give new charm and beauty to kitchen, spare-room, verandah. "Dulux" is as beautiful as it is durable because it's chemically different! "Dulux" is easy to use, dries quickly—and a wipe over with a damp cloth removes grease and grime and restores its original beauty!

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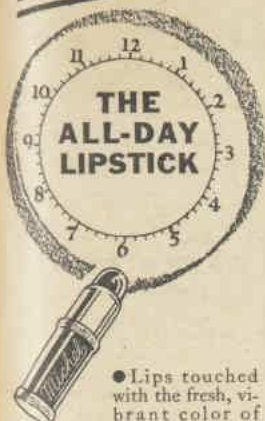


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Select your favorite from these six glowing shades: Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Raspberry, Scarlet.

Price 2/- each

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The dull, throbbing ache of sprains is greatly eased when you massage gently with Rexona Ointment. Stiffness and swelling are taken out by Rexona's healing medications, and soon the strained ligaments grow strong and well again. Keep your skin always healthy and clear by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same healing medications as Rexona Ointment.



## Backache-Nervy Get Up Nights?

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped getting up nights, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Business, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called **Cystex** (Slin-tex). Gently rubs, tones, cleanses, and heals, raw sore kidneys. In 15 minutes **Cystex** starts eliminating Kidney Poisons. Brings new health, such and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles or money back. Get **Cystex** at all chemists.

## MUSHROOMS

Start now and use "Perfection" 100 PER CENT PURE CULTURE SPAWN. It is made in Australia, and is developed under skilled supervision. WE GUARANTEE TO BUY ALL YOU GROW. Send 2/- for Booklet. With Instructions for Growing and PRICE LIST. J. TAYNTON, Spawn Specialist, 116 Flinders St, PHIL STREET, Sydney.

# Your handy hints scrapbook

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

### Egg Test

Eggs with very shiny shells are almost certain to be stale; rough, dull-looking shells are a characteristic of eggs that are freshly-laid.

### Stains on Silver

Stains on silver can be removed with salt. Take a pinch and rub the spoon between thumb and finger.

### Colored Cottons

Colored cotton frocks should never be hung out to dry in bright sunlight nor ironed with a very hot iron, as heat has a tendency to fade bright colors. Dry the dresses by hanging in a shady place, where they can get plenty of air.

### Grass Stains

To remove grass stains from washing frocks, soak stains thoroughly in paraffin and then wash in the usual manner with soap and water.

### To Glaze Cakes

A tablespoon of milk in which a little brown sugar has been dissolved will glaze cakes and pastry just as well as the white of an egg.

### Rice Hint

When making a rice pudding, use the sugar from candied peel. It will give your pudding a delightful flavor.

### Storing Cakes

To prevent cakes from becoming stale, put a thick slice of bread in the tin in which they are kept, and renew it every third day.

### Simple Measures

A halfpenny is an inch in diameter; five halfpennies weigh one ounce.

### Coffee and Tea Stains

To remove coffee and tea stains from white flannel and all sorts of woollen materials, apply a mixture of yolk of egg and glycerine. This may be washed out afterwards with lukewarm water.

### Kettle Care

A furred kettle wastes a lot of heat. To free a kettle of fur, place it on the side of the stove where it will become hot without burning. Tap the sides with a piece of wood, when the fur loosened by the heat will drop away. The kettle must become quite cold, however, before filling it with water.

### White Enamel

White enamel furniture should be washed in warm soapy water and wiped as dry as possible. Then rub with a flannel dipped in whiting and polish with a clean duster.

## The A.B.C. of Cookery

THIS glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

**Dessert:** Last course of a dinner, fruit, nuts, etc.

**Diabole:** Term applied to dishes with hot sharp seasoning.

**Demet:** Flannel cloth used for straining jelly and sauces.

**Dariot:** Small mould used for baking or steaming entrees.

**Devil:** To season foods highly.

**Dhal:** Lentil puree, flavored with curry.

**Diabetes:** A disease characterised by the presence of surplus sugar in the system.

**Dissolvent:** A substance or fluid which breaks up solid matter.

**Draw:** To take out the entrails from a fowl; to pull the sinews from legs of turkey.

**Dredge:** To coat with flour or sugar.

**Dress:** Getting things such as chicken and turkey ready for the oven is to dress them.

## BE SHOPWISE



BESIDES BEING THE MOST EASILY DIGESTED FAT, BUTTER IS THE ONE RICHEST IN VITAMINS A AND D. DON'T SKIMP ON BUTTER.



IN BUYING A DRESS THE CONSUMER SHOULD ASK ABOUT —  
① SHRINKAGE ② GUARANTEES OF QUALITY ③ COLOR FASTNESS ④ FREE ALTERATIONS.

### Fumigation

To fumigate a room, drop vinegar very slowly upon a hot iron shovel.

### Improves Potatoes

A little baking powder added to potatoes will make them white and floury.

### Care of Floors

Keeping wood floors in good condition is often a problem. A great deal, of course, depends on the wood and the treatment it has received. For those who like a rather dull finish and have a varnish on the floor the following mixture will be found a reliable one for keeping it in order:—Mix together one gill each of raw linseed oil, turpentine, and vinegar. Shake well, and before applying have the floor well swept and dusted, then apply with the grain of the wood, using a woollen cloth. Finish off with a clean, soft duster.

### Instead of Starch

Curtains and tablecloths need not be starched. Add a tablespoonful of methylated spirit to each gallon of rinsing water. This will make the articles stiff enough, help to keep them white, and make them glossy when ironed.

### Care of Silverplate

Silver and plated goods, if not in everyday use, should not be exposed to air. Clean, polish, and wrap each article in soft tissue paper, and roll up in a strip of green baize before putting away in a drawer or cupboard.

### Soup Bones

Bones to be used for making soup will remain in good condition for several days if they are baked for a few minutes in a hot oven.

### White Marble

To clean white marble, wash thoroughly with soap and water, then brush over well, especially in the crevices, with whiting mixed with a little blue. Allow it to dry thoroughly, and then polish with a clean, dry cloth.

### Iron Mould

Iron mould stains on white materials can be taken out in this way: Dip the stained part in very hot water, rub with a freshly-cut lemon, then cover the place with salt. Leave for a minute or two and the stain should disappear. If necessary repeat the process and rinse thoroughly.

### Garnish

Fried parsley makes a good garnish for many fried dishes, such as fish, rissoles, croquettes, etc. The fat in which it is done should never be hot enough to make it brown and shrivelled; it should be green and crisp.

### Washing Cretonne

Cretonne covers washed in bran water will retain their color.

### When Sewing

Eyestrain when sewing under artificial light will be lessened by wearing a dark-colored apron for light work and vice versa.

BILL SAYS IT'S JUST TOO HOT TO DANCE!



**SAFEGUARD** your popularity! Use Mum—then you're safe from underarm odour. No bath is enough—it only cures for the past, but Mum keeps underarms fresh through the warmest day or evening. This quick, gentle, cream deodorant stops all odour—yet does not stop perspiration. 30 seconds to use! Harmless to skin and clothing. Mum is sure—buy it to-day!

**MUM** takes the odour out of perspiration

## Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyse the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralises acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.



Women who do their own housework prefer this "polishing cleanser"

There's one thing certain, women who do their own housework demand a lot from their cleanser. It must work quickly. It must last a long time. It must be easy on their hands. That's why thousands of women use only Bon Ami for all their household cleaning!

**Bon Ami** the better cleanser for Baths and Sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"



# WIDOW WINS BATTLE

## For Happiness



**SALUTE** this woman—she has won her way to the top in the battle of life! Read below, in her own words, how she did it:—

"I was left a widow," she writes, "with no insurance, no income and with a little son and daughter to raise. I have therefore had to over-work ever since. At one time I was always so exhausted that I had to make an effort before I could smile at the dear antics of my children. Everything I did was an effort. Then I began to take 'the little daily dose' of Kruschen, and now I am approach-

ing middle life gloriously well, absolutely free of the illnesses of mind and body from which so many poor women suffer. I wish, as a result of this letter, they would all do as I do. I am sure it is Kruschen that gives me this feeling of delight in life, in work and play."—(Mrs.) L. A.

## LIFE can bring new delight to You

Life with a big "L"—new energy, vitality, happiness—these can be yours, too.

However hard you may work—whatever your age may be—it's not too late to do as Mrs. L. A. did, and bid a glorious farewell to weariness, depression and all kinds of aches and pains. For Mrs. L. A. is only one of millions of people—you'll see them wherever you go—who have found new health, new vitality, new "delight in life." And you can do the same! Start by tipping a pinch of Kruschen first thing every morning into your tea or a glass of hot water. Within a week or two you will find that a new driving power inside you makes you tackle your work and your play with

such keenness and vigour that all your friends are envious of you. Rheumatism, fatigue, "nerves," and all those symptoms of middle-age have no more terrors for you.

The various mineral salts in Kruschen penetrate to every cell, every organ in your body, feed and nourish the blood, awaken the liver, kidneys and intestines to new activity. Boredom goes. Sluggishness goes. In fact, you have that Kruschen Feeling. Get a 28 bottle to-day—it will last you three months. (Smaller size 1/6.)

**"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it"**

After taking Kruschen for a week, you are clearer, energetic, self-reliant. Take just a pinch of Kruschen—as much as will fit on a sixpence—every morning, in hot water or tea, that does it.



Learn the secret of **KRUSCHEN**

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Set of 4 GLASS MIXING BOWLS

Made of attractive pale green glass; strong, the size you need most. 128 Siren Crosses. Send 1/3 to cover postage and packing, for set of 4.

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Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 145 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL BLDG), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your free gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses, and stamp addressed to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 8502 Y. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Pisceans are inclined to ease along through life, accepting things as they come and swimming with the tide.**

**PISCES** having rule over the feet probably accounts for the fact that most people born under this sign of the zodiac not only have small or well-shod feet, but are also very proud of them.

But Pisceans (those born between February 19 and March 21) should not be blamed for this pride, for, as a general rule, their feet are most attractive and very well cared for.

The strange thing is, despite that they usually like walking, their feet give them lots of trouble. In the case of rather plump people (and there are many), their feet seem too small to provide proper balance and a top-heavy effect is often achieved.

Most Pisceans are spiritual in their outlook towards life. This makes them rather easy to live with, though sometimes it leads to exasperation because they tend to become dreamers—unpractical, indecisive and changeable.

A small percentage are just the reverse; they are immensely practical and material, and can, upon occasion, be "tough" and difficult to deal with.

It is not always easy to judge a Piscean. The "tough" one can seem as gentle as a dove; and the "softie" can assume a severity which would scare off a gangster.

## Life of Bluff

**ALL** people belonging to this particular sign of the zodiac are really two persons in one. They are dual natured.

What's more, many of them are excellent mimics and unconscious copyists. They absorb an atmosphere of the personality of some strong-natured associate, and can act the part of two-thirds of their days. But during the other third, if taken unaware, they will be found with their defences down, and their true natures exposed.

It is only then discovered that Pisceans have been living a life of enthusiastic though perhaps unconscious bluff.

Still they cannot be blamed for fooling the world, because they fool themselves, too. That's their individual make-up—the make-up which makes them different from other signs of the zodiac.

## Women and sailors alike

says Admiral

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

There is something in common between a sailor and a girl, whether she is modern or not—whether she is just launched or refitted," according to Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, of the British Navy.

**"BOTH** sailors and women are mostly inconsistent and mostly illogical," Admiral Campbell told a meeting of the Modern Girls' Group in London.

"There is something in common, too, between a woman and the sea," he said. "Both are always changing. One moment they are nice, calm and placid—then they are delightful; then, like the sea, they become rougher and rougher until there is an almighty tempest."

Admiral Campbell said that in the trains he gave up his seat only to very old women or pretty girls.

"In many cases I have been snubbed," he said. "They say 'I am just as able to stand as you are.'"

"I would like to see the modern girl, if offered a seat by a man, accept it and maintain the privilege which she deserves and does not always know how to use but rather thinks is a sign of inequality."

The trouble is that very few Pisceans ever learn, early enough, how to direct this "difference" to the best advantage.

Their symbol explains everything. Astrologically, and astronomically, Pisces is represented by two fishes, one swimming upstream—the other down; or both swimming in a circle, each chasing the tail of the other. Generally, they are shown as chained together, tail to tail, thus depicting their tendency to try to go two ways at one time, thereby making their own lives difficult by struggling against themselves.

## Daily Diary

**UTILISE** the following information in your daily affairs; it will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): A routine week. Just fair on March 3 and 4.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 23): February 25 and 26 good for semi-important matters.

**GEMINI** (May 23 to June 22): Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing this week. Caution will ward off difficulties. Routine best.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Try to get some excitement out of life this week, for your stars favor you, especially on March 1 and 2. Chase opportunities, make changes, ask favors, and be confident, aggressive, and optimistic on those days.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Just a week of days for most Leonians.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): This is the time for Virgoans to go into hiding. Fate has difficulties, delays, and worries in store for the over-venturesome, especially on February 27 and 28.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Just fair on February 27 and 28.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Let the sky be your limit this week, but keep the sky in sight. In other words, be optimistic, but be practical and avoid over-confidence and aggression. Make the most of your chances on March 1 and 2, for changes and improvements.



## PETER PIPER

**LIBERTIES** have been taken with the initial letters of some of the words in this week's example of Peter Piper's tongue-twisters. Try it on your tongue.

V V V

**VILLIAM VEEDON**

William Veedon vip'd his vig and vaistoat:  
Did William Veedon vipe his vig and vaistoat?  
If William Veedon vip'd his vig and vaistoat,  
Where are the vig and vaistoat William Veedon vip'd?  
(Next week the V W W tongue-twister.)

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): Curb that impatience of yours for a few weeks. Over-confidence and unwise changes at this time will bring difficulties in their wake. February 27 and 28 must be lived quietly if you wish to avoid worries, losses, discord, and changes.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): February 25 and 26 quite fair for you.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Round up the stray ends of any benefits which came your way earlier this month. February 27 and 28 just fair.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Don't go chasing bubbles at this time, for concerted, planned, and aggressive action can bring you good results. Work hard, seek promotion, and make changes on March 1 and 2, for the stars favor you then. Don't be diffident or contrary then. Set yourself a goal and follow a straight line to reach it.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Don't let a Blemish ruin your Appearance



SEE HOW QUICKLY AND EASILY YOU CAN CONCEAL ANY SKIN BLEMISH!

**IN A few seconds** COVERSPOT conceals all such skin blemishes as pimples, warts, freckles, birthmarks, freckles, and many others, so completely that no one suspects their presence, not even in strong sunlight.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Keep a jar of COVERSPOT handy on your dressing-table for emergencies, such as sudden pimples, spots, etc. COVERSPOT is perfect for all-over make up, too!

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### Will Lighten Your Step!

Do you naturally ask—what is Elasto? The question is fully answered in a simple language booklet which explains the action of Elasto. Your copy is free—see the ad on page 10. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort to the system. Within the system a new force, overcome sluggish, unsteady conditions, increasing vitality and going into full activity. Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even resembling Elasto has ever been known to the general public before; it is a new look and feel years younger, it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and most effective remedy ever devised for FREE Booklet.

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## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

ended in 3 minutes



It's amazing how quickly the hair falls out—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. It is soft and velvety smooth. No more hair on the face, neck, or underarms. The razor-cut hair grows back and causes. The hairless depilatories were usually and messy. The top-to-date quick, clean and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is the new "VICTORY" cream. 2/6 and 4/6 (double) at all Chemists and Stores.



## She Cut Her Teeth

"I'm going to Steedman's," writes a mother. "During teething, keep baby's mouth cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's remedy for over 100 years. The safe remedy for children up to 14 years."

## STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

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# Charm for your GLORY-BOX

IN a delightful three-piece "Lily" bedroom set, including dressing-table mats, pillow-shams, and guest-towel

SOMETHING quite new in bedroom sets—three dressing-table mats, pillow-shams and guest-towel in an unusual lily design, suitable for all types of furnishings—is this week's needlework surprise.

The complete set can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white or colored linen.

The duchesse set and the pillow-sham are obtainable on white, cream, blue, yellow or green linen, and the guest-towel is traced on cream linen or on blue, pink, yellow or green silk huckaback.

### Sizes and Prices

THE duchesse set includes centre mat, 12 by 18 inches, and two mats, 8 by 8 inches.

The pillow-shams measure 17 by 26 inches.

The guest-towels measure 15 by 24 inches.

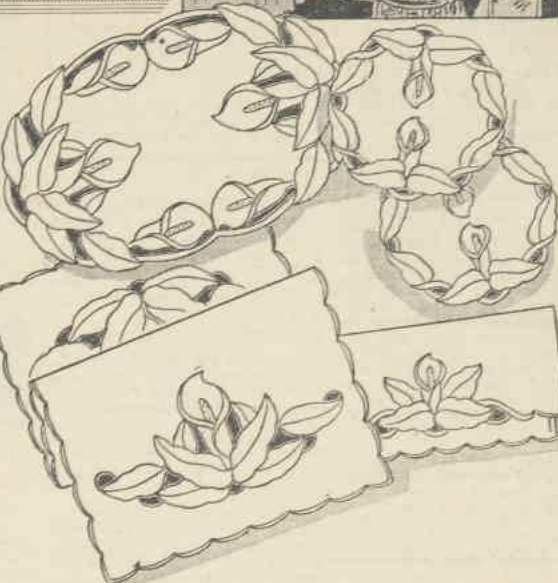
Prices are: Duchesse set, 2/6 complete set; mats bought separately, centre mat, 2/-; small mats, 1/- each.

Pillow-shams, 4/6 each or 8/3 pair.

Guest-towels, 2/6 each. Broder cottons for working may be obtained also from our Needlework Department, price 3½d. per skein.

To do the embroidery buttonhole the whole outline of

## Needlework . . . Notions



WORK THIS CHARMING lily bedroom set for your glory-box. It includes three-piece dressing-table set, pillow-shams, and guest-towel. All pieces are traced for working, and are obtainable from our Needlework Department. Order a set now.

the design and stem-stitch the stamens. Satin-stitch the centre of the lily. Be careful to thoroughly press the work before cutting away material.

## Set of guest-towels, too

THREE fascinating designs—the buttonhole flower, the field flower and basket of hollyhocks design, designed for the glory-box.

These three lovely guest-towels measure 15 by 24 inches and are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white huckaback, cream linen and green, blue, pink or pale yellow silk huckaback.

Price 1, 2/6 each, postage free. Cottons for working are 1½d. per skein.



PRETTY guest-towels traced for working on white or colored huckaback or linen. Order now from our Needlework Department. State design required.

Buttonhole flower design: Work flower in buttonhole with spots in french knots and lines in stem-stitch. Edge is buttonholed. Use pale to bright yellow cottons, with green for leaves and brown for stamens.

Field flower: Work in bright blues, reds and yellows. Do flowers in satin-stitch and lines in stem-stitch.

Basket of hollyhocks: Work in pinks, reds, or white on a colored ground. Do flowers in buttonhole with basket in satin-stitch. Spots should be french knots.

### Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 568A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 101E, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 135, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 61, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 4220TT, G.P.O., If calling, 148 Castlereagh Street, or Dalhousie House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 182, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

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More prizewinners in our

# Weekly recipe competition

Now what about entering your favorite recipe for a cake, sweet, or preserve in our big £1000 recipe contest? See pages 3 and 24 of this issue for details.

**T**O-DAY'S first prize-winning entry in our weekly Best Recipe competition is for some chilled tarts—delicious and unusual.

Other recipes are all worth trying, too. Add them to your list of favorites.

But remember that next week this page will give recipes selected from entries in our big £1000 recipe contest.

So let us have your pet recipe for a cake, preserve, or sweet. Not only may it win one of the progressive prizes given every week throughout the duration of the contest, but it may also be selected as a big prize-winner in the contest.

Don't forget—you must attach a coupon to each recipe you enter in the competition.

For further details see pages 3 and 24 of this issue.

## BRANDY CUSTARD TART

One teaspoon breadcrumbs, 1 pint milk, lemon flavoring, 3 eggs, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy, jam, shortcrust.

Flavor milk with lemon, pour it over the breadcrumbs and boil 2 minutes. Beat butter, sugar, and eggs (save whites of two), and brandy, add to milk and crumbs, and stir till thick. Make a shortcrust of 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, salt, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, little milk if needed. Mix all dry ingredients, rub in butter, beat egg, and add. Cover a pie-dish with the crust, add a layer of blackberry jam, pour pudding mixture, cold, on jam, and bake 1 hour. Beat egg-whites till stiff, add a little sugar, and put in lumps on pudding and return to oven to set. Serve chilled. Sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.

## DATE CUSTARD TART

Two eggs, 2 cups milk, 1lb. dates, grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, shortcrust prepared as above.

Cook dates and milk in double boiler for 20 minutes, then strain and

## Cookery Contest Prizes

IN next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, recipes selected from entries in our big £1000 Recipe Competition will appear on this page instead of the usual weekly Best Recipe prize-winners.

Until the conclusion of the contest these progressive prize-winning entries will continue to appear. The weekly best recipe competition will continue as usual after the final prize-winners of the £1000 contest have been announced.

rub through a sieve. Add well-beaten eggs and salt. Line a sandwich-tin or deep pie-dish with shortcrust and pour in mixture. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg and bake in hot oven for first 10 minutes, then reduce heat and bake till firm. Serve chilled. Sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.

## CHILLED PEACH TART

One small tin sliced peaches, or 1lb. stewed sliced peaches, 2 eggs, juice of 1 orange, 1 dessertspoon powdered gelatine, shortcrust prepared as for brandy custard tart.

Drain juice from peaches into a basin (1 cupful), add juice of orange and 1 cup hot water in which gelatine has been dissolved. Beat egg-yolks and add liquid, beating continually. Set aside to cool, and when it has just started to jelly pour over stiffly-beaten egg-whites, stirring well. Pour into shortcrust (which has been cooked and allowed to cool) and place aside to set. Decorate with peach slices, and chill. Serves 4 or 5 persons.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg, Vic.

## "BRANDY JELLY" (for Invalids).

One small glass brandy, 6oz. sugar, 1oz. gelatine, strained juice lemon and rind, 2 egg-whites, 2 cloves, 1 pint cold water.

Put all ingredients, except brandy, in saucepan, stir gently until nearly boiling, simmer 5 minutes, strain, then add brandy and leave to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dorothy Ellensen, Glen Aplin, Qld.

## SPINACH RING AND HAM

Cook some spinach in usual way. Season well, chop, add a little milk and butter and mix well together. Place quartered hard-boiled eggs at intervals round a buttered ring mould, and pack in spinach tightly. Place in a moderate oven for a few minutes to set. Turn out and in



PINEAPPLE FRUIT-CUP is a really delicious and thirst-quenching drink. Good for you, too. See recipe on this page.

centre of ring place buttered boiled white onions.

Serve with ham cooked in following way: Place a 1lb. ham in a baking dish, cover bottom of dish with hot water, add 1lb. prunes, which have been previously soaked and cooked (add juice as well). Bake in a slow oven, allowing 27 to 30 minutes to the pound. Baste frequently. Three-quarters of an hour before serving, remove rind from ham, cover ham with brown sugar, stick with whole cloves and continue baking. Slice and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. W. Castle, 115 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

## APRICOT OYSTERS

Take 6oz. butter, 1lb. cornflour, 1lb. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1lb. sugar, dried apricots (soaked for 4 hours).

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, cornflour and sifted flour. Mix, roll out and cut for biscuits. Place a piece of apricot in centre of piece of mixture, add 1 teaspoon sugar and press another biscuit portion on top. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolloowin, Qld.

## CLOCK-FACE SAVORY

Use a large round plate for the clock. Cut 12 strips of bread about 2 x 4 inches. Fry a golden brown in hot fat, or toast, spread with any savory paste, and arrange strips on plate, equal distances apart. Cut long thin strips of gherkin, cheese, or ham. Arrange on the strips of bread to form the figures on a clock face. Boil hard a few eggs. When cold, chop up, mix with seasoning, and a little mayonnaise. Place in centre of the clock face, and make hands out of any vegetable that will give contrast to the dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Henderson, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## JELLY AND CREAM SPONGE

Set jelly in a square meat dish until firm. Whip two or three tins of cream; spread over jelly and put in ice-chest to set. Make a sponge cake—one layer—and place on top of cream. Now cut close to sides of dish with a stainless knife to loosen the jelly. Next place a large dish on the sponge and turn the whole over quickly. The jelly will now be on top, the cream in the centre, and the sponge at the bottom. Cut with stainless knife into squares. Use as either a sweet or a cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joseph Caswell, 48 Laman St., Cook's Hill, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

## CHERRY, NUT AND GINGER CAKE

Six ounces cherries, 6oz. almonds, 6oz. walnuts, 1lb. ginger (preserved), small teaspoon of vanilla, 6 eggs, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. butter.

Cream with hand sugar and butter, then add eggs one at a time, beating well between each, then add fruit, etc., and vanilla, lastly flour. Cook 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Make one very large or two smaller cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Mildred Templeman, Hilton Rd., Claremont, Tas.

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## This Week's Special

## PINEAPPLE RECIPES

### PINEAPPLE SPONGE

One tin pineapple or 1 large pine stewed till soft, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, 1 pint jelly crystals (pine flavor), 4 tablespoons sugar.

Four juice from pineapple, heat sufficiently to melt crystals, make up to a pint with water, put to cool. Make custard with 3 egg-yolks, pint of milk, sweeten to taste, allow to cool. Cut pineapple up finely, put into dish and whip egg-whites. Add custard and jelly together when cool, but not set, stirring in pineapple and white of eggs stiffly beaten. Set away to freeze. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Evelyn Becker, 391 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

### DELICIOUS FILLING FOR SPONGES

Grate 1 cup raw pineapple and cook in a saucepan with 1 cup water until tender; add 1/2 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon butter and simmer 2 minutes. Then add 1 well-beaten egg-yolk and 1 dessertspoon corn flour or custard powder moistened with juice of 1/2 lemon. As a variation, orange juice or passionfruit pulp may be used instead of lemon. Cook for 2 minutes, remove from heat and add 1 egg-white stiffly beaten. Stir when cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

### PINEAPPLE FRUIT-CUP

Mix equal quantities of pineapple and grape juice. To each cup of this mixture add 1/2 cup water and 1/2 cup ginger ale. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Garnish with pieces of pineapple and serve very cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Ethel Appleby, 5a Napier Place, Sir Thomas Mitchell Rd., Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE PICKLE

Parse and core a pineapple and remove eyes. Cut into triangles 1/2-inch thick. Boil enough white vinegar to cover pineapple (add chilies if required, but strain before adding pineapple). When boiling, add pineapple and simmer 5 minutes (about five minutes). Bottle and tie down when cool. Use with cold meats, especially pork.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE PUDDING

One pineapple or tin crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 eggs.

Cut or grate pineapple and put in pie-dish. Melt butter in saucepan, remove from fire and gradually stir in flour. Add milk and stir over fire till boiling. Then add syrup, sugar and egg-yolks. Pour mixture over pineapple and cook in oven until set (about 15 minutes). Beat whites until stiff, put on top, return to oven till brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Glad. L. M. Bycroft, Box 63, Gladstone, Qld.

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# It would be a thrill to make . . . Your own wedding cake

**YOU** can mix and bake the cake—a three-tier one—and even ice and decorate it from the recipes given below for the cake-mixture and the icing.

BY  
**Mary Forbes**  
● Cookery Expert to The  
Australian Women's Weekly

**MAYBE** the thought of actually making a wedding cake positively terrifies you.

But it can be done at home, and imagine—if you are a bride-to-be—how proud you would feel—and the bridegroom, too—if you were able to say you made your own wedding cake.

Or perhaps some friend or relative may like to make the cake for you as a wedding gift.

The complete recipe for making a three-tier wedding cake, together with instructions for icing, is given on this page. And if you follow the directions carefully you should be able to turn out a truly beautiful cake.

So here goes:

## THREE-TIER WEDDING CAKE

Two pounds butter, 2lb. sugar, 16 eggs, 1 cup brandy or rum, 1lb. currants, 2lb. sultanas, 2lb. raisins, 1lb. muscatel raisins, 1lb. dried cherries, 1lb. almonds, 1lb. peel, 1lb. dates, 1lb. figs, 2lb. plain flour, 2 small teaspoons powdered carb. soda, 1 tablespoon parisan essence, spice if liked.

Have the fruit washed and well dried several days before using. Blanch and chop almonds, stone and chop dates, chop cherries and figs, shred peel finely after removing all sugar. Mix all well together.

Prepare three cake tins (if round use 11, 8, and 6 inches in diameter; if square, 10, 7, and 5 inches square) with two thicknesses of white and two of brown paper. Do not grease them. Attend to oven.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually, then brandy or rum and essence. Sift flour, soda and spices, add half to the butter mixture and before mixing it in add half the fruits. Mix in well, then add remainder of flour and fruits, mixing all in evenly. Put a little more than half the mixture into the



ABOVE: A lovely bride and a magnificent cake in three tiers. If you would like to make your own wedding cake, see the recipe on this page.

LEFT: An informal wedding breakfast with buffet refreshments is a popular and practical way of serving refreshments.

largest tin, three-quarters of remaining mixture into the middle size tin; put the rest into the small tin.

Smooth mixture evenly over. Put into a hot oven. Turn heat low and allow to cook slowly, the largest taking 4 to 4½ hours, the medium 2½ to 2½ hours, the small one 1½ hours. Test with skewer before removing from the oven. Leave in the tins till ready to ice.

Remove from the tins, take paper off carefully and cut slice off top to make cake stand straight. Place upside down on covered board 2 inches larger than the largest cake, but use board the same size for the medium and small cake. Now cover evenly with almond paste.

## ALMOND PASTE

Two pounds ground almonds, 4lb. icing sugar, 8 yolks of eggs, 5 tablespoons sherry, lemon juice.

Sift sugar, work in almonds. Make into dry dough with beaten yolks, sherry and lemon juice. Turn on to sugared board. Knead well. Take a little more than half the mixture, cut one-third off (reserve for top), then cut rest into four. Roll into strips the height of cake. Brush with white of egg and lay it round one-quarter of the cake. Repeat with the other three strips. Roll out large piece and cover top, smoothing with sugar to remove marks of joins.

Now almond-paste the medium and small cakes with remainder of paste. Leave two days, then cover with royal icing, but if cake is to be used at once warm icing (made with sherry and colored) can be used in place of royal coating icing.

## ROYAL ICING

The quantity to use for royal coating icing is 5oz. icing sugar to each unbeaten white of egg with lemon juice.

Beat well, then completely cover the three cakes. Leave three days to dry.

Then make royal icing for decorating.

Use 5oz. icing sugar to each unbeaten white of egg with lemon juice. Color if liked and decorate the cake to liking.

If warm icing is used as a covering only leave for a few hours. Cakes can then be decorated with royal icing.

And here is a recipe for a suitable wedding breakfast drink:

## SHERRY CUP

Four lemons, 1 quart water, 3 oz. loaf sugar, 1 cup sherry.

Peel lemons thinly, rub sugar on outside of lemon till all oil is extracted. Put half the rind, juice, sugar into a large jug. Four over the boiling water, stand covered till cool. Strain at once through muslin, add sherry. Chill. Serve in glasses with cherry.

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# Dr. WYATT SPEAKING

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Australian Women's  
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February 25, 1939.



SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.





# Dr. Wyatt Speaking

## By Sarah Elizabeth Rodger



YOUNG Mrs. Stewart Anstey murmured her name to the crisp blonde girl in the Admitting Office with a barely perceptible air of impatience, as if everyone, even this tailored receptionist, should know Linda Anstey by sight. She was often enough in the newspapers, in a bathing suit at Palm Beach, in a checked tweed jacket as she followed the beagles at Brookville or Old Westbury, in a succession of very beautiful dance frocks over night club tables and at subscription balls.

"Dr. Britton's patient?" verified the girl. "I have you down for August, about the tenth. 'Would you like to see some of the rooms, Mrs. Anstey?'"

"All right."

They walked into the great formal hall, which was so luxurious and unlike a hospital, and stepped into the elevator.

"Tenth floor."

There were two maternity floors as the girl, Allison, was well aware—exact duplicates with the same facilities, the same cuisine (by the internationally famous Emil), equally efficient residents, equally adequate nursing; but by some unwritten law the socially prominent mothers went to the tenth floor and the ones less well known were relegated to the ninth.

You came to have a flair for weeding them out. It never occurred to Allison to take Mrs. Anstey anywhere but to rooms 1020 through 1030, all overlooking the East River. They varied from twelve to eighteen dollars a day.

"I don't want to be too extravagant," said Linda Anstey, narrowing her blue eyes, "but I would like a decent amount of space for my friends to sit in—that is, if anyone at all should happen to be in town in August."

"Ten-twenty-eight is probably the

best for you then," said Allison quickly. "Lots of chairs and a marvellous view."

"Well, of course the stock market's terrible and all that, but—could I let you know? I really adore it, those peach walls and the two windows."

"I'll make a tentative reservation for you, how's that? You could change it later if you liked."

They walked back, down the long gleaming linoleum corridor—both Allison and Linda Anstey knowing she would take room 1028 if it were free.

"Your first baby?" asked Allison hopefully. She liked first babies best, for no reason; the shiny new carrying baskets, the fluffy blue and pink zippered blanket-ropes in which they were taken home from the hospital . . .

"Yes, and it had better be a boy. I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

"I'll put you down for a boy," laughed Allison, "but they're all so sweet."

Before Mrs. Anstey's curious eyes, which were summing her up (quite good-looking, really pretty if she weren't so tailored . . . too bad a girl like that has to work . . .) Allison's smooth pale face flushed.

"Oh—Dr. Wyatt," she said quickly to the tall young man who had appeared around the bend of the hall. "Good morning."

"Hello," said Mrs. Anstey gayly. She knew Fergus Wyatt herself. He was Dr. Britton's assistant, and he was taking over more and more of the routine office visits. "I've been selecting my room, the theory of the early bird catching the fattest worm."

"Feeling well?" he asked warmly. "You're looking marvellous."

He had only nodded and said good morning to Allison, but Mrs. Anstey, who was sophisticated in those things, knew there was something there. Probably the girl was in love with him. Weren't nurses—and young ladies in the admitting office—always in love with attractive doctors?

Allison stood by, trying to seem easy and casual, trying to conceal any envy she might have felt at Linda Anstey's manner with Dr. Fergus Wyatt.

Presently Dr. Wyatt passed on. He would be making calls upon Mrs. Hubert Dail and Mrs. Peyton Ritchie. Allison even knew exactly how Fergus would deal with Mrs. Dail and Mrs. Ritchie, how he would look at them—with the same interest and admiration he had just given Linda Anstey.

"He's so attractive," murmured Mrs. Anstey in the elevator. "Good looks are an asset to a young doctor, I suppose. I wonder how old he is?"

"Twenty-eight," said Allison, not even caring that she had given herself away. "To-day. It's his birthday."

"I'm intrigued!" carolled Mrs. Anstey. "Oh, if I'd only known, I might have given him a party. He's been sweet, really sweet."

Frightened at her indiscretion, Allison kept her lips buttoned in a prim line. In the office she made a memorandum of the room Mrs. Anstey had selected and said, in good-bye, "We'll look forward to August then, Mrs. Anstey. I hope you'll have a pleasant visit here, and that you'll have your boy."

"Thanks so much. You've been awfully helpful."

WITH the appealing little smile that made her generally popular with people who served her, Mrs. Anstey nodded good-bye to Allison and left.

"She's twenty-two, certainly not more than that," thought Allison dully when she was alone behind her wide mahogany desk. "She has everything, she's been what she's wanted to be—probably a popular debutante, then a bride in a train acres long, now someone's spoiled, worshipped wife . . . Soon she'll be the mother of a little new baby, undoubtedly a boy because she's the kind who gets what she wants." Al-



lison did not dislike Mrs. Stewart Anstey. It was only that she also was twenty-two, but she had nothing. Nothing but a job and a chance to watch Fergus Wyatt coming in and out of the hospital. And sometimes a word or a quick smile from him—the little flash of recognition came when he remembered as he occasionally did that she was the little girl next door that he had known most of her life.

"Plenty of girls who got out of college last June haven't jobs yet," she thought fairly, "and this is a good job, too."

Decent hours, fair pay, and a chance to see interesting people. She had been working only since last fall and had already had the excuse to speak to three movie actresses, one matinee idol, a heavyweight champion's wife, an authoress who had written a best-seller—besides innumerable social luminaries such as Linda Anstey.

"People who have," she summed it up quietly to herself. "I'm merely—one of the ones who haven't."

That too, was unjust. She felt a little pang of shame. She was young, strong, good-looking (that wasn't conceited), it was only admitting the asset Fate had awarded her, able to work; she had a pleasant home, a father who loved her and would have given her everything good and lovely in the world—if he had had it to give—and the memory of a mother which had been and would always be fragrant in her heart.

She looked up quickly, a foolish pulse pounding in her throat at the unexpected sight of Fergus. Fergus too . . . moments like these . . . She had them. They were not enough, but they were more than many other unreasonable Elaines had from many other Launcelots . . .

"To see you speak, the way you speak,

And smile—if you should smile," she quoted wordlessly in her mind, from a poem by Millay which had moved her long before she had ever dared lift her young eyes to tall Fergus Wyatt . . .

HE came to her desk, his long lean body wearing the best suit—she appraised it swiftly—he had ever had in his life. Once he had been awkward and slouching, a great beanpole of a lad, but now he moved gracefully, having learned to handle his length and breadth like any lesser man, yet always with the pride of the young and strong.

"Allison, I stopped by to ask you

when you're leaving to-night. I can run you out."

"Why—five-thirty, or I could wait, Fergus," she said with that hesitant little catching of her breath that she despised. She had been hoping against hope for this—that Fergus, who, she knew, was going home for his birthday dinner, would think of driving her out with him.

"Your mother has been nice enough to ask me over for ice-cream and cake with you to-night," she said hesitantly.

"So she said when she phoned. I'm glad. We don't see much of each other, do we?" he said pleasantly, expecting no answer. "We busy people in the baby racket."

"I handle appendices, sprained ankles, cardiacs, alcoholics, and so on, too," she amended, smiling. But the smile hurt her lips. Fergus' mother had telephoned him; it was like her thoughtfulness. Fergus wouldn't have remembered her himself.

"Have your bonnet on about five-thirty then. I hope it ties under the chin like some of the silliest ones—I have the top down."

"That's all right with me."

Allison didn't wear spring bonnets, with veils and chin straps, in late February as the Park Avenue patients did. She was wearing, she remembered regretfully, only her old brown felt slouch hat with the tiny feather tucked in the band. And her durable tweed coat with the wolf collar.

"I don't have glamor, I'm not like the women he admires," she thought helplessly. "I never could be."

YET at a few minutes to six she was at his side driving across the Queensborough Bridge, the river wind whipping her cheeks pink. This was not the first time Fergus had ever driven her to Long Island, but it was one of the few times. He didn't live with his family any more. He had a small, smart bachelor apartment with another young doctor in town. Sometimes he spent week-ends at home, but even these were rarer than they had been.

"Fergus, don't you smell spring—the first scent of it?"

"That's why I have the top down."

She wanted to probe further, to ask him if, on days like this, he didn't have some feeling of nostalgia for the street where he had lived so many years—for the vacant lot on the corner where he'd played football as a boy, for the early pussy willows, almost due in the town marsh . . . But Fergus' profile was

moulded to the lean, dogged pattern of success. She doubted if he ever looked backward now.

"You've accomplished so much," she said musingly, "for twenty-eight. I shall feel very old then; girls do. But for a man it's terribly young."

He grinned, reminding her of the boy he had been.

When you're twenty-eight, dear child, you'll have a husband and a couple of kids. You won't have time to feel old."

She said nothing, being unable to say, "No, I shan't marry, not ever. I don't want second-best, I'd rather have nothing . . ."

"Allison," he said abruptly, "how does my mother seem to you these days? Somehow she—"

"She's growing a little older, Fergus," said the girl honestly, "but we all have to get old sometime. She's thinner than she used to be, and that's natural, too, but I believe she's perfectly well. Heaven knows she's still beautiful . . ."

Both of them were silent, as if calling to mind Elizabeth Wyatt's incredible loveliness. Allison remembered that as a small child, when she had first seen her, she had caught her breath in awe, quite aware that she had never met anyone so utterly beautiful in all her short life. Nor had she since.

"Beautiful," echoed Fergus, bitterness in his voice, "and my father is fine to look at, too. A handsome, distinguished-looking couple; fine minds, good blood in their veins, strength and health . . . And what have they had out of life?"

"Fergus—"

"My mother does her own work. She looks like a queen dressed up in an apron. My father grubs along, treating half his patients for nothing, not able to afford new equipment, not even a new set of scales."

"The old ones are only four pounds off," said Allison irrelevantly. She found herself afraid, swept up in a passionate pity that was frightening. She couldn't bear the sharp brooding in Fergus' voice.

"I can talk to you because you've known us all forever, yet you can look at us from the outside—" ("I can't, I can't, not while I love you, Fergus," interrupted her heart, but it would not occur to him, ever, that she wasn't quite a stranger). "You've seen Mother and Dad at their best and their worst," he went on, "even that short time, before the savings bank failed, when it looked as though maybe Mother could take things



## DR. WYATT SPEAKING

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

easier. You've known all about Amy, you came to Jim's wedding when you were a little thing. Tell me, Allison, does it seem to you the Wyatt family is jinxed, that there's no hope of success for any of the lot of us?"

"Oh, Fergus, no!" she said tensely. "No, no, no! How could you think such a thing?"

"Because I've seen it with my own eyes and so have you."

The surface of his words carried truth, but the underneath, the deeper significance, eluded her. All that she knew about the Wyatts, which was a great deal, came rushing to her mind. A perverse destiny, hard luck, or whatever it might be called, had most certainly taken and tossed their lives about. Failure—if it were failure, and of even that Allison wasn't sure—had glided through their circle as quietly, as mysteriously as a snake glides through tall grass. In that sense, Fergus had a right to his bitterness. In another sense, and Allison was too young—she even felt herself too young, not wise enough to perceive the conclusion she was searching; in another sense, Fergus was wrong. Surely James and Elizabeth Wyatt were not to be pitied; some part of their calmness, the serene tenor of their lives, was to be envied.

"And you, Fergus," she reminded him quietly, "You've climbed several rungs of the ladder. You're quite sure to reach the top. I feel it."

His brief bewilderment was gone. Some day, when Dr. Paul Britton died or retired, he'd take over.

She told him that and finished, "You'll have the cream of the obstetrical patients of New York. You'll have Dr. Britton's methods and reputation at your hand. You'll have all the lovely social ladies; and a dash of Hollywood and the stage will give spice to your practice. You'll make money, Fergus. Isn't that what you want?"

She waited for him to deny it, to add some word of his own to her picture. Surely there was a flush of annoyance high on his cheek bones.

But he said soberly, "Yes, Allison, that's exactly what I want."

Her voice felt thick with tears she could never weep. "Fergus, why? Why?"

"I've only got one life, and I'm going to live it, full up. And Mother and Dad, before they go, are going to have good things to remember . . ."

"Perhaps they have their own memories," she said coldly.

"Hard work, disappointment, a dead child," he listed, his eyes on the parkway ahead. "That isn't what I mean. Any work that's worth doing is worth being paid for. I have a right to earn a living proportionate to my education and ability. We all have."

"You sound—ruthless," she said.

"It isn't ruthless to demand the price people are able to pay."

"And to treat the people who can pay the price," she thrust.

THEY were scrupulously polite to each other the rest of the way. Fergus parked his car on the broad side street where they both lived, and Allison jumped out, said, "Thanks for the ride. See you later," and ran up her own porch steps.

The two houses were separated by the Wyatts' side lawn and the cement driveways. They were unexcitingly similar, both with porches tacked unfashionably on the front, both with glassed-in "sun rooms" on the side which received little sun. They were in a respectable neighborhood of a small Long Island town which had grown uncomfortably large in recent years. That this particular street kept its broad yards and air of peaceful quiet was due, Fergus realised, to the fact that the houses had been built before the days of the large-scale developments, and that there was nothing here to interest newcomers. His father would have been lucky to sell the place for a third of what he had paid for it; but he had never really wanted to sell and had thus let the terms of his one offer stand as his excuse.

"Nearly twenty years," said Fergus aloud as he switched off the engine of his car and put the key in his pocket.

Allison watched him a moment from a safe window in her own room. "There are hundreds of young men as handsome and handsomer than he, some of them doctors—if you must have ideals about doctors, Allison, my dear . . . He's never, not for a moment, worth breaking your heart over."

But you could not admonish your heart, like an obedient child, not to break. Nor could you reason away the subtle chemistry of love, the poignant awareness of one person beyond all other persons.

Before she slipped off her sweater and tweed skirt and unclasped her severe little string of culture pearls which she had learned to wear with a sweater in college days, she ran the

old gauntlet of memories. Fergus, as a thin medical student home for the holidays—they had been friends then, the young man and the graceless fifteen-year-old . . . Both had seemed to be perpetually hungry and often, when he saw her practising tennis strokes against the garage doors or lying on a deck chair in her back yard for a sun bath, he had grinned at her and called, "How's for a chocolate fudge sundae, half pint?" and they had walked briskly down the street together and sat for a delicious half-hour over mountainous concoctions with fancy names . . . And the time her dog, Mr. Whiskers, had been run over by a hit-and-run driver, it was Fergus who had sat up with the game little terrier all night and somehow, magically, pulled him through. "My first patient," he liked to call Mr. Whiskers, and he had remembered to bring him rubber bones and jingling balls every vacation after that.

She had dared to ask Fergus to her Sweet-Sixteen birthday party. Even now she wondered at that; even now her cheeks flushed remembering the silly games they had played—and the last, the kissing game a cynical high school girl had suggested "just to be quaint, since Allison's sixteen and all" . . . She had not forgotten, she despaired of ever forgetting, the touch of Fergus' lips on hers, the adult amusement in his eyes as he bent his head to her. "Little Allison, cute little kid," was, she knew, the way he had thought of her.

She couldn't stand there forever. With quick impatience she threw her clothes on the bed and stepped under the shower. She never took long to dress, and her technique had been perfected at college. Agile as an eel, she was in fresh clothes, complete to stockings, slippers, and a new print dress which looked much nicer than the 15 dollars she had paid for it, in fifteen minutes.

The Wyatts had asked her for dinner, but she knew her father liked having her alone with him for their simple, not very inspired meal which a part-time girl came in to get for them now that Allison was working. She would go to the Wyatts' later, when her father was settled comfortably with his pipe and a book.

"You came in so quietly I didn't know you were here till I heard you dressing," he said as she leaned over to kiss his bald spot. "You look very fine to-night, honey."

"It's a new dress. I bought it Washington's Birthday in a sale."

"Going anywhere?"



"Just next door, later, for a piece of Fergus' birthday cake."

"Fergus is at home, is he?"  
"He drove me out."

Her father was a small, slender man with keen, kind eyes. She often thought that perhaps he had guessed how she felt about Fergus, but he never asked personal questions. He was never what some girls called "the heavy father." Nor did he throw long, stifling tentacles of affection around her youth. Their relationship was deep, secure, but unsentimentally matter-of-fact. Once when she was little, just after her mother's death, he had remarked, "It's a funny thing, Allison, I thought I wanted a son—and now I wouldn't take anything in the world for having a little daughter." But since then, he had been very careful not to say, "You're all I have," or "You're more and more like your mother" (though she knew, from photographs, that she was) or even, "Some day some young man will come along and—" He was a proud little man; she loved that pride in him that would never permit his loneliness to hover over her.

"How was the writing to-day?" she asked, really not having to ask since he wore what she perceived as his satisfied look.

"Not bad. I'd rather you didn't read it till next week, though. I'd like to reach page one hundred and then get your reaction."

"Which isn't worth a great deal, darling," she said humbly.

"Never underestimate yourself, Allison. It's fatal. Sometimes I think perhaps you do—"

"I'm no intellectual ball of fire. Father. Can't you remember my report cards?" She smiled at him reminiscently. "And how you would sigh and wonder how a child of yours—"

"You've never been a brilliant student," said her father gravely, "and you weren't the Valedictorian at college. That point is conceded. But brilliant women are seldom happy, Allison; whereas a good, cool intelligence and well-developed critical powers, such as yours, often cut a navigable road through a dark forest."

"That's very well put," she said lightly. "and it means, I infer, that I may sprout a talent for living. Some day..."

The dining-room was a dramatic place which Allison often felt was a mistake, since it in no way matched the rest of the house. Its drama had been given it when, exasperated by the sombre gloom of the carved walnut furniture, she had painted it all off-white and re-covered the chair

seats in plum and blue-striped damask. Her father had been too polite to say more than, "We're quite gay now, aren't we?" but Allison was perfectly aware that she had produced a room with an air of belonging in a Hollywood set rather than in a shabby old suburban house.

The shades were never pulled and since the Wyatts' shades were not either, one could get homy glimpses of the life which went on across the yard.

"Funny," she observed to her father across the low centre-piece of the early snowdrops he grew himself, "they look like gods when they're all together, though merely like beautiful people when you see them separately..."

"The Wyatts?" His eyes followed hers. He nodded understandingly. "They do, rather. Or like one's modern conception of the Olympians. They're so tall," he said, with a touch of the wistfulness felt by the man of small stature, "with such broad brows. Look at old Dr. Wyatt at the head of the table."

Neither felt any embarrassment in staring at the Wyatts. They had been friends for so long, a friendship easy and undemanding which had come about as naturally as the gap in the hedge dividing the two yards. "Neighbors," thought Allison and the word had warmth and richness for her.

The old doctor carved the roast with large, precise hands, his fine head bent to his task. The old-fashioned dining-room lamp, which hung by a chain over the centre of the table, cast a sheen over his thick white hair, illumined the good planes and curves of his face. When he stood—and you felt it even when he was seated—he would rise to a height well over six feet, very nearly as tall as Fergus. For many years he had worn a white, professional-looking Van Dyke beard, but he had recently shaved it, saying rather sheepishly that he had now come to the age when a man must do what he could to set back time rather than setting it ahead. His eyes were grey and keen under his heavy brows.

"It'll be a miracle if he can finish his dinner undisturbed," said Allison. He almost never did—grubby small boys stepped on rusty nails or fell off garage roofs, young mothers were taken ill, babies ran fevers, exactly at the times when old Dr. Wyatt tried to eat a meal.

Mrs. Wyatt dished the vegetables at the other end of the oak table. Obviously having forgotten something, she rose quickly—before her daughter Amy had a chance to fore-

stall her—and walked past the windows towards the kitchen.

Fergus had said, "Like a queen," and it was true. Elizabeth Wyatt looked as queens were supposed to look and seldom did...

Amy, inexplicably unmarried—at thirty-five, held her fork in her slim left hand. She had learned to be left-handed when she lost the use of her right hand in an accident some ten years before. The helpless hand lay quietly in her lap.

Poor Miss Amy. Allison's throat tightened. She was very like her mother, especially now that her hair was going prematurely grey. The same gentian-blue eyes looked serenely out of her smooth, disciplined face. She was almost as tall, held her head as high. "Diana—or Minerva," thought Allison quickly. The wise, the untouched look. There was cold moonlight behind those eyes.

"What has she to live for?" Allison said aloud, unexpected passion in her voice.

Her father did not ask whom she meant. They had often discussed Miss Amy.

"You are too young, perhaps, Allison, to know."

"She's lost everything that made up her life. There's nothing left but a workaday job, which couldn't pay much, and the knowledge that it'll go on and on, stifling every dream of what she had a right to be. And finally she'll grow—contented, in the horrible way people do when they've lost even their grief..." Hot rebellious young pity stared from Allison's face.

"She can still hear fine music; perhaps she'll feel the music she made once, in her veins, in the rhythm of her blood, as long as she lives. Nothing is really lost, Allison. There is no such thing as waste, unless we waste our own powers."

Unconvinced, Allison looked at the fourth and last person sitting at the Wyatt dinner table. Fergus, of whom all she could see was the back of his brown head... the younger son, the only son now that James was living permanently in New England. She had always known how Fergus had felt about James—his inarticulate worship of a brilliant older brother of whom they had all expected so much... Her earliest memory of the absent member of the Wyatt family was as clear as the day before yesterday—James was the child most like his father and he had with the old doctor's gravity of expression, the same high reach of forehead. "James will write," they all said, and "When James gets his Ph.D. we'll hear great things of him."



That was long ago; he would now, she computed swiftly, be thirty-seven, almost thirty-eight. . . . Instead of the glittering best-sellers Fergus always predicted James would write, there were two solid, unspectacular textbooks on American history. The white hope of the Wyatt family was now the headmaster of an obscure boys' school in Vermont. He had married—and Allison could remember the simple, economical little wedding—a small brown mouse of a girl whose wants, which were probably few, James' limited salary would undoubtedly satisfy. There were two or three children who looked like their mother.

"James, more than anyone or anything else, has built up Fergus' bitterness," she thought, and saw by Elizabeth Wyatt's face how welcome Fergus was that night. He had come so seldom in the last two years.

She stirred restlessly in her chair. Her father smiled. "I'll excuse you, Allison. I daresay the Wyatts are coming to the ice-cream course."

"I'll be back soon, darling."

She slipped upstairs to put a last dust of powder on her face, run a comb through her fine, very fair hair. Once Fergus had called her "towel-head," now she was considered an ash blonde. There were, it seemed, some compensations for growing up.

"If he could love me," she pleaded desperately of the girl in the mirror. There was nothing wrong with that girl, nothing at all. Fergus might some day marry someone no younger, no more attractive, quite possibly less worshipful of him.

"Fergus will marry a quite, quite different girl," she told herself deliberately, because she must get used to the thought. "She will have gone to school with the girls who have their babies on the tenth floor of the East River Hospital. . . . She may or may not have money, but she will be a social asset to Fergus. You couldn't be. . . . And you're proud, Allison, much too proud to care."

Which, of course, she was not. She tied her tweed coat around her shoulders by the sleeves and, minus hat, ran to the next door porch and rang the bell.

Mrs. Wyatt kissed her and led her in the dining-room with an arm about her waist. She always made people feel she was longing to see them and had been waiting impatiently for their coming.

"Allison shall light the candles on the cake. Oh, Fergus," laughed his mother reproachfully. "How can there be twenty-eight? You were

such a lovely baby, and such a short time ago!"

"Are you going to get out my pictures?" said Fergus composedly. "Especially the one in the bath tub?"

"No, darling, I'm not that unkind. I'm putting the temptation behind me."

"Babies," said the old doctor absent-mindedly. "I'm afraid I'm having two to-night—not at once, I hope."

"A black and a white," said Amy mischievously.

"Father," said Fergus, annoyed, "there really are colored doctors, you know, quite good ones. Even out here."

"It's Bessie's little girl," said his mother quickly. "You remember Bessie who used to launder for us? Her child is only seventeen and she's terrified to have anyone but Father. Father used to look after her when she had measles and grippe as a little piccaninny."

"She was cunning," Allison remembered, "with lots of tiny plaits tied with red ribbons."

"And hasn't a nickel, I suppose," said Fergus, his smile rather labored. "Husband on relief—if she's married at all. And, next year, another snivelling baby who'll bow his legs walking too soon."

"Bessie's so grateful," said Amy gently. "She wants to do our washing for nothing, for life. Cindy is all she has."

Allison imagined that Fergus looked, fleetingly, ashamed. The moment passed, and the birthday cake, towering in its five tiers and glisteningly white, was set before him.

"We all make wishes," said Fergus' mother and her eyes were very bright. Allison wondered; bright with hope or with tears?

"I wish you—everything you want, Fergus," said his sister Amy quietly. "Whatever it is."

"All the good things," said Mrs. Wyatt and blew out a few candles after Amy.

The old doctor cleared his throat.

"What do you wish, Father?" Mrs. Wyatt encouraged him.

"That the boy'll have a long, useful life—" The old doctor's eyes dwelt piercingly on Fergus, on his handsome, last-born son, "and a good wife—like you, Elizabeth—and children to finish what he's begun. That's all there is to wish, I believe, Fergus, and it comes from the bottom of the heart." He blew, leaving only three more candles burning.

"Thanks, Father. And you, Allison," said Fergus, smiling faintly. "Have you any power with the Fates?"

"None," she said, giving him a long, level look, "but I wish for you what Amy did, that you'll have whatever it is you want. . . ." She hesitated and said, knowing she had no business to say it, "But that it won't destroy you, Fergus. . . ."

Her last words were very soft and, she thought later, very cruel. She knew instantly that everyone at the table was aware of her meaning. She should have bitten off her tongue before bringing the faintest shadow to Elizabeth Wyatt's eyes. Yet hadn't the shadow—elusive, evanescent—lain in those eyes before?

Allison blew out two of the three candles, leaving the last to Fergus.

"You have the privilege of the last wish," she reminded him gently, "and of not telling what it is."

Fergus' breath was more savage than necessary for one small candle. And now the cake was dark, ready to be cut with the silver knife lying at its side.

"I have no objection to telling my wish for myself," he said quite clearly, his eyes on Allison's averted face. "It was for what every man wants in his heart, success."

"I'm sure you'll have it," she said, still not meeting his look.

"Of course," threw in Amy hurriedly. "Fergus was born under that sort of star."

"He was born on the clearest, brightest February night—exactly like this one," said his mother, and then carried the conversation away from Fergus entirely.

"Amy, will you give us some music?" she asked when they were settled in the shabby living-room. Allison and Fergus sat at the round table in the centre, doing a crossword puzzle in the evening paper. They had done puzzles together, intermittently, for the last ten years. Between them, there was never one they couldn't solve, even the diagramless. Now they consulted, heads near each other in a sort of wary truce.

"A Hamsary is a Tibetan monastery, of course," said Allison eruditely. "Then that allows us the vertical 'lactic' for the acid."

Amy gave them music. That meant she selected a programme of records and, with her left hand, played them on the gramophone in the far corner. Once, at Allison's age, she had sat at the piano which had stood in this room and evoked, with both her strong young hands, all the crashing magnificence, the whispering nuances, of sound. . . .

To-night Amy had chosen the thunder of the Valkyries, followed by the surging "Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser. It was barely possible



to hear the telephone's plaintive ringing in the front hall.  
Mrs. Wyatt answered it.

"For you, Father. I think it's Mrs. Jerd's baby."

The old doctor from his half of the evening paper that Allison and Fergus had permitted him rose and went to the phone, a worried look crossing his face.

"I don't like that baby," he said rather testily. "Mary Jerd's forty if she's a day and she's lost three. That's the way women are; they must buck Fate. I don't like it."

Amy had switched off the machine as the doctor was, recently, a little hard of hearing.

Allison heard snatches of the conversation.

"Now, you keep your head, Molly. Your mother's going to be all right. You believe me, Molly, don't you? Haven't I always told you the truth, never hurt you without saying I was going to? That's a girl. You better call Nurse Phillips now. . . . Yes, I'll be right over." The old doctor's voice was deep and very kind. But, coming back into the living-room, he ran his fingers through his shock of heavy white hair—a gesture, Allison knew, which meant apprehension.

"You can get me at the Jerds', Elizabeth. Staying overnight, Fergus? Like to see you when I get back."

"I'm afraid not, Father," said Fergus quickly. "I've promised to look in at a farewell party on a boat later—midnight sailing to the West Indies. See you soon, though. I'll be out for a week-end."

Fergus always said, and probably meant, he'd be "out for a week-end," but somehow or other the week-end never materialised. He lived at such a pace.

The old doctor and the young doctor shook hands. Presently they all heard the noisy chug of the old car in the drive.

"He needs a new car," said Fergus, frowning. "I'll have paid off my student loan in a few more months and—"

"The old one works pretty well, Fergus," said his mother quietly.

"We have to find a word meaning 'to go over in memory' in twelve letters," Allison reminded him.

"Recapitulate."

"Oh, yes, it fits!"

In an hour, after two or three more telephone calls, which Mrs. Wyatt was able to settle herself—the little Beeson boy who seemed to have nothing more serious than a stomach ache—young Mrs. Bill Rector across the street whose baby was obviously cutting his first cuspids—an emergency call from Bessie, the laundress.

"Yes, Bessie, I know where to get in touch with him," Allison heard the calm, reassuring voice in the hall. "You stay there at the store a minute and I'll call you back."

"Cindy's baby," murmured Amy. "Poor little kid."

"She could scarcely expect Father to leave the Jerds' and go to her," said Fergus.

They heard Elizabeth Wyatt again: "Father, I'm afraid it's serious. Bessie told me she didn't want to bother you till she had to. What can I say to her?"

She came back from the hall, her face rather drawn.

"Fergus—"

He looked up in surprise. Even Allison felt the incongruity of Dr. Paul Britton's brilliant young assistant's being called to the bedside of a little colored girl across the tracks.

"Fergus, Father can't leave Mrs. Jerd. He'll be there all night, possibly longer. She's—in grave danger."

"You want me to go to Bessie's daughter?" said Fergus quickly.

"You—you had to start back to town," hesitated his mother, "for a steamship sailing."

"That can wait."

"You'll want some help," said Amy, rising. "They won't have a nurse."

"I'll go," Allison sprang to her feet and got her coat from the hatrack in the hall.

Amy made no move to stop her, and almost instantly she was out in the fresh, clear cold with Fergus.

"Hop in," he said briskly. "Know the way?"

"Yes. So do you. Remember that time we went to buy two white rabbits, so I could raise them? That was the street."

"Your first business venture," he laughed.

"Fergus, it's good of you to do this," she said gravely. "It's pleased your mother very much. And Cindy won't be afraid any more. She's heard all about you. Everyone out here has."

From the first moment of their explanation to a drawn-faced Bessie who kept saying, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Fergus. I'm sure the Lord will bless you for it," to the rather terrifying excitement of the baby's thin wall, they were good hours. Heightened hours, where life seemed to be lived on a separate planet and Allison was aware of power surging from her brain to her fingertips. . . . She did what she was told, comforting Bessie between times; there was a cold sweat on her own forehead as she bathed the face and brow of the little colored girl on the bed.

"Good thing I always have my bag with me," said Fergus tersely.

"I work in a big hospital, Bessie," said Allison. "So does Dr. Fergus. This is the kind of help the rich women who have their babies in that hospital get from their doctors. Cindy's having the best."

"Thank you, thank you kindly," said Cindy's mother, tears streaming down her dark cheeks.

Allison was surprised that a house which looked so small and poor could be as clean and carefully kept as it was.

It was over by midnight. Fergus gave the tiny, wrinkled brown boy to his grandmother to dress.

"Father will stop by to see Cindy later, as soon as he has Mrs. Jerd out of danger," he said. "I believe that's all I can do now, Bessie. Let her rest as long as she will."

The hours had flown by at a dizzy, mysterious pace. Allison felt they were leaving the house only a few minutes after they had come.

"Quick work," commented Fergus as they got in the car. "More women ought to have their babies at seventeen. There's something wrong with civilisation, Allison."

He drove back to their own street at a nervous speed. He was excited, then. She had thought he must be if he were a human being.

"That baby," she said slowly. "He might be anything—a great Negro singer, an educator, a preacher with some message for his whole race—"

"Or a prizefighter like Joe Louis," said Fergus—and still, unaccountably, she knew he was as sharply aware of the wonder of birth as she.

The top of the car was still down. The rush of wind, the frosty moonlight were like a presence beside them. Fergus drew up to the kerb and made no move to get out.

"I was thinking, perhaps I had no business to take you. . . ."

"It's been a wonderful night, Fergus," she said, searching for the right words. "An experience—not like any other. I felt different back there, as if I saw better, heard more clearly, as if my muscles could obey any order no matter how difficult—as if I never needed food or sleep. I can't put a finger on it. . . ."

"You've described it very well," he said in a low voice. "I had that feeling first the night we sat up with Mr. Whiskers."

"When you kept him alive. . . and I couldn't help but only sat there sobbing."

"That night," he said unnecessarily.

He came closer to her. She saw his eyes in the clearness of the night.



They were bright and frosty, like the moon. Instantly she thought: "I don't want to be—the let-down of tension, the outlet for Fergus . . . I mustn't, mustn't—" And then she didn't care. Fergus' arm was behind her head, his lips were on her lips. Anyone walking down the street could see them, anyone at all . . . She clung to him from a blind exigence, her eyes closed tightly as if, like an ostrich, she might shut out the world, her enemy.

He let her go, his breath quicker.

"Allison—"

"Please don't say anything," she pleaded. "You kissed me once before, you know. At a kid birthday party. And now it's your birthday and I've kissed you." She clasped her hands tight in her lap to mask their trembling.

"I see. You don't want—apologies."

"No. Please."

"Yet, whether Fergus meant it or not—and of course he didn't—it was the one perfect ending for the night. And something else to remember. Allison added it gravely to her store.

"I'll say good-night to your mother now, then I'll run home. I was expected hours ago."

Mrs. Wyatt had reached the bottom of her basket of socks.

"Fergus," said his mother, rising quickly. "I'm sorry to give you a message like this, when you must be worn out. Dr. Britton phoned."

"Yes?" Fergus was instantly alert. He did not put down his bag.

"You're to make a call in Locust Valley. Mrs. Stewart Anstey. She's at her parents' place, the Malcolm Bliss Lords'. He thought you'd know the road."

"Yes. Emergency?"

"No. Mrs. Anstey is nervous and wants to be looked in on before morning, if possible."

Mrs. Wyatt touched his shoulder, gave him one of her rare, cool kisses. She was not a demonstrative woman, but Allison, having observed her a long time, believed her emotions went deep, so deep that they were not lightly summoned.

"Good-night, Fergus. I'm sorry our evening was so interrupted."

"Good-night, Mother. I'll phone you soon . . . Good-night, Allison. Thanks for your help. You'd make a swell nurse."

He was gone. The whole room deadened when he left it, becoming darker, quieter. Allison stood there, buttoning and unbuttoning her tweed coat, knowing that he would presently make one of his easy transfers from the world of this simple street to the world of North Shore estates and their casual owners—

that, in the transition, one Allison Reed would be as completely forgotten as the inadvertent kiss at the kerbstone.

"I wish," she said to the room at large and to Elizabeth Wyatt because she happened to be in it, "that I didn't know Fergus was on this earth."

Mrs. Wyatt's eyes were trained on her last sock. She smoothed it neatly over the china egg. She had no air of surprise; but, after all, Allison thought hopelessly, why should she be surprised? Everyone in the two families, except Fergus himself, must have known for years.

"I expect," said Fergus' mother at last, calmly, "that you'd have a very free but a very empty feeling, Allison."

"Yes, it would be—empty and blank, wouldn't it? But better than pain."

"Many women have failed to find it so, dear."

"Women are fools," said Allison savagely.

"They are," said Mrs. Wyatt with troubled sadness. "Doctor just phoned about Mary Jerd. She's—gone—"

"Gone? Gone . . ." echoed Allison.

"Why?"

"Because she wanted to give her husband a son, while there was time. He seemed to want a son so much, you see—and she's tried, fruitlessly, twice, three times, before. Doctor's upset—he'll feel he's broken a promise to little Molly. She's fourteen—that's a hard age to explain sorrow to."

"That's why you're sitting up," said Allison suddenly, "because Dr. Wyatt is still—"

"Yes," finished his wife. "He can't stand death, even now. It unnerves him, makes him feel helpless and inadequate. When a patient is very old or suffering greatly, he can resign himself. But in a case like Mary Jerd's . . . I've put some coffee on, Allison. Will you have a cup? It's late and you've been through a lot to-night."

"No, thanks. Tell the doctor how sorry I am, will you? Perhaps I could do something for Molly. Let me know if he thinks there is anything. Good-night, Mrs. Wyatt."

The thin young hand and the thin old hand touched briefly. Allison walked slowly out the front door and down the pavement to her own lighted porch.

Fergus would now be driving on the Locust Valley road, past high chain-link fences and clipped hedges, across the infinite distance (of only a few physical miles) from this side

of the Jericho Turnpike to the other region beyond 25-A.

But Allison, who was to have a wakeful night, would not have slept at all if she had known there was such a girl as Marcia Lord . . . or that Marcia, sitting on the foot of her sister's bed, was saying that very minute, "I'm sticking around to see the superlative young doctor, darling. Such men are rare. I've gone through a whole debut season without a heart throb!" . . . or that Marcia, also, surveying her sister Linda's peach and ecru lace bed jacket, which matched her nightgown, added plaintively, "And I'm nineteen."

Allison, whose life Marcia must inevitably affect, lay wide-eyed on the plain little maple bed she had had since she was a child, and remembered the exact quality of Fergus' kiss.

"That you'll have whatever it is you want, Fergus," she murmured sleepily, quoting her birthday wish, "but that it won't destroy you . . ."

Fergus' first awareness was of the dark, slim girl in a velvet dinner dress, then he turned to his patient. Expensive night things made no mark on his attention any more, though at the start of his assistantship to Dr. Britton, as a rather green and bewildered young doctor, he remembered marvelling at the fine garments women were willing to wear in bed . . .

The girl in wine velvet hovered around until Mrs. Anstey said, wearily, "This is my young sister, Marcia Lord, Dr. Wyatt."

"Hello," said Marcia, lips just parted over her white, not very even teeth.

"Hello. Are you the nurse on the case?"

"She doesn't need a nurse," said Marcia scornfully.

"You'll have to leave now. Go downstairs and play marbles with your little boy friends." There was an edge of sharpness in Linda Anstey's voice.

Marcia left very slowly. She gave Fergus time to observe, with a trained eye, that her bones were neatly put together—though with not quite enough flesh to soften the lines; that she moved with an insolent grace; that her attenuated young throat made a clear arc against the cloudy darkness of her long bob.

"She's the most frightful problem," said Linda petulantly when the door was closed. "The family can't do a thing with her."

"Likes to take the bit in her teeth?" Fergus thought he knew the



type. A rebel, and he had a latent liking for rebels.

"She's been in love with a riding master, a dude ranch wrangler, and, just this winter, with a restaurateur on Fifty-Fourth Street."

"Not seriously?"

"She's never serious."

Fergus digested the warning, realising perfectly that Linda had meant: "So if she turns her eyes in the direction of Dr. Britton's obscure assistant, don't be surprised. That's the way she is."

"Let's hear how you're feeling," he said quickly. "A little under the weather?"

"Miserable."

She quoted a string of meaningless symptoms, which he punctuated with sympathetic nods.

He took her pulse, put her through a routine questioning, reassured himself as to her blood pressure.

"Did you overtire yourself to-day? You were at the hospital fairly early this morning."

"And then I shopped and there was a luncheon I'd accepted simply weeks ago—"

"When did you come to the country? Drive yourself?"

"No, my mother's chauffeur stopped by for me."

"Motoring isn't too good at this stage of the game, particularly when you're feeling tired," said Fergus, glad to have something to take issue with.

"Oh, I know," she said eagerly, "but I was so bored. Stew's away and I never like to stay all alone in the apartment."

Fergus, getting out his efficient-looking hypodermic case, decided the shot would be just as effective for a case of wifely boredom as if there were something really the matter with Mrs. Anstey.

"This isn't going to hurt," he said cheerfully, "but I'd stay in bed to-morrow if I were you. Get thoroughly rested."

She lay back after the jab, looking very pretty and gratified against the monogrammed pillow slip.

"You were so marvellous to come," she murmured, "I think I can go to sleep now."

"Could I speak to your mother about you before I leave?"

A shade of annoyance crossed her face. "Mother isn't back yet. She's at Piping Rock. That's why I felt—so helpless."

"I'll have a word with your sister then."

"You'll find her playing some absurd game in the basement bar."

He held her hand a fraction longer than necessary for good-night. He

knew exactly how long to hold a pampered, groomed little hand such as Mrs. Anstey's. He knew, even, that she didn't care to start either a discreet or an indiscreet flirtation with her doctor; she merely wanted to be the centre of someone's attention. Her husband's absence, her mother's failure to come home early from a party, her sister's hard shell of unimpressed nonchalance had all conspired to make her feel very pathetic and abused.

In the downstairs hall he could hear noise and laughter from below, but the expressionless butler said, "Miss Marcia will see you in the morning-room, sir," and led him to where she was waiting sprawled childishly in the corner of a huge chintz sofa.

"Bring us a drink, Stevens, please."

"I don't want to take you away from your party," said Fergus politely.

Fergus studied her as if she had stepped from Mars on to his planet. She was exactly that foreign to his experience.

"What are you looking at?" She smiled again, that crooked, oddly charming smile over teeth not quite in line. He could imagine her, suddenly, as a savage little girl who refused to wear a brace.

"You. Debutante, model 1937-38. You make me feel very old."

"You disapprove of debutantes, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I don't know any."

She took a cigarette from the mirror box on the table and leaned nearer him to have it lit.

"We're very strange, erratic people," she murmured finally. "An interesting study to a scientific mind—like yours."

"Is any elementary course given?"

"I think you have something there. I could organise one."

"Let me know when it's time to register."

"Doctor," she said suddenly, her face going grave, "you think I'm silly and heartless, don't you? Because I'm not upstairs holding Linda's hand? My defence is that I haven't believed she was sick, not really."

"A bit over-tired," said Fergus cautiously.

"Let's call it that, shall we?" she mocked. Her face was volatile as air, never still, never placid.

He looked at his wrist watch. It was nearly two o'clock.

"Afraid I'll have to head for town now," he said.

"Did she get you all the way out here?"

"No, I was visiting my family. The

call was taken there. I came only a few miles."

"Take me back with you," said Marcia abruptly. "I want to drive and drive, in the wind."

He only laughed at her.

"I mean it. I want to go to New York to-night."

"You're a crazy kid. You know I can't take you for a drive this time of night. What would your parents say when they get back from their dance?"

"Oh, they wouldn't care," she tossed airily, "I come and go as I please this year. They keep the house in town open for me. My old governess stays there to look after things."

"I'm afraid you can't go to your governess to-night," said Fergus sharply. "You'll have to stay where your sister can call you."

Her eyes narrowed, with amusement rather than malice.

"My poor sick sister..."

She rose like a lithe young cat.

"It must be horrible to be sick. I never am."

He was again conscious of her superb strength, the thin perfection of her body.

"I'm double-jointed," she said, childishly pleased at his survey. "They say I ought to be a dancer, but I won't be, of course. I'll be getting married soon, probably, and having rafts of kids."

"You belong to a—very direct generation, don't you?" he said dryly.

She couldn't be downed.

"Because we pitch woo and come out and say so? Because we don't bottle up our thoughts and stick them in a closet?"

"I suppose 'woo' is flirting, in my language?"

"In any language," she said carelessly.

He felt he should spank this arrogant young person and send her up to bed. Instead, he found himself lamely accepting an invitation for the week after next. A subscription ball at the Waldorf.

"You'll be rolling in debs," she assured him. "I have a committee of twenty of them."

"You're taking a risk," he warned. "Doctors are apt to be called any time. But, if I'm not out on emergency, I'd like very much to come."

"White tie, of course. I think it's going to be a good party. We have Algernon."

"Who's Algernon?"

Her eyes widened at such ignorance.

"You've never heard of him?"

"No. Should I have?"

"He's a trained seal. Everyone



adores him, definitely. You meet him at all the best places."

"Oh, I see. You must present me." He had been rather a fool, he thought driving back to town, to let Mrs. Anstey's little sister throw the lasso at his neck. A girl like that was too expensive. Besides, he had things to do—sober things such as finishing the payments on his medical education, getting enough ahead of the game to help his family, even—he smiled grimly—adding to his wardrobe of two suits.

He could make sixty on the parkway at this time of night, and he did it now, enjoying the power of his small roadster against the strong swoosh of wind.

His birthday hadn't been dull. In addition to the usual routine of the day, he had permitted himself anger (something he prohibited as far as possible, since it got in the way of the wheels); he had delivered a Negro baby; he had kissed a girl, the same girl who had stirred him, earlier, to anger; he had met that contemporary phenomenon—a 1938 debutante . . .

He had no idea which of these things—or that any of these things—was important. He only knew he was tired than he ought to be, considering that he was going to be allowed to help with a Caesarian section in the morning.

He switched on the radio. Nothing but some late, not very inspiring swing. It reminded him that his dancing was probably out of date now; that he'd better brush up with a lesson or two before the date with Marcia. The last time he had danced was at Allison's senior prom up at Northampton the previous June and it hadn't come easily to him then.

"Allison," he thought, "I shouldn't have touched her. She's too good for that." He felt a queer nostalgia for the blonde serenity of that face, so lately beside him. But a man—a young man who had things pretty well figured out—could go farther, and travel faster alone . . .

Marcia faced her mother across the neutral ground of a quilted pink exercise mat. Mrs. Malcolm Bliss Lord was about to lie on it, after she had finished creaming her face, and make the minimum movements and bendings her beauty adviser said she really must, to keep her waistline.

"I can't think," she said now to Marcia with annoyance, "why you would consider breaking an engagement with Dick to go out with a young doctor nobody has ever heard of!"

"But you will tell Dick I'm in bed with a splitting headache, won't you, darling?"

The social lie never seemed a lie to Mrs. Lord. She merely disliked it when circumstances didn't seem to warrant it.

"I suppose so. But, Marcia, you're so wilful! Your enthusiasms are so—so ill-considered."

"You wouldn't say so if you'd met Dr. Wyatt, Mum. Ask Linda."

"Linda thinks he's a most unsuitable friend for you."

"She would," said Marcia sharply. "She hates to think he might be holding anyone else's hand—and not to take their pulse."

"Really, dear!"

"You're terribly sweet, Mum—much younger in your point of view than Linda, actually. And now I must run—" Marcia, who knew the exact degree to which she could strain her mother's patience or credulity, slipped out of the huge bath dressing-room, not too hurriedly.

"Marcia," she was halted at the door, as if by an afterthought, "where is he taking you this afternoon, while you're having your headache?"

It was still a rule, frequently broken but nevertheless recognised, that Marcia must leave word where she was at all times and when she could be expected home.

"For your own good," her mother always murmured vaguely, and never elucidated.

"Oh, just for a drive. Really, darling, the safest place in the world to be is out with a doctor. They can be reached any moment."

"Well," said Mrs. Lord, already on her mat and sighing from the exertion of distributing herself properly on it, "I suppose it's all right—but I do wish he were some relation of those Wyatts we met at Edgartown . . ."

Marcia was gone, jamming her hat on her head as she skipped down the stairs. It was her sixth date with Fergus. Soon she would stop counting. When she got to know a boy well, she was usually much more casual. It even surprised her now, that she wasn't casual about Fergus, at least not yet.

She had got her car out of the garage and was turning the curve of the driveway when Stevens waved his arm at her from the pillared portico.

Oh, heck, the phone. She wouldn't bother to put on her brakes except that it might be a message from Fergus.

"Well, Stevens?" she said coldly, coming back.

"It's Dr. Wyatt for you, Miss Marcia. I told him you were just starting out but he said it was urgent."

Fergus' voice on the wire gave her the little thrill down her spine she had felt on their first encounter. But what he said made her voice shake in anger.

"Fergus, you promised! I've gone through perfect torment arranging things so I could see you. I won't—I won't be put off like some kid you'd said you might take to the circus . . ."

"Look here, Marcia, this is nothing I can help. It's emergency and Dr. Britton has been sick all week. The man he has here helping me is a swell doctor but the patient doesn't know him. She won't let him touch her."

"Some spoiled brat like Linda, I suppose," said Marcia furiously. "Well, let her wait."

"She can't wait. Would you wait if you were in pain? And for what?" questioned Fergus, his voice matching hers in anger now. "For a nineteen-year-old child suffering from arrested development."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Both phones were jammed down on their bases with savage clicks.

Marcia stopped an instant before the hall mirror. Stevens had gone back to the pantry and she was quite alone.

"Call Dick," she admonished the dramatic person in the mustard hat. "He'll take you to Roosevelt Field and up in his plane wherever you want to go—across several states if you like. Oh, you fool!" For the dark provocative face in the mirror was, without any success, winking back futile, uncalled-for tears . . .

Speed, altitude, the tempo of Dick Register's new cabin plane had no possible excitement for her today. The powers of life and death Fergus held in his strong, thin fingers were all the kick she wanted or could endure.

She put on her hat more carefully, tilting the high pointed peak of the crown backward. She thought she looked like a very young and tragic witch, with her long dark hair she wore almost shoulder-length for no reason except that all the magazines were saying you absolutely had to cut it short for the new, brushed-up coiffure . . .

Approving her looks at least she went back to her car and drove more recklessly than the Nassau County



police would have allowed if they had caught her, to New York.

The office nurse in Dr. Britton's reception-room at 827 Park Avenue was obviously startled at the insistence of her demand to see Dr. Wyatt.

"Dr. Wyatt is operating this afternoon. Dr. Carrier is taking the office calls. I—perhaps I could get you an appointment though we've rather a full schedule . . ."

"I'm not interested in seeing Dr. Carrier. Where is Dr. Wyatt?"

Two young women leafing magazines on the lounge in the waiting-room looked up as Marcia's voice rose in excitement.

The nurse, who was stout and timorously middle-aged, started to repeat patiently, "Dr. Wyatt is on an emergency—"

"I know that. Where?"

Another nurse, very pretty and crisp and no more than twenty-five, emerged in the doorway and said, ominously pleasant, "We aren't allowed to give that information. We can reach Dr. Wyatt for you if the call is sufficiently important . . ."

The stout one seemed relieved by her compatriot's interruption and departed thankfully into the ante-room.

Marcia found herself facing a polite mask, set as stubbornly as her own. It made her even angrier to think that Fergus saw this girl every day—that if he had eyes in his head he must see that she was attractive (probably her looks were vastly heightened by the uniform and cap, but they did, indisputably, exist), that she, in turn, must recognise Fergus' rather dazzling strength and beauty . . . For Fergus had beauty; even Marcia, whose mind had been almost untouched by Miss Ransome's classes and by a six-months' breathless tour through the great cities of Europe, thought of young discus throwers, of workings of marble and bronze wrought by masters whose names she would never recognise—all this simultaneously with Fergus.

"Where is he?" she repeated imperiously, and seeing quite clearly that the young nurse was not going to tell her then or ever, she added with a sly intent, "Oh, well, never mind. I'm sure to find him at East River Hospital."

By the annoyance flickering across the face of her opponent, she knew she had struck it.

"Thanks," she tossed back, turning on her heel.

It didn't trouble her in the least that she was the centre of some un-

flattering discussion in Dr. Britton's suite for the next few minutes. Even if she had heard it, it would have glanced off her mind like rain water from a metallic substance.

She made a U-turn on the bumpy cobblestone in front of the hospital and pulled up.

"The police don't permit double-parking up here, Miss," warned the old doorman.

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" said Marcia carelessly, but she gave him one of her best smiles. "I won't be a minute."

The smile was still on her lips, and she spoke in her sweetest voice to the blonde in the admissions office. There was nothing about this efficient, calm-faced girl to mark her as an adversary.

"Do you know Dr. Fergus Wyatt?" she asked Allison, whose eyes did not flicker in their pleasant, level look. "Could you help me find him, please? It's very important."

"He's in surgery," said the blonde girl.

"I want to see him."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to wait."

Marcia could not take issue with anything in this voice. It was assured but not hostile. Giving Allison a long, slow appraisal she sank down into a chair facing her desk.

"I'll wait. I don't like the sight of blood."

"You wouldn't be permitted in the operating-room," said Allison slowly, "even if you were a cannibal and loved it."

Marcia laughed. "Look, you could do this for me, couldn't you? You could phone up there and have someone tell him I'm here?"

"Yes . . ." For the first time that cool certainty wavered.

"Then do, please. I've simply got to see that man, and soon."

"A life and death matter," murmured Allison in a low voice, "that's it, isn't it?"

"You get my meaning," Marcia, appeased, brought out her cigarette case. "Have one?"

"Thanks, no." White, efficient fingers reached for the inter-hospital phone. "Tenth floor, please. Miss Curtiss? There's someone to see Dr. Wyatt as soon as he's out of the operating-room. Will you see that he gets the message?" She turned to Marcia. "Your name—"

"Marcia Lord. He knows me."

"Miss Marcia Lord," repeated Allison clearly. "She'll be waiting."

"That's good of you, really. It's the first co-operation I've struck this afternoon." Marcia drew deeply on her cigarette. "As a matter of fact, I don't usually spend my days rushing on the trail of young doctors. This is something special."

Finally one of the phones on the desk buzzed.

"Yes?" said Allison crisply. "Yes, I'll tell her. Thank you, Miss Curtiss." She turned to Marcia and said, even more crisply, "Dr. Wyatt will be down immediately."

"Thanks."

"I—I have something to attend to in another office."

Marcia felt that she scurried off like a frightened rabbit. "Or was it tact?" she asked herself, amused. She had the space of a minute to put in some nice work with her purple-red lipstick before Fergus stepped suddenly into the room . . .

"Fergus, don't say anything," she pleaded. "I mean, don't scold me. I couldn't bear it. I've had a horrible afternoon." Knowing the moment to lift her long lashes, she lifted them and stared wide-eyed into his sober face; knowing the moment to smile, she did that, too—disarmingly, almost plaintively.

"I haven't said anything, have I?"

"But you've looked it, Fergus. You've made me feel every single thing you have against me, and I know it's a black record."

"Don't be foolish, Marcia," he said, less stiffly.

The office was too much a part of the foyer, too public, for even Marcia to dare to walk into his arms. Besides, Fergus was wearing a white coat and he looked withdrawn, rather frighteningly remote from her.

But she did move towards him and put her sunburned hand with its long rust-colored nails on top of his as it rested on the back of a chair.

"Marcia, please—"

"I have to," she said, eyes narrowed. "Sometimes I must touch you to believe you're real, Fergus. I've never felt this way before. But then, I've never been so—so submerged in love . . ."

"You have no idea what you're saying," he said sharply, but he did not withdraw his hand. She felt a muscle in it quiver.

She pressed her advantage.

"Can you get out of here now?"

"Not for an hour or so. I have to be on hand till my patient comes out of it."



"Are you free then?"

"Marcia, please do as I ask and get out of here now. I'll meet you later."

"At the house?"

"Yes. We'll go out for dinner somewhere." He laughed nervously. "You'll be amused to hear that I'm afraid of you, lady—because I can't cope with you, I can't even explain you."

"Darling—"

She caught up her bag and gloves and brushed past him, leaving only a trail of heavy, exotic scent. At the door she turned and looked at him once more. "You heard me, didn't you? Darling . . ."

"I heard you," he said grimly.

"Well, think about it."

He stood there quietly after she was gone. In a moment or two, Allison came back.

"Hello, Fergus."

"Oh, Allison," he said absently. "Hello."

Marcia was taking a perverse pleasure in telling Dick Register that she doubted if she'd ever marry him and that it was up to him if he wanted to hang around any more.

"So that's the way it is," he said, frowning. He hadn't a bad-looking face even when it was sulky.

"That's the way it is and I'm sorry, Dick."

"I bet you are."

His eyes looked disconcertingly into hers. They were almost the same height.

"Who have you got a yen for now, Marcy?" he demanded. He had known her very well for a very long time.

"No one in particular," she said carelessly.

"That's a lie."

"Then take it and like it."

"Okay—very much okay."

She was annoyed that he didn't press her to tell Fergus' name. Some demon in her breast would have liked to utter it, to say boldly, recklessly, "I'm in love with Fergus Wyatt, you fool, and he breathes a different air from you."

But she only said: "Then everything's lovely. We can be friends, Dick?"

"Sure. For the next ten minutes, anyway. After that I'm off."

"Where?" It annoyed her that he was willing to give up so easily.

"Flying to Mexico City with a fellow I know. He's a commercial pilot down on his luck. We'll take turns at the stick."

"When are you coming back?" she asked sharply.

"Depends on how much fun we're having. There's no hurry—now."

"No—I suppose not."

She saw Fergus' head in the doorway then. He was looking for her on the crowded dance floor. Another boy had cut in on Dick before he found her.

"Have you been having mad, mad fun?" teased Fergus, holding her close.

"Not till now. How quickly you pick up the lingo, my sweet."

"I've had a very thorough teacher. Look, Marcia—" his eyes were now serious, "what am I supposed to do now? Do I dance with all those girls you introduced me to at the cocktail party—if I can find them?"

"Not unless you want to, darling," she whispered.

"I only came to see you."

"Then dance with me."

"We'll be cut in on every few minutes."

"Then dance with me at home."

"Leave this?" He looked searchingly into her eyes. "Take the glamorous girl of the debutantes away in the heyday of the evening?"

"Yes—"

Dr. Britton had his largest number of baby cases that spring and if it had not been for Fergus' assistance, he couldn't have coped with them. Allison noticed him now and then when he came into the hospital, a tall, rather frail elderly man with a bad color. She knew he wasn't well, that he was turning over more and more work to Fergus.

Allison's main wish now was to escape the hospital. It didn't seem to matter how. Only, of course, she couldn't resign from her job till she had a new one to step into. The family exchequer had been strained to the breaking point by her four years at college—even with the scholarship aid—and she had no intention of allowing the familiar worried look to creep back over her father's gentle face. He was happier these days, she thought—for the first time in years not fretting himself about what he must give her, how he must educate her and prepare her for the world.

"Because I'm done now," she had assured him blithely, "thoroughly baked in a moderate oven . . . From now on, darling, you're a free man." Free for his writing, she meant. For years, he had been editing essays on

literary criticism and was now ready to gather them into a book, prefaced by what Allison secretly thought was a rather dull and lengthy foreword.

She had no quarrel with how her father preferred to spend his days, however. He hadn't been cut out to be a business man; he had learned that while Allison was a small child. So, having a small income of his own, he had turned to the thing he most wanted to do.

"And he was right," she thought loyally, "though I suppose Fergus would say his life has been a failure . . ."

During March and April she steeled herself to face the tangible loss of her love. She had lost him, intangibly, long ago.

The girl she had seen in Fergus' future—like a ghost walking in some dim vista ahead—was now a concrete materialisation, flesh and blood, with the potent force of reality. She even had a name, and Allison knew it.

"I can't stay here. I can't watch him going back and forth every day," but she was like an animal caught in a trap. There seemed no place of refuge where she could go—and not see Marcia's roadster parked on the cobblestones in front of the hospital.

Then she heard his voice.

"Why, Allison, you must have spring fever, too—but it isn't like you."

She turned sharply around, met his laughing face and the other face near it . . .

"This is Marcia Lord—and Marcia, this is Allison Reed," said Fergus easily. "We know enough about each other to hang us, don't we, Allison?"

"We've met," said Marcia, nodding "only I didn't realise Miss Reed was a—personal friend of yours."

"You might call it a personal enemy, in a way," and Allison attempted a lightness to match their moods. "Fergus and I have had plenty of fights."

"But no hard feelings," he said.

"No, no hard feelings."

Marcia was wearing an intricately cut dress with its own matching coat. It hurt Allison suddenly, irrelevantly, to realise that Marcia's dresses would all have coats to them—if she wanted them; that she would know nothing about the problems of keying all one's clothes to one color, so they'd blend and look like more than they were. This spring, like last spring, Allison had chosen her usual navy-blue . . .



"The pastoral urge," explained Marcia, "always comes over me about this time of year. So I dragged Fergus out of the hospital by his ears. He has beautiful ears, hasn't he?"

"Very."

"Why, Marcia, I bet you say that to all the boys!"

Allison had not seen Fergus like this for years. Silly, teasing, wise-cracking—like a medical student. Her heart ached because she remembered that medical student so well.

"I must run," she said hurriedly. "My lunch hour is exactly sixty minutes long and I haven't had anything to eat yet."

"Have lunch with us," said Fergus. "We're headed for the hospital restaurant right now."

"Thanks, I—"

"Nonsense, come along."

She found herself, against her will, being propelled across the street. Fergus took a table for three.

Allison had dined at the hospital restaurant only once before. It was famous for its cuisine and it was too expensive for her budget. Her own lunches cost not over thirty-five cents, because if they did, she couldn't afford a professional hair-set every two weeks . . .

She and Fergus took the regular table d'hôte luncheon, but Marcia ordered by whim from a la carte card.

"I feel like asparagus and lots of hollandaise to-day," she remarked. "and I think I'll start out with blue points. Thank heaven I'm thin. I adore to eat."

Allison ate without tasting. She evaded dessert by saying her hour was over and she must fly. She remembered to thank Fergus and to say something—she was never sure just what—to Marcia Lord. Then she went back to the admissions office and sat at her desk, touching the cool mahogany gratefully—feeling as she thought a soldier must feel on returning to his home fort after a reconnoitring trip into enemy territory . . .

But she was not done with Marcia that day. A little later, while Fergus made a call, the girl came in and draped herself over the one arm-chair.

"I wonder," she began with an amused look, "what you must have thought of me that day I rushed in here and demanded to see Fergus?"

Allison said, very slowly, "As a matter of fact, Miss Lord, I make it a habit not to think anything. You

can't, you see, in Admissions, or you'd go mad. We have all sorts of demands here—mostly for information we're not allowed to give."

Marcia was, apparently, not easily snubbed.

"And a great many girls calling for Fergus?"

"Why not ask him?"

"I don't have to," Marcia smiled tentatively. "If you've known Fergus so long, you must know that he's woman-shy, don't you?"

"Is he?" said Allison.

Marcia's smile became laughter. "You're perfect for your job, aren't you? Calm, impersonal, not easily flustered. I wonder if you're half as calm under the surface . . ." She gave Allison a long, speculative look. "No, somehow I don't believe you are. There's probably gunpowder there, but no one's lit the fuse . . ."

"What are you, a hand-writing expert or an analyser of character by noses?" said Allison crisply.

"Neither. I go on the mouth entirely. Yours gives you away."

Marcia then appeared to remember why she had come.

"Tell me about Fergus," she said winningly. "Has he always been as illegally handsome as this?"

"He's not so handsome when you know his family. They're all a notch ahead of him in looks." Allison wondered where she found the controlled voice she was able to use in speaking to Marcia.

"Oh—That's hard to believe. I'll make him take me out to see them some time. Maybe you're prejudiced—maybe you like the other brother best . . . Do you?"

Allison almost smiled at the transparency of the trap.

"James? He's been married for about ten years, ever since I was a child. Of course, a really modern child might have been desperately in love by twelve, but I was a little backward."

"And Fergus—" murmured Marcia relentlessly. "I don't see how anyone could live next door to Fergus and not—"

"And not fall for him?" Allison thought: She's ruthless, she'll never let him go. She's sounding me out now to see if I'm worth considering as a menace to her plans . . . Some imp of perversity made her say aloud, in a pensive voice,

"Perhaps not. . . . But one doesn't always see what's beneath one's nose, so I may have overlooked something—or he may."

For the first time she felt a faint desire to fight—to pit her own trained mind against Marcia's shallow one, to set thought against superficial

shrewdness, but the moment was evanescent. Actually she wasn't a fighter, and she knew it. She hadn't a chance against a girl who was accustomed to reaching out a hand and grabbing, by force or otherwise, anything she wanted from the world.

And so, on that day, she decided to leave the hospital. Not hastily or conspicuously, but very quietly—as soon as she had even the promise of another job.

"Will you ask your publishers again about me, Father?" she said abruptly in the evening, after dinner.

"You're pretty well fixed at the hospital," he reminded her.

"I know it, but it isn't what I really want. I thought, perhaps, by now, there might be some opening in a publishing house. I'd be willing to start on a pittance."

"I'll start pulling wires to-morrow," he promised. "After all, it's nearly a year since we tried before, and something may have turned up."

The next night he had news. Allison was amazed, then furious at herself, for her absurd sense of loss when he said, "You had a good hunch. Charlie Mason says they're considering starting work on a new magazine almost any time now. There'll be several small openings that won't pay much but might come to something if the magazine took."

In a few days, Allison had as nearly definite word as she could expect from the prospective publishers of "Woman of To-morrow." Unless something unforeseen happened, there would be a job. The catch was that the job wasn't to begin till late summer, and she dreaded prolonging things at the hospital for several more months.

"Arrange to leave in a month," her father suggested, "and we'll take a trip, you and I."

"You know very well we'd be insane to do that, but you're a darling . . . Have I remembered to tell you that lately?"

What she had endured for so long, she knew she could keep on enduring. It would be force of habit, if not force of character.

But she did, on that night at the close of April, obey an impulse to go and see Fergus' mother. It hurt her, yet gave her a perverse pleasure, to look into eyes so like Fergus', to note the contours of a face cast in the same mould. . . .

The doctor was out on a call, Miss Amy was conducting a music recital in the new High School gymnasium, and Mrs. Wyatt was sitting alone.

They talked desultorily of a number of things. Finally Allison spoke about the new job, somehow wanting the news to reach Fergus.



"And so," finished Allison carefully, "it looks as though I might at last land on a magazine. Father thinks I'd be wise to take the chance. There isn't any future for me at the hospital, of course."

She was vaguely surprised to see Elizabeth Wyatt's face cloud over.

"I'm sorry, Allison," she was answered gently. "You're right, I know."

"But—"

"Exactly. I have felt—happier, knowing you were there with Fergus."

There was nothing to say to that, nothing to staunch the deep hurt in the eyes of Fergus' mother. It was not Allison's business to tell her about Marcia Lord.

They looked at each other, reduced to the futile stature of two women whom Fergus was neglecting.

Allison knew that for years past the Wyatts had planned to take their trip abroad. She knew, too, that each time the day of sailing drew near and seemed for once inevitable, some tragic unsuspected manoeuvre of fate intervened. The money had to be used in another way; then the whole slow procedure of saving started again. There was the summer of Miss Amy's accident—that scarcely bore thought. In later years, a bank failure and an operation Mrs. Wyatt was suddenly forced to undergo had forestalled the sailing.

"You've had horrible luck," said Allison. When she thought of it, it seemed that Fergus must be right and that some Nemesis had hotly pursued the entire Wyatt family and would never give up the chase.

"Luck? I don't know. Perhaps there's some meaning in things that elude us," said Mrs. Wyatt calmly. "The doctor and I started out with so much. I've often wondered if our—security, our comforts, made us snug. Whether they did or not, we didn't keep them long."

She was referring, Allison knew, to the halcyon time before they had moved to this small Long Island town. They had come from Vermont, after losing the fine old sanitarium Dr. Wyatt had inherited. Enough had been salvaged to buy the house they now lived in, and to start the doctor in his modest practice.

Allison waited silently, feeling the strange tension of the moment.

"Small happenings may be the turning points of many lives. . . . I don't believe the doctor and I stand alone."

She hesitated and said, "I wonder why I'm telling you this, Allison. I've never told anyone before."

As Elizabeth Wyatt went on, her words rushed by with time like a stream after a thaw, the shabby

living-room seemed to recede. In its place she could see with the eyes of the imagination the long drawing-room of Castle Cliff on an evening of a pre-war winter. . . .

"Things had been going badly for some time," continued the calm, almost impersonal, voice, "but I was blind to it. The doctor's worries had no reality for me then. I had my four children—Fergus was very small then and the boy I was so soon to lose was only six years old. James should have been away at school, but the doctor kept him home at the last moment, saying he'd have to wait another year. The children, the house, the servants all absorbed me. And I practised four hours a day on the piano the doctor had had such a hard time getting up the mountain."

"I didn't know you played," said Allison sharply.

"I haven't touched the keys of a piano for twenty-five years."

"But why, why? Did you play as Miss Amy used to?"

"I was told so. . . . I was told I might have a great career as a concert pianist. I have never been sure whether or not Leopold meant that. He loved me, you see."

"Leopold? He was famous, wasn't he? We were told about him in school."

"He was as famous then as Stokowski is now. He spent the winter of 1916 with us, after a breakdown on a concert tour."

On the afternoon before Leopold was finally to leave, he asked me to play for him once more. I sat down and started the 'Moonlight Sonata'; soon he came and sat on the edge of the bench beside me. One of those great hands crept to the keys, accompanying me. We played the 'Sonata' again, together. Then he led me into the Fire Music from 'The Valkyries.' I don't know how long we played. It was quite dark, almost too dark in the room to see—but we weren't using notes. When it was over, and the last crescendo was dying into echoes, we looked at each other, almost in terror. There is no way to keep the ecstasy of such a moment. . . . We both felt that. Though he had never spoken a word of love to me, I knew all that he was feeling. Perhaps, for that moment, I loved him, too. We were in each other's arms, we had kissed each other, before the ordinary world drew us back. In a few moments, the doctor walked into the room."

"What—what did you do?"

"I rang for David to come in and light the candles—the house wasn't wired for electricity. I remember

asking the doctor some perfectly commonplace question about an outside patient he had visited that afternoon—and all the time, I was trying to recall whether or not I had heard the opening and closing of the front door."

"Had you?"

"If I had, I wasn't aware of it. Yet it was a heavy, cumbersome door. The only way I could explain not having heard it was that the doctor had come in some minutes earlier, while Leopold and I were playing; that he'd stood in the doorway, waiting till the song was over. . . ."

"Have—have you ever asked him?"

"No. I never shall. Neither of us speak of that hour in our lives. Leopold left the next day; a short while later the doctor said we couldn't keep Castle Cliff any longer. We sold it at a sacrifice, saving what we could of our possessions. We had the piano hauled down the mountain, again, only because Amy was taking lessons and needed it. I never played again."

"Why should you have given up something you loved so much?" demanded Allison hotly.

"Because I loved it too well, and my life flowed in a different course. . . . I knew then that my marriage and the four children I had brought into the world were enough. The kiss I had given Leopold was a kiss not of passion but of renunciation."

"What became of him?" asked Allison gently.

"He was killed the following year, in the war. His papers and the small amount of money he hadn't squandered came to me—with a note in his writing saying there was no one else for whom he cared. I used the money for Amy's music lessons."

"Where were you living then? I mean, before you moved here?"

"In an apartment in New York with the children. The doctor was restless and finally lied about his age and enlisted as an Army doctor. I let him go, realising it was better for us to be apart for a while. . . . My son, Gavin, died in the flu epidemic during that awful winter."

For the first time tears came to Elizabeth Wyatt's eyes.

"He was so small," she said, "and I kept feeling that if we hadn't been so poor, or if we'd stayed in Vermont, he wouldn't have been lost. . . . Those were bitter days. Later, the doctor came home after the Armistice and we looked around for a place to settle and start over again. We came here and we've lived—happily ever after."

"You've really been happy?" All-



son questioned her, feeling it was somehow important to know the truth of that.

"Don't I look like a happy woman, my dear?"

"Sometimes you look—'anxious.'"

"No one is free of anxiety, Allison—the little worries that loom so big in the night when you can't sleep. But the deep fundamental happiness—yes, I have that. It comes with years and wisdom and is nourished by abiding love."

By abiding love . . . Allison felt she had been answered. She looked now at Elizabeth with envy rather than pity.

They were still sitting there, a companionable silence between them, when Fergus' voice shouted in the hall.

"Anyone home? Mother—Amy!"

"Fergus—" said his mother, and Allison saw the rush of joy in her face.

Feeling that she was a third person to this infrequent meeting of mother and son, she nodded to Fergus and slipped quietly towards the door.

"No, don't leave, Allison," he said quickly. "I have something to tell Mother that I'd like you to know, too."

She knew before he spoke. . . . Allison's throat moved convulsively.

She said, "I hope you'll be happy, Fergus. She's a very beautiful girl."

"That's right, you've met her. Tell Mother how knockout she is, really. I'm bringing her to see you soon, Mother."

Allison did not look into Mrs. Wyatt's eyes then. She made some weak excuse about having to leave, and managed a bright "Good night," including them both.

Let them discuss Marcia Lord without her. She ran down the Wyatt steps on to the damp sidewalk. A shower had come and gone while she had sat in that room. The air was very fresh and still smelled of rain.

"I've known this all along," she thought frantically. "I've expected this moment—only not quite so soon. The time it happens can't matter—it wouldn't be any easier to bear in June, or even August, than it is now in April."

Feeling twice as lonely as she had ever been or might ever be in her life, she walked up her own porch steps.

Fergus said, recklessly, "But suppose—for the sake of supposing—

that I don't want to go to the opening races at Belmont on Monday? Has that occurred to you, my darling?"

Marcia only laughed at him.

"If you have a case then, you're excused. Otherwise not."

"I've never seen a horse race in my life."

"Then it's time you did."

She reached up and kissed the corner of his mouth. It was like her. She wouldn't have cared in the least if another couple had just then strolled out on the terrace and seen her. She was completely without reticence.

They stood then by the stone coping and looked out over the city. Central Park was a maze of lights and dark pools of blank space spread out below them.

"The hospital's up there, far to the east," he pointed out to her.

"The hospital!" More laughter bubbled in her throat. "Fergus, you're priceless. Can't you even forget about the hospital? Do you suppose I want to think about that to-night?"

"I'm sure you don't," he said. He looked down at her dark, vivid young face, unable to blame her. She couldn't know, of course, how inextricably that great surging life—comprising the lives of many people, the sick, the convalescent, the slowly dying—was bound up with his.

"Want to dance?"

"In a minute. I like it out here, don't you?"

"All too well," he said.

He still disliked the futility of starting around a dance floor with Marcia, only to be cut in on before he had made even one completed circle.

"We will be married, won't we, Fergus—before very long?"

"As soon as I can support a wife," was his invariable answer.

"Don't be stupid!" she usually rejoined. "You're carrying on Dr. Britton's practice almost single-handed; soon he'll retire and you'll step into it. You couldn't help but make money, darling—hundreds of ladies like my sweet sister Linda grovelling at your feet because you spare them ordinary pains and aches. . . ."

"Marcia, not so fast!"

Sometimes her quick impatience, her way of seizing at straws and making them into certainties, frightened him.

"Dad would keep on with my

allowance," said Marcia suddenly as they stood there by the parapet.

He said nothing, but he felt she had struck him on the raw edge of his pride as carelessly as she would strike a baulking horse with her riding crop.

"Call for Dr. Wyatt, sir," said a voice behind them.

Fergus looked into the respectful face of the head waiter.

"Marcia, do you mind—"

"What if I did? You wouldn't stay."

"I couldn't stay," he corrected her. The head waiter melted away from them, as unobtrusively as he had come.

"Good night, darling. The Wis-harts will take you home if I don't get back in time."

She laughed then, gaily, mischievously as a wilful child.

"That's what you think . . ."

In a few minutes he felt he might have dreamed her. She had no part in the exigence of the rest of the night.

The voice of a strange nurse broke crisply in his ears.

"Dr. Wyatt? Dr. Britton has received a call from Mrs. Phelps Dunston. She is on her way to the East River Hospital."

"Tell Dr. Britton I'll meet him there at once," said Fergus.

"Dr. Britton has had a heart attack earlier in the evening. It's out of the question for him to leave the house. He is conscious now and wants to speak to you."

Fergus strained his ears to catch the faint syllables of his chief's voice.

"I'll go to the hospital immediately, sir. Please don't worry. Try and rest. I'll report to you to-morrow morning."

The nurse came back on the wire. She lowered her voice cautiously.

"Don't phone Dr. Britton to-night, please, doctor. He's in an exhausted condition."

"Look after him, Nurse. He's—he's a grand person."

So the crack-up had come. Fergus realised he had been aware that it would for weeks. There had been four nights last month when neither he nor Dr. Britton had been able to go to bed at all. They had both snatched cat naps in the doctors' dressing-rooms at the hospital. It hadn't hurt Fergus beyond the period of inevitable physical reaction, but it had taken its toll of Dr. Britton's lessening vitality.

As he got into his car and drove towards the river, Fergus felt curi-



ously alone. He tried to recall what he knew of Nathalie Dunstan — her chart, the last time he had examined her. . . . Dr. Britton had looked after her the last two months himself.

He could hear the chief's voice in his memory. "Fergus, there's a spoiled, self-indulgent woman if we've ever had one in this office."

He remembered, too, that Mrs. Dunstan was a close friend of Mrs. Anstey's and that he had noticed them, once or twice, sitting together in the waiting-room as he came through. But where Linda Anstey was merely petulant—with the petulance of many young women who wanted a child but disliked the long period before its arrival—Nathalie Dunstan was openly resentful.

"We could have adopted one just as well," she was reported as having said to Miss Greacen, the younger nurse. "If Phelps had had to go through this himself, he'd have sung a different tune."

Fergus smiled grimly.

As he emerged from the elevator on the tenth floor of the hospital, a young man with an anguished face caught his arm.

"Dr. Wyatt? Look, she's suffering horribly. Do something, can't you?"

The Night Superintendent looked up from the desk and said soothingly, "Mr. Dunstan is upset, doctor."

"By Heaven, my wife's in pain and you wonder that I'm upset," shouted Phelps Dunstan.

"I'm going to Mrs. Dunstan at once," said Fergus.

"Room 1060."

Apparently the routine things had been done. The patient lay, stirring restlessly, on the high bed. She had been undressed and put into the regulation hospital nightgown; Fergus noticed with a wry amusement that even in her pain she made an automatic effort to be decorative. Two blue ribbon bows on bobby pins held back the blonde wings of her hair. . . .

There were moments during the endless hours before it was light when Fergus believed that he, the Resident, and the girl on the bed were characters in a nightmare. Now and then the impersonal face of a nurse flashed in his vision—or, on one of his errands of mercy to the reception-room where Phelps Dunstan sat with his weeping mother-in-law, he would grip the reality of the outside world for one taut moment, then return to the macabre drama of Room 1060. . . .

Long afterwards, reviewing every detail of the case, every movement of his thin fingers, in his memory,

he could think of nothing which had been left undone. His brain refuted all the accusations of his tormented soul. But never, while he lived, would he forget the white face of the girl on the table.

"Tell the husband and—and her mother," he said dully at last to the nurse nearest him. "No, never mind. I'll tell them myself."

He noted, automatically, the nurse's trembling lips, and thought, with a little shock of surprise, "She's human, too. She's afraid of—death."

He slipped out of the sterile gown, washed his hands, and walked from the door of that soundproof room.

The day Super looked up from some charts she was examining.

"I've sent Mrs. Dunstan's family to her room. Her mother's had a few hours of rest. The husband just sits there and drinks all the black coffee I send in."

Looking for the first time at Fergus' drawn face, she asked quickly, "Has the baby arrived, Dr. Wyatt?"

"Yes. He's dead. So is the mother."

This was the worst moment of his life, he thought wretchedly, as he opened the door of Room 1060. He had encountered death before, in his internship. He had seen an old man slip away under the anaesthetic—an old man who would never be really well again, anyway, and who would one day have died a very painful death with cancer of the throat. He had also, at the same City Hospital, witnessed the death of a fourteen-year-old mother in childbirth, and, knowing the facts of the case, he had thought her death merciful. Never, until to-day, had any patient of his own, for whom he was directly responsible, been taken. . . .

He looked into the two terror-stricken faces which had already read his. . . . Phelps Dunstan had the morning newspaper in his unsteady hands. The ashtray beside was piled high with cigarette stubs. The mother, Mrs. Crenshaw, lay restlessly on her daughter's bed, looking no longer young, no longer beautifully made-up. Fergus could see the ridges on her small feet left by the tight pumps she had kicked off.

"I—I'm afraid I have tragic news for you," said Fergus, wetting his dry lips.

Mrs. Crenshaw broke immediately into agonised sobbing.

"She — she's gone," said Phelps Dunstan dully. "That's what you mean, I know."

"Yes," said Fergus gently, "I'm sorry. Dr. Chard and I did all we could. The baby went too."

"Where was Dr. Britton?" shrieked Mrs. Crenshaw between her sobs.

"What right had he to let my—my —"

"Please," said Fergus earnestly. "It was inevitable. This is a bitter hour for you both, I know. I want to help you in any way I can. Mr. Dunstan—"

"Send Mrs. Crenshaw a nurse, please," said Phelps Dunstan, struggling to his feet. "I'll be back right away. I—I've got to get some air." He stumbled past Fergus, out into the corridor.

"He loved his wife, he wanted his son. It was my job to return them to him," thought Fergus desperately. "I've failed."

He put his finger on the call button by the bed.

"Bring a sedative for Mrs. Crenshaw, Nurse."

She was resting more quietly by the time he left her. He went back to the chart-room and put in his report.

"You'd better go to bed, Dr. Wyatt," said the Super sympathetically. "You're all in."

She said nothing about this having been the first case lost at the East River Hospital in many months. . . . "But that's what she's thinking," said Fergus savagely to himself.

He drove to his apartment, but before taking off his clothes he dialled Dr. Britton's number.

"I'd about given you up," said Marcia's voice, with an edge to it, when he finally picked up the phone which had been jangling into his consciousness for minutes that seemed like hours. "Aren't you up yet? It's ten-thirty."

"Monday?" asked Fergus dully. "Monday morning?"

"Of course, dim-wit. What did you think?"

"Marcia," he murmured, "Marcia, I have to see you."

"You'll see me," she said grimly.

"This is opening day at Belmont and you're taking me, or have you forgotten?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible. Dr. Britton had a heart attack Saturday and I'll have to see the afternoon office patients."

"It would do you a lot more good to be seen at Belmont Park," she said. There was a queer little threat in her voice which made him wonder. Finally she dropped pretence. "Look here, Fergus, about Nathalie Dunstan. . . ."

"That's what I wanted to tell you about," he said desperately. "Marcia, we did everything in our power to keep her alive. I—well, I'm a wreck. I never lost a patient before and it's given me the jitters." A sudden need for Marcia's arms, her lips, her in-



consequential laughter, swept him like a tide. "Let me come around to see you to-night, darling. I'd like to—just talk to you, alone—and not go out. How about it?"

"All right," she said coldly. "But I wonder if you realise how serious Nathalie's death is—to you, Fergus? Everyone in town is talking about it. Linda's having hysterics. The Dunstons and Mrs. Crenshaw aren't responsible for their tongues. . . ."

"I see," said Fergus, a cold wind blowing on his heart, "they think—she mightn't have died if Dr. Britton had been there. . . . Is that it?"

"Yes, and a lot of people are pretty sore. Wake up, Fergus. This is just the time you ought to be seen places. You'll have to face the public, get society back on your side—you can't crawl around, looking hang-dog. If you can't go to Belmont to-day, you and I ought to step out to-night. I could get tickets to that Maypole Dance at Sherry's—for the benefit of the crippled children or something. Everybody will be there."

Fergus' voice was very quiet, very measured.

"I'm afraid I don't want to dance around a maypole to-night, Marcia."

"Very well, but you'll have to start facing things down sooner or later."

"I have no intention of making any explanations, now or ever," he said with the same deadly calm.

"Fergus, are you insane? Do you want to lose your whole practice, yours and old Dr. Britton's? Don't you know that the death of a girl as well known as Nathalie Dunstan can stymie your career right at the beginning, unless you do something about it?"

"I'm not making a show of myself, Marcia."

"And how about me?" she babbled incoherently. "Do you think it's fun for me, listening to all the sharp tongues in town wagging about my—my fiancé? I've introduced you to a lot of people you didn't know before, haven't I, Fergus? And now you want to let me down in front of all my friends."

"Let's talk this thing out to-night, can't we?" he said. "I'm afraid you know very little about professional ethics, my dear."

"I know enough to realise that you can't let Mrs. Phelps Dunstan pass out on an operating table and expect to keep your nice little niche in society with no questions asked." Her shrill anger bit into his ear.

"If I were you, Marcia," he said coolly, "I'd run on out to Belmont Park and watch the ponies. They are

sometimes more reasonable than human beings."

"Thanks, I will." She jammed the receiver down on the hook.

Fergus paced up and down the small, deserted apartment in his pyjamas, lighting one cigarette from the stub of another. The young doctor he shared the place with must have gone out some time ago. The cat, Serena, purred around his heels.

What Marcia had said had shaken him more than he was aware. Or—perhaps not so much what she had said, but the hard, ugly little note in her husky voice. She was much too young, he felt, to be so carefully calculating. . . .

He went to the office after an early lunch—which was his breakfast, too—and looked over the folders Miss Greacen had put on his desk. There were only four.

"Mrs. deGraff, Mrs. Matteson, Mrs. Livingston, and Mrs. Luce," he read. Mrs. deGraff first. She was the young woman he had passed as he crossed the reception-room.

He rang for Miss Greacen.

"Only four patients with afternoon appointments?" he asked curiously.

"Three cancelled them this morning, Doctor."

"I see."

More of the Nathalie Dunstan repercussions, of course. Women were like sheep. If one patient left the fold, others followed. . . .

"Whose were the cancelled appointments, Miss Greacen?"

The girl looked half frightened, half eager to speak.

"Mrs. Stewart Anstey was the first. Then Mrs. Quintard and Mrs. Stapleton called."

That told Fergus what he wanted to know. Linda Anstey was the centre of a little clique of smart young matrons who had summer places on Long Island. Until yesterday, Nathalie Dunstan had been very much one of them. Now, she was only a remembered presence, testifying to the horrible irony of Linda's pronouncement: "It's terribly chic to have babies this year."

"Did Mrs. Anstey make any comments, Miss Greacen?"

The blonde nurse hesitated.

"Just repeat what she said, please," said Fergus gently.

"She said, 'Owing to Dr. Britton's illness, I am Dr. Sufferin's patient now. Will you please send me my bill?' I'm sorry, Dr. Wyatt."

"Thank you. Will you call Mrs. deGraff in now?"

When the last patient left, he phoned Dr. Britton. The nurse said

he could come and see him, if he stayed a short time.

Sitting in a straight chair by the doctor's bed, he told his story, complete from all medical details to Mrs. Crenshaw's frenzied cry when she heard of her daughter's death.

"I did my best, sir," he finished slowly, "but it wasn't enough. I'm afraid—I've gotten the practice into rather a mess. If you want my resignation, I won't blame you—I'll clear out at once."

Dr. Britton laid a thin, middle-aged hand on Fergus'.

"Nothing happened that you could in any way help, boy. The facts are clear cut."

"You're grand about it," said Fergus gratefully, "but I want you to remember exactly how unpopular I am right now, that patients are breaking appointments rather than have me look after them. Do you understand that, sir?"

"There are other patients," said Dr. Britton dryly.

Fergus, looking at the drawn face against the pillows, knew the interview was over. Dr. Britton wasn't up to a long discussion of office policy. It would be weeks before he would be well enough to return.

"I'll come again in a couple of days," he told the nurse briefly on his way out. "Let me know how he is."

He went back to the apartment, began mechanically to open the mail he had left untouched on his bureau that morning. There was a letter from his mother.

"We miss you, Fergus," she wrote simply, "but I know how busy you must be. Father and I plan to sail soon, but will, of course, let you know before we leave. I still scarcely realise we are really going. I don't let myself even breathe the date till it is certain."

Fergus knew vaguely, that his mother and father had been hoping for a trip abroad for a long time. The idea that they might really be going startled him. He couldn't think of them as being in any other place but the shabby white house on the street where, by now, the trees would be green again in a great arch overhead. Nostalgia for that house, that street, swept over his heart.

Yet he had no time to feel. Marcia would be waiting.

He rang the bell of No. 16 promptly at eight. Marcia's old governess, who had stayed on in the somewhat indefinite capacity of chaperon, opened the door herself. Fergus, whose training had made him observant, noted that the woman's eyes



were red and that her thin lips were unsteady.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hinkle. Miss Marcia is expecting me."

"Good evening, Doctor."

It was her cue to tell him he might go straight upstairs, that Miss Marcia was waiting in the sitting-room. Instead, she averted her face. It was, he thought suddenly, a frightened face.

"Well, Mrs. Hinkle? Is there something you want to say?"

A cool, familiar voice called down from upstairs.

"If that's Dr. Wyatt, tell him to come up, Hinky. I'll talk to him."

"You're to go up," said the woman hastily and scurried off like a nervous rabbit.

Even before he reached the sitting-room landing, he knew that Marcia was not in the house. He had a queer feeling of dread, mixed with relief that now he wouldn't have to go over enemy ground with her to-night. It was much better to let things rest till the bitterness had evaporated from them.

"Dr. Wyatt," said Linda Anstey formally and touched his hand because there was no way of avoiding it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Anstey. How are you feeling?"

"Very well, thanks. Except that I have an unpleasant job to do for my considerate little sister."

"If you mean that Marcia's breaking a meeting and skipping off to that maypole thing, it doesn't surprise me," said Fergus calmly. "She's done it before."

Mrs. Anstey had the grace then to look perturbed.

"I'm afraid it's more than that," she said, staring at the flowers on the table. "Marcia— isn't coming back."

Fergus felt he knew what she was driving at; he felt, too, that Linda herself had had something to do with it.

"I see," he said slowly, "it's all off then."

"Rather definitely off, Dr. Wyatt —" and Linda's voice was not cold now. He heard a note of pity in it. "She's married to Dick Register by now."

"Married?" He wouldn't believe that, crazy as he knew Marcia could be. It was fantastic. Marcia wasn't in love with anyone. Even granting she didn't care about him as he had thought she did, certainly there was no one else . . .

"Won't you sit down?" said Linda rather breathlessly.

"Thanks, I'd rather stand."

"I—I'm terribly sorry to have to be the one to tell you this. Marcia wanted me to and someone had to do it, but—"

"Who is Dick Register?" asked Fergus curiously, the first shadow of credulity creeping over his mind.

"You—you don't know him?"

For some reason, Linda seemed amazed at that.

"I've never heard of him."

Linda's voice attacked him in little spurts, punctuated by pauses, uncertainties—"I thought everyone knew that Dick and Marcia—Oh, Dr. Wyatt, it's one of those inevitable things that have been slated to happen since they were children. He's been away somewhere in Mexico, but he flew back this morning, and Marcia met him at Belmont . . ."

"I see," said Fergus quietly.

"She called me up late this afternoon and said she was going off in Dick's plane to be married. I don't know where they are even. All the announcements are left to Mother and me. You know how terribly reckless and irresponsible Marcia is, Doctor—and Dick found her at just the moment when—"

"When I was in a jam," Fergus helped her out. His face looked like a mask that might have been made from ice, cold, white, inscrutable.

"I'm sorry—I realise she's treated you shabbily. It's a dirty trick, and if I'd been able to stop it, I would have—" said Linda desperately.

"He has a plane," said Fergus, as if he were thinking out aloud, "and he wouldn't miss the opening day at Belmont Park. Don't bother being sorry, Mrs. Anstey. I imagine this is a marriage that will please both Marcia's family and—and Marcia. It was probably the best thing she could do."

"I did warn you," pleaded Linda to that mask which was Fergus' face. "You remember, don't you? That first night you met Marcia in the country . . . I told you what she was like."

"Yes," he said gently, "and I didn't believe I was to be only the man who followed the restaurateur and the riding master—which goes to prove I was a fool. I, not Marcia."

"She did love you," murmured her sister incoherently, "I could swear she did. . . ."

"So could I," said Fergus grimly, "but it seems we were both wrong."

Linda Anstey was weeping now, holding a corner of her flowing chiffon sleeve to her eyes. Fergus, look-

ing at her, saw that she was far softer than Marcia—also, that a certain guilt was mingled with her pity for him. He waited, knowing what she was about to say.

"I was—too hasty this morning, Dr. Wyatt. Will you forgive me, please?" she whispered at last.

"There's nothing to forgive."

"I'll phone the office and make another appointment," she said quickly. "I'm afraid I got—sort of hysterical after Nathalie's death."

"Apparently a great many people did," he said without bitterness.

"Perhaps some day you'll be able to understand Marcia," said Linda suddenly, "that she isn't vicious, she doesn't want to be mean, but she acts before she thinks—with no regard for the consequences."

"There'll be no consequences. I hope she'll be very happy."

"She won't escape," said Linda unexpectedly, "because I believe she does care for you, and now it's too late."

She gave him her hand as he turned to go. Repeating, as if it were a lesson to be learned, that he wished Marcia happiness, Fergus said good-bye and went down the stairs for the last time. He had a sharp memory of Marcia, dressed as a small boy for a costume party, sliding down the polished banister. . . .

But now there was a blank place in his heart where Marcia had been. If he felt anything in his numbness, it was defeat. That was the answer. The structure of his impermanent success had fallen around him like toppled-over bricks.

"Got to get out of here," was his first lucid thought. "Get away. Anywhere."

For the first time in weeks, pushed on by an instinct as strong as hunger or thirst, Fergus Wyatt drove across the Triborough Bridge on his way home. . . .

The house was blazing with lights, he could hear the sound of voices and laughter before he even reached the front door.

"They can't be giving a party," he thought, confused. "Father hates parties."

It wasn't a party, he saw the moment he came in. It was only, for the first time in months, even years, the entire Wyatt family gathered together.

"We'll go to bed in only ten minutes," he heard James' oldest girl offering sweetly, "if we can have some ice-cream."

"You'll go to bed without it and like it, young lady," answered James' deep-imbred voice at once. "We had ice-cream for dinner. Enough is enough."



"Daddy, carry me upstairs piggy back," pleaded the younger one who must be, calculated Fergus quickly, almost five years old now.

He stood in the hall a minute, till his mother—hearing a floorboard squeak—called, "Who is it? Are you out there, Allison? Come in!"

No, he wasn't Allison. He was—essentially—a stranger. They'd have to pretend to be glad to see him. Whether they were or not, they were his family, all he had. He crossed the hall.

"It's Fergus, Mother," he said unnecessarily, for she was there at once, her hands resting eagerly on his shoulders.

"I—I so hoped you might come," she murmured against his chin, "and that I could have all my children together. I phoned your apartment but you were out."

Fergus shook hands with his father and James, kissed Amy and James' small, quiet wife, Helen. The two little girls gave him their hands and curtsied in little bows when prompted by their mother.

"How are you, son?"

"Pretty fagged, I'm afraid."

Then he asked abruptly, with a prescient feeling of loneliness, "When are you two going away?"

He saw a pink flush of excitement rise and ebb away on his mother's face as she answered, "On Friday, Fergus, if I can believe it this time."

"Of course, we're going, Mother," said the old doctor testily. "Tickets bought, everything arranged, Dr. Striker looking after my practice."

"The tickets were bought before," began Elizabeth Wyatt and stopped guiltily. "Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor. We weren't going to say that ever again!"

Fergus looked, bewildered, from one expectant face to the other.

"And where are you headed?"

They said, in chorus, "Around the world. . . ."

James tamped the tobacco in his pipe and chuckled a little. "They're putting something over on you, Fergus. You and Amy are going to be dumped out of the nest. Maybe you'd both better get married."

Amy only laughed, but Fergus felt a pang in the emptiness which had recently held Marcia.

"Married?" he said shortly. "Who to?"

"We are looking forward to meeting—Marcia, very much, Fergus," said his mother, a bit stiffly. "When are you bringing her out to see us?"

James knew then, James' wife, all of them knew. Fergus felt as an animal must feel trapped by hunters.

He said against the battery of interested eyes, "It's all off. She's marrying someone else, to-night."

His mother made a strange little murmur in her throat. None of the others said a word. At exactly that tautly-drawn moment Allison walked in from the hall.

Fergus looked at her, saw that her eyes were full of tears. Funny little Allison. She'd always been so shy, so withdrawn. He hadn't seen her weep since the night Mr. Whiskers came so near dying in his basket on the kitchen floor. . . .

She came directly to him, ignoring the family as if they were so many pieces of furniture in the room.

"I've wanted to find you, Fergus," she said breathlessly. "I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry, and I know it wasn't your fault. It couldn't be. . . ."

For some reason he didn't mind her having brought things into the open. The people around him wouldn't sit in judgment. They were his own.

"What is it, son?" asked his father quietly. "Are you in any trouble?"

Helen took her two little girls by the hands and led them upstairs to bed. James rose from his chair and said in a low voice, "Maybe I'd better help Helen with the kids."

"No. Stay, James," said Fergus sharply. He remembered how close they had been once, he and his brother who was nearly ten years older—the brilliant brother who was so surely slated to be the outstanding success of the Wyatt family. . . .

When Fergus was a little boy, James had been Valedictorian of his class at college, editor of the literary magazine, the author of two published stories. Fergus had adored him with the blind worship of the very young, had bragged about him over a radius of at least ten suburban blocks—and farther than that, once he'd gotten his first bicycle.

"Tell me something, James," he asked, eyes intent on the lean face so reminiscent of his own. "Why did you stop writing?"

James smiled gravely and answered him. "There's a lot of second-rate fiction in the world, 'Frog' (He hadn't called Fergus 'Frog' in years.) "And I soon found out I didn't care to add to it."

"And the money?" asked Fergus. "What about that?"

James smiled. "Helen and I get along all right. We've stopped caring that we'll never be rich."

"Then you're happy, you're doing what you want to do and what you

believe you do best?" persisted Fergus.

"Yes, that's the way of it."

The outstanding success of the Wyatt family, thought Fergus wonderingly. . . . James. Or was it Amy, who had turned defeat into a kind of private triumph you could see on her calm face?

He turned to his father's anxious face.

"Father," he asked suddenly. "You've lost patients, of course, during all these years?"

"Twelve of them, the ones who weren't old and bed-ridden and whose deaths weren't a divine mercy—" said the old doctor promptly.

"I lost my first the day before yesterday." He met his father's searching blue eyes. "I don't believe I was to blame, but a good many other people seem to think I must have been."

"Fergus—" Allison's voice was trembling with earnestness, "no one blames you but a lot of silly, spoiled young women who have seized on the fact Dr. Britton wasn't there—"

"What does Dr. Britton say?"

"He exonerates me."

"Then that ends it, son. Except the hurt of losing a living human being. . . . I wish I could tell you you'd get over that too, but you won't. I never did."

"But I have to remind your father of that over and over," said Elizabeth Wyatt compassionately, before he can calm down enough to get to sleep."

"It isn't just Mrs. Dunstan's death," said Fergus with sudden bitterness. "It's everything. I'm twisted up. I'm all wrong. Even Marcia must have known it, deep down."

Allison cried out at that, with a passion that startled him, "Marcia's a fool!"

"But not an inadvertent one," he said dryly.

"Surely you're not licked, Fergus, because your girl turns you down?" asked the old doctor.

"No. It's only—Father, I'm sick of it all. I've made a hash of my life, built it on a sand base. I haven't any rocks at the bottom—" he hesitated, groping for words, "like you and Mother."

And then he thought it was strange he hadn't seen or known about the rocks before. . . . the steadfast love and understanding which had made his mother and father content to struggle and save all these years. On a cargo ship,



he remembered from his mother's letter, which carried only twelve passengers, did not necessarily adhere to schedule, and was therefore cheap . . .

"The main rock, son, is character and if you're a child of your mother's," said the old doctor gravely, "you have that."

"He's a son of yours, Doctor, so he's bound to have it," corrected his mother at once.

"He's a good kid and he'll come out all right," said James, rising. "Come for a walk with me, Amy? See you later, Frog."

Allison made no move to go. She sat near Fergus' vacant chair, her eyes never leaving him as he paced restlessly across the room and back.

"Look," he said desperately at last, "the thing is, I don't want to go back. I don't want to see that swank hospital again, nor the dressed-up patients. I want to cut loose from all that. It hasn't a meaning for me any more. I see now where I was wrong, and once seeing it, I can't let things go on as they are."

"And where were you wrong, Fergus?" asked his father. "In your definitions?"

"Perhaps. I went into obstetrics, not because I had any driving interest in either mothers or babies beyond a certain technical flair; but because I thought I'd get ahead faster and make more money if I specialised. Then, when I hooked up with Dr. Britton and found I could be almost as popular as he with the patients—" He broke off, shame-faced.

"You thought you were set, son, is that it? Set for life, without a thorn in the path."

"I guess that was it."

"Fergus," began the old doctor, slowly, "you were thinking success means what you have, what you can accumulate during a lifetime in the way of personal possessions, and what your neighbors think of you . . . It's good to have possessions. Heaven knows Mother and I could do with a lot more than we have—and it's pleasant to be well thought of and live in a place in the sun. But mighty few of your generation of young Americans know anything about the success of the soul . . ."

"I know all about the soul's failure," said Fergus bitterly.

"No, you don't. You don't know a thing about failure yet, son. The only way you could fail would be in not going back where you belong—"

Fergus began to speak, but his

father held up a hand—the same hand he had held up when childish quarrels set in at the dinner table.

"The personal fulfillment we call success, for lack of a better name," he went on quietly, "sometimes includes money and fame, sometimes not. What will make a difference is how you do your work, what mark you leave on the patients who go through your hands—and I don't mean their bodies entirely—most of all, how it feels to live with yourself. That'll tell you, in the end, whether or not you're a success, and it'll tell you the truth, son."

"You—want me to go back, don't you, Father?" asked Fergus, looking square into the old doctor's eyes. "Even though I'd like to stay here?"

"Dr. Britton's a sick man and he needs you. As for your patients—they may be rich people, but the rich need doctoring as much as the poor. Someone has to take care of them."

"And the job's mine, is that it?"

"You're welcome here as long as you want to stay," said his mother.

"Why, Fergus, you're the baby! Your room's always ready for you."

"No, it isn't, Elizabeth James' children are in there sleeping this minute—" interrupted the old doctor. "Besides, Fergus is driving back to town where he'll be on call . . ."

To go back, go back—For a moment it seemed more than he could bear. There was nothing to go back to but an empty flat (his fellow bachelor kept late hours), a hostile practice, and the huge, impersonal hospital where he'd met his first crushing defeat.

"I'll go with you," said Allison.

He looked at her, sharply observant—at little Allison whom he must have treated rather badly for he saw by her quivering lips, her strangely shining eyes, that she had not forgotten the moment in the car on the night of his birthday. To know she cared for him—no girl who didn't care could look at him like that—was a shock, less of surprise than of a deep inner excitement. If he hadn't met Marcia at all—and certainly it wouldn't hurt to pretend Marcia never existed, to turn the weeks back . . .

"I've never quite gotten over her," he thought incoherently. "But she's hung back, hidden in the corners of my mind . . ." Seeing her now, he knew she would never hide again. She seemed taller, older, than he had ever noticed she was getting, and there was a certain loving command in her look.

"Come, Fergus," she said gently.

"Good night, son." His mother kissed him; then his father, just beginning to reach for his hand, kissed him too as he hadn't since small-boy times. "See you at the boat in Hoboken Friday."

He followed Allison to the car.

"She loves him very much," said Elizabeth Wyatt with a deep satisfaction. "We're leaving him in good hands."

"It would have been his turn to bust up our trip this time," observed the old doctor. "You think when you get them over measles and whooping-cough, you're through. But that's only the beginning."

"He'll be all right from now on," said Elizabeth, then, irrelevantly, "I never cared for Marcia Lord's look at all . . ."

"You never saw her," he reminded her fairly.

"Doctor, do you think for a moment I'd go weeks without seeing the girl my son thinks he's in love with?" She smiled mischievously. "Of course I saw her. I must say, I hated spending the money though."

"Good heavens, was she on the stage or something?"

"She was modelling clothes at a luncheon at the Ritz," said Elizabeth after a provoking pause. "It was supposed to be for charity and several of the debutantes did it, but I thought the girl was mightily enjoying making a show of herself—and she was nothing but skin and bone and long black hair hanging to her shoulders."

"You like Allison better, don't you? You've been encouraging her all the time. It takes a woman to start making matches in the cradle," teased the old doctor. "Maybe you can make one or two on the boat if we have any young people on board with us."

"Maybe I can," she replied calmly. then, "Oh, Doctor, we really are going! We've dreamed so long—"

"Too long," he said grimly.

"Not a moment too long, my dear. If we were any younger we couldn't enjoy it half so much. The young can only guess and we know. It will take Fergus and Allison forty years to build what we have now. . . ."

"If they ever do," murmured the old doctor, taking her hand. Then, as it always did at such moments, the phone rang piercingly in the hall. "Dang bust the thing," he said impatiently. . . . See you later, Mother."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)  
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